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MISCELLANIES.

THE
NINTH VOLUME.

By *Dr. SWIFT.*

The **FOURTH EDITION.**



LONDON:

Printed for C. DAVIS,
against *Gray's-Inn Gate, Holborn;*
and C. BATHURST,
opposite *St. Dunstan's Church, Fleetstreet.*

MDCCL

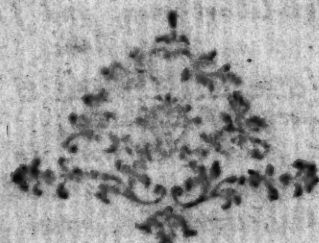
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T H E

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LETTER

To the Right Honourable the
Lord Viscount *Molesworth.*

Written in the Year 1724.

They compassed me about also with Words of Deceit, and fought against me without a Cause.
For my Love they are my Adversaries; but I give myself unto Prayer.

And they have rewarded me Evil for Good, and Hatred for my Love. *Psal. cix, 3, 4, 5.*

Seek not to be Judge, being not able to take away Iniquity; lest at any Time thou fear the Person of the Mighty, and lay a stumbling Block in the Way of thy Uprightness.

Offend not against the Multitude of a City, and then thou shalt not cast thy self down among the People.

Bind not one Sin upon another, for in one thou shalt not be unpunished. *Ecclus. vii. 6, 7, 8.*

*Non jam prima peto Mnesticus, neque vincere certo:
Quaquam O! Sed superent quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti.*

~~LETTER~~

Directions to the Printer.

Mr. Harding,

WHEN I sent you my former Papers, I cannot say I intended you either Good or Hurt; and yet you have happened through my Means to receive both. I pray God deliver you from any more of the Latter, and increase the Former. Your Trade, particularly in this Kingdom, is of all others, the most unfortunately circumstantiated; for as you deal in the most worthless Kind of Trash, the penny Productions of pennyless Scriblers; so you often venture your Liberty, and sometimes your Lives, for the Purchase of half a Crown; and by your own Ignorance, are punished for other Mens Actions.

I am afraid, you, in particular, think you have Reason to complain of me, for your own and your Wife's Confinement in Prison, to your great Expence, as well as Hardship; and for a Prosecution still impending. But I will tell you, Mr. Harding, how that Matter stands. Since the Press hath lain under so strict an Inspection, those who have a mind to inform the World, are become so cautious, as to keep themselves, if possible, out of the Way of Danger. My Custom, therefore, is to dictate to a Prentice who can write in a feigned Hand; and what is written we send to your House by a Black-guard Boy. But, at the same Time, I do assure

DIRECTIONS to the PRINTER. 3

assure you, upon my Reputation, that I never did send you any Thing, for which, I thought you could possibly be called to an Account. And you will be my Witness, that I always desired you, by a Letter, to take some good Advice before you ventured to print; because I knew the Dexterity of Dealers in the Law, at finding out something to fasten on, where no Evil is meant. I am told, indeed, that you did accordingly consult several very able Persons and even some, who afterwards appeared against you: To which I can only answer; that you must either change your Advisers, or determine to print nothing that comes from a Drapier.

I desire you will send the inclosed Letter directed to my Lord Viscount Molesworth, at his House at Brackdenstown, near Swords: But I would have it sent printed, for the Convenience of his Lordship's Reading; because this counterfeit Hand of my Prentice is not very legible. And, if you think fit to publish it, I would have you first get it read over carefully by some notable Lawyer: I am assured, you will find enough of them who are Friends to the Drapier, and will do it without a Fee; which, I am afraid, you can ill afford after all your Expences. For although I have taken so much Care, that I think it impossible to find a Topick out of the following Papers, for sending you again to Prison, yet I will not venture to be your Guarantee.

This ensuing Letter, contains only a short Account of my self, and an humble Apology for my former Pamphlets, especially the last; with little Mention of Mr. Wood, or his Half-pence; because I have already said enough upon that Subject, until Occasion shall be

DIRECTIONS to the PRINTER.

given for new Fears; and, in that Case, you may perhaps hear from me again.

I am,

Your Friend

and Servant,

From my Shop in

St. Francis Street,

Dec. 14, 1734.

M. B.

To

To the Right Honourable the
Lord Viscount *Molesworth*,

At his House at *Brackdenstown*, near
Swords.

MY LORD,
I Reflect too late on the Maxim of common Observers, that those who meddle in Matters out of their Calling, will have Reason to repent; which is now verified in me: For, by engaging in the Trade of a Writer, I have drawn upon my self the Displeasure of the Government, signified by a *Proclamation*, promising a Reward of Three Hundred Pounds, to the first faithful Subject who shall be able, and inclined to inform against me; to which I may add, the *laudable Zeal and Industry* of my Lord Chief-Justice *Wiglesby*, in his Endeavours to discover so dangerous a Person. Therefore, whether I repent or no, I have certain Cause to do so; and the common Observation still stands good:

It will sometimes happen, I know not how, in the Course of human Affairs, that a Man shall be made liable to *legal Animadversions*, where he hath nothing to answer for, either to God or his Country; and condemned at *Westminster-Hall*, for what he will never be charged with at the *Day of Judgment*.

AFTER strictly examining my own Heart, and consulting some Divines of great Reputation, I cannot

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cannot accuse myself of any * *Malice or Wickedness* against the Publick; of any *Designs to sow Sedition*; of *reflecting on the King and his Ministers*; or of endeavouring to *alienate the Affections of the People of this Kingdom from those of England*. All I can charge myself with, is a weak Attempt to serve a Nation in Danger of Destruction, by a most wicked and malicious Projector; without waiting until I were called to its Assistance. Which Attempt, however it may perhaps give me the Title of *Pragmatical and Overweening*, will never lie a Burthen upon my Conscience. God knows whether I may not, with all my Caution, have already run my self into a second Danger, by offering thus much in my own Vindication. For I have heard of a Judge, who, upon the Criminal's Appeal to the dreadful Day of Judgment, told him, he had incurred a *Premunire*, for appealing to a foreign Jurisdiction: And of another in Wales, who severely checked the Prisoner for offering the same Plea; taxing him with reflecting on the Court by such a Comparison; because *Compassion was odious*.

But, in order to make some Excuse for being more speculative than others of my Condition; I desire your Lordship's Pardon, while I am doing a very foolish Thing; which is to give you some little Account of my self.

I was bred at a Free-School, where I acquired some little Knowledge in the *Latin Tongue*. I served my Apprenticeship in *London*, and there set up for my self with good Success; until by the Death of some Friends, and the Misfortunes of others, I returned

into
 But Article mentioned in the Indictment and Proclamation.
 concerning some Divine of Great Reputation
 cannot

L E T T E R V I 7

into this Kingdom; and began to employ my Thoughts in cultivating the *Woollen Manufacture* through all its Branches; wherein I met with great Discouragement, and powerful Opposers; whose Objections appeared to me very strange and singular. They argued, that the People of *England* would be offended, if our Manufactures were brought to equal theirs: And even some of the *Weaving Trade* were my Enemies; which I could not but look upon as *absurd and unnatural*. I remember your Lordship, at that Time, did me the Honour to come into my Shop where I shewed you * a Piece of *Black and White Stuff*, just sent from the *Dyer*; which you were pleased to approve of, and be my Customer for.

HOWEVER, I was so mortified, that I resolved, for the future, to sit quietly in my Shop, and deal in *common Goods*, like the rest of my Brethren; until it happened some Months ago, considering with my self, that the *lower and poorer Sort of People* wanted a plain, strong coarse Stuff, to defend them against cold Easterly Winds; which then blew very fierce and blasting for a long Time together; I contrived one on purpose, which sold very well all over the Kingdom, and preserved many Thousands from *Agues*. I then made a † second and a third Kind of *Stuffs* for the *Gentry*, with the same Success; insomuch, that an *Ague*, hath hardly been heard of for some Time.

THIS incited me so far, that I ventured upon a ‡

* By this is meant, a preceding Discourse in the fourth Volume, entitled, *A Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures*.

† Alluding to the *Drapier's* three first Letters.

‡ Meaning the fourth Letter, against which the Proclamation was issued.

fourth Piece, made of the best *Irish Wool* I could get; and I thought it grave and rich enough to be worn by the best *Lord* or *Judge* of the Land. But, of late, some *great Folks* complain, as I hear, that when they had it on, they felt a *shuddering in their Limbs*, and have thrown it off in a Rage; cursing to Hell the poor *Drapier*, who invented it: So that I am determined, never to *work for Persons of Quality* again; except for your *Lordship* and a *very few more*.

I assure your *Lordship*, upon the Word of an honest Citizen, that I am not richer, by the Value of one of Mr. *Wood's* Half-pence, with the Sale of all the several *Stuffs* I have contrived: For, I give the whole Profit to the *Dyers* and *Pressers*. And, therefore, I hope you will please to believe, that no other Motive, besides the Love of my Country, could engage me to busy my Head and Hands, to the Loss of my Time; and the Gain of nothing but *Vexation* and *ill Will*.

I have now in Hand one *Piece of Stuff* to be woven on Purpose for your *Lordship*; although I might be ashamed to offer it to you, after I have confessed, that it will be made only from the *Shreds and Remnants of the Wool employed in the former*. However I shall *work* it up as well as I can; and at worst, you need only give it among your *Tenants*.

I am very sensible how ill your *Lordship* is like to be entertained with the Pedantry of a *Drapier*; in the Terms of his own Trade. How will the Matter be mended, when you find me entering again, although very sparingly, into an Affair of

Meaning the present Letter.

State ?

LETTER V.

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State? For such is now grown the Controversy with Mr. Wood, if some great Lawyers are to be credited. And as it often happens at Play, that Men begin with Farthings, and go on to Gold, till some of them lose Estates and die in Jail: So it may possibly fall out in my Case, that by playing too long with Mr. Wood's Half-pence, I may be drawn in to pay a Fine, double to the Reward for Betraying me; be sent to Prison, and not be delivered thence until I shall have paid the uttermost Farthing.

THERE are, my Lord, three Sorts of Persons with whom I am resolved never to dispute: A Highwayman with a Pistol at my Breast; a Troop of Dragoons who come to plunder my House; and a Man of the Law who can make a Merit of accusing me. In each of these Cases which are almost the same, the best Method is to keep out of the Way; and the next Best is to deliver your Money, surrender your House, and confess nothing.

I AM told, that the two Points in my last Letter, from which an Occasion of Offence hath been taken, are where I mention His Majesty's Answer to the Address of the House of Lords upon Mr. Wood's Patent; and where I discourse upon Ireland's being a dependant Kingdom. As to the former, I can only say, that I have treated it with the utmost Respect and Caution; and I thought it necessary to shew where Wood's Patent differed in many essential Parts from all others that ever had been granted; because, the contrary had, for want of due Information, been so strongly and so largely asserted. As to the other, of Ireland's Dependency; I confess to have often heard it mentioned, but was never able to understand what it meant. This gave me the Curiosity

to

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to enquire among several eminent Lawyers, who professed they knew nothing of the Matter. I then turned over all the Statutes of both Kingdoms without the least Information, further than an *Irish Act*, that I quoted, of the 33d of *Henry VIII.* uniting *Ireland to England* under one King. I cannot say, I was sorry to be disappointed in my Search, because it is certain, I could be contented to depend only upon God and my Prince, and the Laws of my own Country, after the Manner of other Nations. But since my Betters are of a different Opinion, and desire further Dependencies, I shall outwardly submit; yet still insisting in my own Heart, upon the Exception I made of *M. B. Drapier*. Indeed that Hint was borrowed from an idle Story I had heard in *England*, which perhaps may be common and beaten; but because it insinuates neither Treason nor Sedition, I will just barely relate it.

SOME Hundred Years ago, when the Peers were so great that the Commons were looked upon as little better than their Dependants, a Bill was brought in for making some new Additions to the Power and Privileges of the Peerage. After it was read, one Mr. *Drut*, a Member of the House stood up, and said, he very much approved the Bill, and would give his Vote to have it pass; but however, for some Reasons best known to himself, he desired that a Clause might be inserted for excepting the Family of the *Drues*. The Oddness of the Proposition taught others to reflect a little; and the Bill was thrown out.

WHETHER I were mistaken, or went too far in examining the Dependency, must be left to the impartial Judgment of the World, as well as to the Courts of Judicature; although indeed not in so effectual
and

and *decisive a Manner*. But to affirm, as I hear some do, in order to countenance a fearful and servile Spirit, that this Point did not *belong to my Subject*, is a false and foolish Objection. There were several scandalous Reports industriously spread by *Wood* and his Accomplices, to discourage all Opposition against his infamous Project. They gave it out that we were prepared for a *Rebellion*; that we disputed the King's *Prerogative*, and were shaking off our *Dependency*. The first went so far, and obtained so much Belief against the most visible Demonstrations to the contrary, that a great Person in this Kingdom, now in *England*, sent over such an Account of it to his Friends, as would make any good Subject both grieve and tremble. I thought it therefore necessary to treat that Calumny as it deserved. Then I proved by an invincible Argument, that we could have no Intention to dispute His Majesty's *Prerogative*; because the *Prerogative* was not concerned in the Question; the Civilians and Lawyers of all Nations agreeing, that *Copper is not Money*. And lastly, to clear us from the Imputation of shaking off our *Dependency*, I shewed wherein I thought, and shall ever think, this *Dependence* consisted; and cited the Statute above-mentioned, made in *Ireland*; by which it is enacted, that *whoever is King of England, shall be King of Ireland*; and that the Two Kingdoms shall be *for ever knit together under one King*. This, as I conceived, did wholly acquit us of intending to break our *Dependency*; because, it was altogether out of our Power: For surely no King of *England* will ever consent to the Repeal of this Statute.

BUT upon this Article I am charged with a heavier Accusation. It is said I *went too far*, when I declared,

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declared, that if ever the Pretender should come to be fixed upon the Throne of England (which God forbid) I would so far venture to transgress this Statute, that I would lose the last Drop of my Blood, before I would submit to him as King of Ireland.

That I hear on all Sides, is the strongest and weightiest Objection against me; and which hath given the most Offence; that I should be so bold to declare against a direct Statute; and that any Motive, how strong soever, could make me reject a King, whom *England* should receive. Now, if in defending my self from this Accusation, I should freely confess, that I went too far; that the Expression was very indidreect, although occasioned by my Zeal for His present Majesty, and His Protestant Line, in the House of *Hanover*; that I shall be careful to offend again in the like Kind; and that I hope this free Acknowledgement and Sorrow for my Error will be some Atonement, and a little soften the Hearts of my powerful Adversaries: I say, if I should offer such a Defence as this, I do not doubt but some People would wrest it to an ill Meaning, by a spiteful Interpretation. And therefore, since I cannot think of any other Answer, which that Paragraph can admit, I will leave it to the Mercy of every candid Reader; but still without recanting my own Opinion.

I WILL now venture to tell your Lordship a Secret, wherein I fear you are too deeply concerned. You will therefore please to know, that this Habit of Writing and Discourfing, wherein I unfortunately differ from almost the whole Kingdom, and am apt to grate the Ears of more than I could wish; was acquired during my Apprenticeship in *London*, and a long Residence there after I had set up for my self.

Upon

Upon my Return and Settlement here, I thought I had only *changed one Country of Freedom for another*. I had been long conversing with the Writings of your Lordship, Mr. Locke, Mr. Molinæus, Colonel Sidney, and other dangerous Authors, who talk of *Liberty as a Blessing to which the whole Race of Mankind hath an original Title; whereof nothing but unlawful Force can divest them*. I knew a good deal of the several *Gotbick Institutions in Europe*; and by what Incidents and Events they came to be destroyed: And I ever thought it the most uncontrouled and universally agreed Maxim, that *Freedom consists in a People's being governed by Laws made with their own Consent; and Slavery in the Contrary*. I have been likewise told, and believe it to be true, that *Liberty and Property* are Words of known Use and Signification in this Kingdom; and the very Lawyers pretend to understand, and have them often in their Mouths. These were the Errors which have misled me; and to which alone I must impute the severe Treatment I have received. But I shall in Time *grow wiser*, and learn to consider my *Driver*, the *Road I am in*, and *with whom I am Yoked*. This I will venture to say; that the boldest and most obnoxious Words I ever delivered, would in *England* have only exposed me as a stupid Fool, who went to prove that *the Sun shone in a clear Summer's Day*: And I have Witnesses ready to depose that your Lordship hath said and writ fifty Times worse; and, what is still an Aggravation, with infinitely more Wit and Learning, and stronger Arguments: So that as Politicks run, I do not know a Person of more exceptionable Principles than yourself: And if ever I shall be discovered, I think you will be bound in Honour to pay my Fine, and support me in Prison;

son; or else I may chance to *inform* against you by Way of *Reprisal*.

In the mean Time, I beg your Lordship to receive my Confession; that if there be any such thing as a *Dependency* of *Ireland* upon *England*, otherwise than as I have explained it, either by the *Law* of *God*, of *Nature*, of *Reason*, of *Nations*, or of the *Land* (which I shall die rather than grant) then was the *Proclamation* against me the most *merciful* that ever was put out; and instead of accusing me as *Malignant*, *Wicked*, and *Seditious*, it might have been directly as guilty of *High Treason*.

ALL I desire is, that the Cause of my Country against Mr. *Wood* may not suffer by any Inadvertency of mine. Whether *Ireland* depends upon *England*, or only upon *God*, the *King*, and the *Law*; I hope no Man will assert that it depends upon Mr. *Wood*. I should be heartily sorry, that this *Commendable* Resentment against me should accidentally (and what, I hope, was never intended) strike a Damp upon that Spirit in all Ranks and Corporations of Men against the desperate and ruinous Design of Mr. *Wood*. Let my Countrymen blot out those Parts in my last Letter which they dislike; and let no *Rust* remain on my *Sword*, to cure the Wounds I have given to our most mortal Enemy. When Sir *Charles Sidney* was taking the Oaths, where several Things were to be *renounced*, he said, he loved *renouncing*; asked if any more were to be *renounced*; for he was ready to *renounce* as much as they pleased. Although I am not so thorough a *Renouncer*, yet let me have but good *City Security* against this pestilent Coinage, and I shall be ready not only to *renounce* every Syllable in all my four Letters, but to deliver them cheerfully with my own Hands into those of the

the common *Hangman*, to be burnt with no better Company than the *Coiner's Effigies*, if any Part of it hath escaped out of the *Secular Hands* of my faithful Friends, the common People.

BUT, whatever the Sentiments of *some People* may be, I think it is agreed that many of those who *subscribed* against me are on the Side of a vast Majority in the Kingdom, who opposed Mr. *Wood*: And it was with great Satisfaction, that I observed some *Right Honourable Names* very amicably joined with my own at the Bottom of a *strong Declaration* against him and his Coin. But if the Admission of it among us be *already determined*, the worthy Person who is to *betray* me, ought in Prudence to do it with all convenient Speed; or else it may be difficult to find Three Hundred Pounds *Sterling* for the Discharge of his *Hire*; when the Publick shall have lost Five Hundred Thousand, if there be so much in the Nation; besides Four Fifths of its Annual Income for ever.

I AM told by Lawyers, that in Quarrels between Man and Man, it is of much Weight which of them gave the first Provocation, or struck the first Blow. It is manifest that Mr. *Wood* hath done both: And therefore I should humbly propose to have him first *Hanged*, and his *Dross* thrown into the Sea: After which the *Drapier* will be ready to stand his Trial: *It must needs be that Offences come, but Who unto him by whom the Offence cometh.* If Mr. *Wood* had held his *Hand*, every Body else would have held their *Tongues*: And then, there would have been little Need of *Pamphlets*, *Juries*, or *Proclamations* upon this Occasion: The Provocation must needs have been very great, which could stir up an obscure, indolent

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do lent *Drapier* to become an *Author*. One would almost think, the very *Stones* in the Street would *rise* up in such a Cause: And I am not sure, they will not *do so* against Mr. *Wood*, if ever he comes within their Reach. It is a known Story of the Dumb Boy, whose Tongue forced a Passage for Speech by the Horror of seeing a Dagger at his Father's Throat. This may lessen the Wonder, that a Tradesman hid in Privacy and Silence, should *cry out*, when the Life and Being of his Political *Mother* are attempted before his Face, and by so infamous a Hand.

BUT in the mean Time, Mr. *Wood* the *Destroyer* of a Kingdom, walks about in Triumph; (unless it be true, that he is in Jail for Debt) while he who endeavoured to *assert the Liberty of his Country* is forced to *hide his Head* for occasionally Dealing in a Matter of *Controversy*. However, I am not the first who hath been condemned to Death for *gaining a great Victory* over a powerful Enemy, by disobeying for *once* the strict Orders of Military Discipline.

I AM now resolved to follow (after the usual Proceeding of Mankind, because it is too late) the Advice given me by a certain *Dean**. He shewed the Mistake I was in, of trusting to the general good Will of the People; that I had succeeded hitherto better than could be expected; but that some unfortunate *Circumstantial Lapse*, would probably bring me within the Reach of *Power*: That my good Intentions would be no Security against *those who watched every Motion of my Pen in the Bitterness of my Soul*. He produced an Instance of a

* The Author is supposed to mean himself.

Person as innocent, -as disinterested, and as well meaning as my self; who had written * a very seasonable and inoffensive Treatise, exhorting the People of this Kingdom to wear their own Manufactures; for which, however, the Printer was persecuted with the utmost Virulence; the *Jury sent back Nine Times*; and the Man given up to the Mercy of the Court. The *Dean* further observed, That I was in a manner left alone to stand the *Battle*; while others, who had ten thousand Times better Talents than a *Drapier*, were so prudent as to lie still; and perhaps thought it no unpleasant Amusement to look on with Safety, while another was giving them *Diversion* at the Hazard of his Liberty and Fortune; and thought they made a sufficient Recompence by a little Applause: Whereupon he concluded with a short Story of a *Jew* at *Madrid*; who being condemned to the Fire on account of his Religion; a Crowd of School-boys following him to the Stake, and apprehending they might lose their *Sport*, if he should happen to recant, would often *clap him on the Back*, and cry, *Stia firme Moyse (Moses continue steadfast.)*

I allow this Gentleman's Advice to have been very good, and his Observations just; and in one Respect my Condition is worse than that of the *Jew*: For *no Recantation will save me*. However, it should seem by *some late Proceedings*, that my State is not altogether deplorable. This I can impute to nothing but the Steadiness of *two impartial Grand Juries*; which hath confirmed in me an

* The *Author* means himself again; in the Discourse advising the People of *Ireland* to wear their own Manufactures.

Opinion I have long entertained; That, as Philosophers say, *Virtue is seated in the Middle*; so in another Sense, the little *Virtue* left in the World is chiefly to be found among the *middle* Rank of Mankind; who are neither *allured* out of her Paths by *Ambition*, nor *driven* by *Poverty*.

SINCE the *Proclamation*, occasioned by my last Letter, and a *due* Preparation for proceeding against me in a Court of Justice, there have been two printed Papers clandestinely spread about; whereof no Man is able to trace the Original, further than by *Conjecture*; which, with its usual Charity, lays them to my Account. The former is entitled, *Seasonable Advice*, and appears to have been intended for Information of the Grand-Jury; upon the Supposition of a Bill to be prepared against that Letter. The other is an Extract from a printed Book of Parliamentary Proceedings, in the Year 1680; containing an angry Resolution of the House of Commons in *England*, against *dissolving Grand-Juries*. As to the former, your Lordship will find it to be the Work of a more artful Hand, than that of a common *Drapier*. It hath been censured for endeavouring to influence the Minds of a Jury, which ought to be wholly free and unbiassed; and for that Reason it is *manifest*, that no *Judge* was ever known, either *upon* or *off* the Bench, either by *himself*, or his *Dependents*, to use the *least* *Insinuation*, that might possibly affect the Passions, or Interests of any one single *Jury-man*, much leis of a whole *Jury*; whereof every Man *must* be *convinced*, who will just give himself the Trouble to dip into the common printed Trials: So as, it is amazing to think, what a Number of *upright Judges* there have been in both Kingdoms, for above *Sixty Years* *past*;

past; which, considering how long they held their Offices *during Pleasure*, as they *still do among us*, I account next to a *Miracle*.

As to the other Paper, I must confess it is a sharp Censure from an *English House of Commons*, against *dissolving Grand-Juries*, by any Judge before the End of the Term, Assizes, or Sessions, while Matters are under their Consideration, and not presented; as arbitrary, illegal, destructive to publick Justice, a manifest Violation of his Oath, and as a Means to subvert the Fundamental Laws of the Kingdom.

HOWEVER, the Publisher seems to have been mistaken in what he aimed at. For, whatever *Dependence* there may be of *Ireland* upon *England*; I hope he would not insinuate, that the Proceedings of a *Lord Chief Justice* in *Ireland*, must depend upon a *Resolution* of an *English House of Commons*. Besides, that *Resolution*, although it were levelled against a particular Lord Chief Justice, Sir *William Scroggs*, yet the Occasion was directly contrary. For, *Scroggs* dissolved the *Grand-Jury* of *London*, for fear they should present; but ours in *Dublin* was dissolved, because they would not present; which *wonderfully alters the Case*. And, therefore, a *second Grand-Jury* supplied that Defect by making a Presentment that pleased the whole Kingdom. However, I think it is agreed by all Parties, that both the one and the other *Jury* behaved themselves in such a Manner, as ought to be remembered to their Honour, while there shall be any Regard left among us for *Virtue* or *publick Spirit*.

I AM confident, your Lordship will be of my Sentiments in one Thing; that some short plain authentick Tract might be published, for the Information both of *Petty* and *Grand-Juries*, how far
C 2 their

their Power reacheth, and where it is limited; and that a printed Copy of such a Treatise might be deposited in every Court, to be consulted by the Jurymen, before they consider of their Verdict; by which, Abundance of Inconveniences would be avoided; whereof innumerable Instances might be produced from former Times, because I will say nothing of the present.

I HAVE read somewhere of an *Eastern King*, who put a *Judge* to Death for an iniquitous Sentence; and ordered his *Hide to be stuffed into a Cushion*, and placed upon the Tribunal for the Son to sit on; who was preferred to his Father's Office. I fancy, such a *Memorial* might not have been un-
 useful to a Son of *Sir William Scroggs*, and that both he and his Successors would often wriggle in their Seats, as long as the *Cushion* lasted: I wish the Relater had told us what Number of such *Cushions* there might be in that Country.

I CANNOT but observe to your Lordship, how nice and dangerous a Point it is grown, for a private Person to inform the People; even in an Affair, where the publick Interest and Safety are so highly concerned, as that of *Mr. Wood*; and this, in a Country, where *Loyalty is woven into the very Hearts of the People*, seems a little extraordinary. *Sir William Scroggs* was the first who introduced that commendable *Acuteness into the Courts of Judicature*; but how far this Practice hath been imitated by his Successors, or *strained upon Occasion*, is out of my Knowledge. When Pamphlets, *un-pleasing to the Ministry*, were presented as Libels, he would order the offensive Paragraphs to be read before him; and said it was strange, that the Judges and Lawyers of the *King's Bench* should be duller
 than

than all the People of *England*: And he was often so very happy in applying the initial Letters of Names, and expounding *dubious Hints*, (the two common Expedients among Writers of that Class, for escaping the Law) that he discovered much more than ever the Authors intended; as many of them, or their Printers, found to their Cost. If such Methods are to be followed in examining what I have already written, or may write hereafter, upon the Subject of Mr. *Wood*, I defy any Man of fifty Times my Understanding and Caution, to avoid being *entrapped*; unless he will be content to write what none will read, by repeating over the old Arguments and Computations; whereof the World is already grown weary. So that my good Friend *Harding* lies under this *Dilemma*; either to let my *learned Works* hang for ever a drying upon his Lines; or venture to publish them at the Hazard of being laid by the Heels.

I NEED not tell your Lordship where the Difficulty lies: It is true, that the King and the Laws *permit* us to refuse this Coin of Mr. *Wood*; but, at the same Time, it is equally true, that the King and the Laws *permit* us to receive it. Now, it is *barely possible*, that the Ministers in *England* may not suppose the Consequences of uttering that Brass among us, to be so ruinous as we apprehend; because, perhaps, if they understood it in that Light, they would, in common Humanity, use their Credit with His Majesty for saving a *most loyal Kingdom* from *Destruction*. But, as long as it shall please those great Persons to think that Coin will not be *so very* pernicious to us, we lie under the Disadvantage of being censured as *obstinate* in not complying with a Royal Patent. Therefore, nothing remains but to

make Use of that *Liberty*, which the *King* and the *Laws* have left us; by continuing to refuse this Coin; and by frequent Remembrances to keep up that Spirit raised against it; which, otherwise may be apt to flag, and perhaps in Time to sink altogether. For, any publick Order against receiving or uttering Mr. *Wood's* Half-pence, is not reasonably to be expected in this Kingdom, without Directions from *England*; which I think no body presumes, or is so sanguine to hope.

BUT to confess the Truth, my Lord, I begin to grow weary of my Office as a Writer; and could heartily wish it were devolved upon my *Brethren*, the Makers of *Songs* and *Ballads*; who, perhaps, are the best qualified at present, to gather up the Gleanings of this Controversy. As to my self, it hath been my Misfortune to begin, and pursue it upon a very wrong Foundation. For, having detected the Frauds and Fallhoods of this vile Impostor *Wood* in every Part, I foolishly *disdained* to have Recourse to *Whining*, *Lamenting*, and *Crying for Mercy*; but rather chose to *appeal* to *Law* and *Liberty*, and the common Rights of Mankind, without considering the *Climate* I was in.

SINCE your last Residence in *Ireland*, I frequently have taken my Nag to ride about your Grounds; where I fancied my self to feel an Air of *Freedom* breathing round me; and I am glad the low Condition of a Tradesman, did not qualify me to wait on you at your House; for then, I am afraid, my Writings would not have escaped *severer Censures*. But I have lately sold my Nag, and honestly told his greatest Fault, which was that of snuffing up the Air about *Brackenslowen*; whereby he became such a Lover of *Liberty*, that I could scarce hold him

him in. I have likewise buried, at the Bottom of a strong Chest, your Lordship's Writings, under a Heap of others that treat of *Liberty*; and spread over a *Layer* or two of *Hobbs*, *Filmer*, *Bodin*, and many more Authors of that Stamp, to be readiest at Hand, whenever I shall be disposed to take up a new Set of Principles in Government. In the mean Time, I design quietly to look to my Shop, and keep as far out of your Lordship's Influence as possible: And if you ever see any more of my Writings on this Subject, I promise you shall find them as innocent, as insipid, and without a Sting, as what I have now offered you. But, if your Lordship will please to give me an easy Lease of some Part of your Estate in *Yorkshire*, thither will I carry my Chest; and turning it upside down, resume my political Reading where I left it off; feed on plain homely Fare, and live and die a free honest *English* Farmer: But not without Regret, for leaving my Countrymen under the Dread of the Brazen Talons of *Mr. Wood*: My most loyal and innocent Countrymen; to whom I owe so much for their good Opinion of me, and my poor Endeavours to serve them. I am, with the greatest Respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient,

And most Humble Servant,

From my Shop in

St. Francis Street.

Dec. 14, 1724.

M. B.

The DRAPIER DEMOLISHED, AND

Set out in his own Proper Colours; being a full Confutation of all his Arguments against Mr. WOOD's Halfpence.

By William Wood, Esq.

Written in the Year 1724.

Ye good People of Ireland,

I Make not the least Doubt, when ye have impartially weighed, and considered what I shall offer upon the present Oecasion in my own Defence, and against your Drapier; when ye shall make an exact *Assay* of the Arguments on both Sides between him and me; and lastly, when ye shall observe, as I shall point it out, the abusive and reproachful Language with which he has treated me, I say, (as I said before) I make not the least Doubt, but ye will all to a Man reject him, and embrace me with open Arms.

IN his first Letter to the *Tradesmen, Shop-Keepers, Farmers and Common People in general of the Kingdom of Ireland*, he begins with the wheedling Preamble of *Brethren, Friends, Countrymen and Fellow-Subjects*. A loving Beginning indeed! But I wonder which of us two loves you best, he that is getting you no Money at all, or I who am this present providing more Money for you than you shall know what to do with. O Sad! O Sad! I am really concerned for the poor Drapier. Soon after he proceeds and says,

It is a great Fault among you, that when a Person writes with no other Intention than to do you good, you will not be at the Pains to read his Advices.

ARTFUL enough indeed! This he did to draw you in like so many Gudgeons, to swallow his false Arguments, and you see he has accomplished his End at last; for had ye not read his Letters, ye might have had the Benefit of my Half-pence these five or six Months past.

Pag. 4. *Now you must know, that the Half-pence and Farthings in England pass for very little more than they are worth, and if you should beat them to Pieces and sell them to the Braxier, you would not lose above a Penny in a Shilling. But Mr. Wood made his Half-pence of such base Metal, and so much smaller than the English ones, that the Braxier would not give you above a Penny of good Money for a Shilling of his.*

AY, would he give Three-pence. But one may see his Malice here with half an Eye: he does not tell of the vast Expence and Trouble I am at in Coining; the Number of Clerks I keep in Pay; how much I was out of Pocket in getting my Patent; the great Expence I shall be at in shipping them

them to *Ireland*, which must in the Nature of Things be a vast Draw-back to the Profit which I ought to have for my Trouble, and therefore it cannot be supposed I can either put as much or as good Copper in the Half-pence for *Ireland*, as those for *England*. But, good Lord! is not a Half-penny a Half-penny when once it is called so, and if it passes for a Half-penny can you expect any more? Good People, never mind one Word he says, tho' he sells you a Dozen Hats at five Shillings a Piece, which is three Pound, is but five Shillings in my Money: this is perfect *Transubstantiation* to juggle ye out of your Senses—three Pound is but five Shillings! Well; if this be his Computation I have done.

Page 5. *This same Mr. Wood was able to attend constantly for his own Interest; (and why should not I) He is an Englishman and had great Friends (God be thanked for that) and it seems knew very well where to give Money to those that would speak to others, that could speak to the King, and could tell a fair Story. I grant that, and what would he infer? Then he proceeds: If his Majesty the King saw that it would utterly ruin the Kingdom of Ireland, he would shew his Displeasure to some Body or another. But a Word to the Wise is enough. We know his Meaning by his Mumping, he had as well spoken what he thought, like an honest Man. In the same Page at the Bottom you will read: Most of you must have heard, with what Anger our Honourable House of Commons received an Account of this Wood's Patent. There were several fine Speeches made upon it, and plain Proofs that it was all a wicked Cheat from the Bottom to the Top, and several smart Votes were printed, which that same Wood had the Assurance to*
answer

answer likewise in Print, and in so confident a Way as if he were a better Man than our whole Parliament put together.

THE Parliament was angry—made Speeches—found me to be a wicked Cheat—and I answered as if I had been a better Man than the whole Parliament.—Well, I find this Drapier will say any thing, but I am very glad all the Kingdom of Ireland knows to the contrary. Let the Drapier answer me only these three Questions; where did this Parliament sit? And where are the Speeches? And where is my Answer?

Page 6. The Common Soldier when he goes to the Market or Ale-house will offer this Money (meaning my Half-pence) and if it be refused, perhaps he will swagger and boister, and threaten to beat the Butcher or Ale-wife (threaten indeed! he will do it in earnest) or take the Goods by Force, and throw them the bad Half-pence. (Why should he not? is it any Robbery if he pays them!) In this and the like Cases, the Shop-keeper, or Victualler, or any other Tradesman has no more to do than to demand ten times the Price of his Goods, if it is to be paid in Wood's Money: for Example, TWENTY PENCE FOR A QUART OF ALE. The Devil is in his Conscience, TWENTY PENCE FOR A QUART OF ALE! I believe such another Proposal was never since Adam. To consider all other Things in Proportion, what Mischief would this Occasion. That is fifteen Shillings a Bottle for Claret, at eighteen Pence a Bottle; for a Flask of Burgundy five and forty Shillings; fifty Shillings a Day for a Coach; ten Shillings a Dinner for a twelve-penny Ordinary; thirty Shillings a Day for a Chair; ten Pence a fresh Egg; five Pence a half-penny Roll; two Pence half-penny for a Pint of

of Small-Beer. In short by his Advice, *Victuallers, Vintners and Tradesfolk* would soon get all the Money of the Kingdom into their own Hands, should they all follow the *Pot of Ale Example*. And now to consider the Poor, they would be undone by the *DRAPIER'S* Advice; the Butcher would have eighteen Pence for a Sheep's Head; the Baker ten Shillings for a twelve-penny Loaf; and thus would it be in Proportion as to all their other Exigencies. No, no, rather take my Advice; *Two-pence a Quart, and my Blessing*.

Page the 7th, He denies that my Half-pence are lawful Money of *England, or Ireland*. I suppose then, he would have them lawful Money of *Scotland or Wales*; for they must be lawful somewhere. For does he think under the Scarcity of Money we find at present, that we can afford to let fourscore and ten thousand Pound lie dead. I need no other Argument to shew what a Friend he is to the *Publick*.

Page 8. They say 'Squire C——y has sixteen thousand Pounds a Year; now if he sends for his Rent to Town, as it is likely he does, he must have Two Hundred and forty Horses to bring up his half Year's Rent.

SUPPOSE he must, where is the great Hardship; if a Man of sixteen thousand a Year cannot afford two hundred and forty Horses to draw his Money, he deserves to want it. I'll engage his Under-Tenants will lay it down at his Door, and it shall not cost him a Farthing for the Carriage.

Page 9. These Half-pence, if they once pass, will soon be counterfeit, because it may be cheaply done, the Stuff is so Base. The Dutch likewise will probably

probably do the same thing and send them over to us to pay for our Goods.

THE Stuff is good Stuff let him say what he will, and the Half-pence are good Half-pence, and I will stand by it; if I made them of Silver it would be the same thing to this Grumbler. As for their being counterfeit, sure they counterfeit Gold and Silver, and can one help that? for there ever have been Rogues of Coiners in the World, and will be to the End of it. As for the *Dutch*, it is Time enough to complain when they do Coin. I am certain they have not coined one Half-penny as yet; and if they should, I shall take Care to stock you so well that you shall have no Occasion for theirs, so that they may carry them home again if they please.

Page 10. *It would be very hard if all Ireland should be put into one Scale, and this sorry Fellows Wood into the other; that Mr. Wood and his Half-pence should weigh down this whole Kingdom, by which England gets above a Million of good Money every Year clear into their Pockets, and that is more than the English do by all the World beside.*

Petulant Montes—But I beg Pardon for talking to him in a Language which he does not understand.

Pag. 11. *A famous Law-Book, called the Mirror of Justice, discoursing of the Articles (or Laws) ordained by our Antient Kings, declares the Law to be as follows: It was ordained, that no King of this Realm should change, impair, or amend, or make any Money than of Gold or Silver, without the Assent of all the Counties, that is, as my Lord Coke says, without the Assent of Parliament.* 2 Inst. 176.

THEN

THEN he concludes, according to Custom, with his fine flattering Speeches.

Page 10. *I will now, my dear Friends, to save you the Trouble, set before you in short what the Law obliges you to do, and what it does not oblige you to.* (This Drapier is an excellent Lawyer, I wonder he is not made a Lord Chancellor.)

First, You are obliged to take all Money in Payments, which is coined by the King and is of the English Standard or Weight, provided it be of Gold or Silver.

Secondly, You are not obliged to take any Money which is not of Gold or Silver.

Thirdly, Much less are you obliged to take those vile Half-pence of that same Wood.

Therefore, my Friends, stand to it one and all, refuse this filthy Trash; it is no Treason to rebel against Mr. Wood, his Majesty in his Patent obliges no body to take these Half-pence.

So then, at this Rate they are coined for no body, by some body; and some body is to get nothing by no body. I have made a fine Hand of my Patent and Coinage. Ye see, Gentlemen, the Force of that Argument which the Drapier offers, but I find Logick is not his Talent. Thus have I, with great Patience, gone through this injurious Piece of Satyr upon my self contained in this first Letter. But knowing that the best Undertakers have always met with Enemies and Detractors, I comfort my self that I have far defeated this malicious Author, that you are all convinced, I am now for all your Goods, and though a perfect Stranger to the Country of Ireland, yet a little time will shew what Industry and Pains it has cost me, to make you a flourishing and a happy People. It is my Inclination to pre-
serve

serve a good Understanding between me and you, however wicked People may endeavour to interpose. Before I conclude, I have one Complaint more: I am told, that *Pitiful, Malicious, Insidious Undermining, Scribbling Drapier*, set on a Parcel of *Tattered, Filthy, Irish, Buttermilk, Potatoe Secundrels*, to carry my Effigies about in *Wood*, and afterwards hang it at *Stephen's Green*; for which I hope when the Parliament sits to have ample Satisfaction. I am glad that none of the Gentry of *Ireland* were concerned in that abominable Procession.

I am your best Friend,

W. W.



THE

THE
INTELLIGENCER.

Written in the Year 1728.

NUMBER I.

IT may be said, without Offence to other *Cities* of much greater Consequence in the World, that our Town of *Dublin* doth not want its due Proportion of *Folly* and *Vice*, both native and imported; and as to those imported, we have the Advantage to receive them last, and consequently, after our happy Manner, to improve and refine upon them.

BUT, because there are many Effects of *Folly* and *Vice* among us, whereof some are *general*, others confined to smaller Numbers, and others again, perhaps to a few *Individuals*; there is a *Society* lately established, who at great Expence have erected an *Office of Intelligence*, from which they are to re-

* "In the Volume [you saw of the INTELLIGENCER] the I. II. III. IV. were mine. Of the VIIIth I writ only the Verses, — (very incorrect, but against a Fellow that we all hated.) The IXth mine; the XVth is a Pamphlet of mine printed before with Dr. *St—*'s Preface, merely for Laziness, not to disappoint the Town; and so was the XIXth." [Printed in *Miscell.* Vol. VI.] Letter to and from Dr. *Swift*, Lett. LXI.

ceive weekly Information of all *important Events* and *Singularities*, which this famous *Metropolis* can furnish. Strict Injunctions are given to have the truest Information ; in order to which, certain qualified Persons are employed to attend upon Duty in their several Posts ; some at the *Play-House*, others in *Churches*, some at *Balls*, *Assemblies*, *Coffee-Houses*, and *Meetings* for *Quadrille* ; some at the several *Courts of Justice*, both *Spiritual* and *Temporal* ; some at the *College*, some upon my *Lord Mayor* and *Aldermen* in their publick Affairs ; lastly, some to converse with *favourite Chamber-maids*, and to frequent those *Ale-Houses* and *Brandy-shops* where the *Footmen* of great Families meet in a Morning ; only the *Barrack* and *Parliament-House* are excepted ; because we have yet found no *Enfans perdus* bold enough to venture their Persons at either. Out of these and some other *Store-Houses*, we hope to gather Materials enough to *inform*, or *divert*, or *correct*, or *wex* the Town.

BUT as *Facts*, *Passages*, and *Adventures* of all Kinds, are like to have the greatest Share in our *Paper*, whereof we cannot always answer for the Truth ; due Care shall be taken to have them applied to feigned Names, whereby all just Offence will be removed ; for if none be guilty, none will have Cause to blush or be angry ; if otherwise, then the guilty Person is safe for the future upon his *present* Amendment, and safe for the *present*, from all but his *own Conscience*.

THERE is another Resolution taken among us, which I fear will give a greater and more general Discontent ; and is of so singular a Nature, that I have hardly Confidence enough to mention it, although it be absolutely necessary by Way of Apo-

logy for *so bold and unpopular an Attempt*. But so it is, that we have taken a desperate Counsel to produce into the World every distinguished Action, either of *Justice, Prudence, Generosity, Charity, Friendship, or public Spirit*, which comes well attested to us. And although we shall neither here be so daring as to assign Names, yet we shall hardly forbear to give some Hints, that perhaps, to the great Displeasure of such deserving Persons, may endanger a Discovery. For we think that even *Virtue itself*, should submit to such a *Mortification*, as, by its *Visibility* and Example, will render it more useful to the World. But however, the *Readers* of these *Papers* need not be in Pain of being overcharged with so dull and ungrateful a Subject. And yet who knows, but such an Occasion may be offered to us, once in a Year or two, after we have settled a Correspondence round the Kingdom?

BUT after all our Boasts of *Materials*, sent us by our several *Emissaries*, we may probably soon fall short, if the Town will not be pleased to lend us further Assistance towards entertaining it self. The *World* best knows its own *Faults* and *Virtues*, and whatever is sent shall be faithfully returned back, only a little embellished according to the Custom of *AUTHORS*. We do therefore demand and expect continual *Advertisements* in great Numbers, to be sent to the *PRINTER* of this *Paper*, who hath employed a *judicious Secretary* to collect such as may be most useful for the *Publick*.

AND although we do not intend to expose our own Persons by mentioning Names, yet we are so far from requiring the same Caution in our *Correspondents*, that, on the contrary, we expressly charge and command them, in all the Facts they send us to

to set down the Names, Titles, and Places of Abode at length; together with a very particular Description of the *Persons, Dresses, and Dispositions* of the several *Lords, Ladies, Squires, Madams, Lawyers, Gamesters, Toupees, Sots, Wits, Rakes, and Informers*, whom they shall have Occasion to mention; otherwise it will not be possible for us to adjust our Style to the different Qualities, and Capacities of the Persons concerned, and treat them with the *Respect* or *Familiarity*, that may be due to their *Stations* and *Characters*, which we are determined to observe with the utmost Strictness, that none may have Cause to complain.

NUMBER. V. *

*Describ'd 'tis thus: Defin'd it would you have?
Then the World's honest, Man's an arrant Knave.*
BEN JOHNSON.

THERE is no *Talent* so useful towards rising in the World, or which puts Men more out of the Reach of Fortune, than that Quality generally possessed by the dullest Sort of People, which is in common Speech called *Discretion*; a Species of lower Prudence, by the Assistance of which, People of the meanest Intellectuals, without any other Qualification, pass through the World in great Tranquillity, and with universal good Treatment, neither giving

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nor

* N. B. The third INTELLIGENCER is printed in Vol. VI.

nor taking Offence. *Courts* are seldom unprovided of Persons under this Character, on whom, if they happen to be of great Quality, most Employments even the greatest, naturally fall, when Competitors will not agree; and in such Promotions no body rejoices or grieves. The Truth of this I could prove by several Instances, within my own Memory; for I say nothing of present Times.

AND indeed as Regularity and Forms are of great Use in carrying on the Business of the World, so it is very convenient, that Persons endued with this Kind of Discretion should have that Share which is proper to their Talents in the Conduct of Affairs, but by no Means to meddle in Matters which require *Genius, Learning, strong Comprehension, Quickness of Conception, Magnanimity, Generosity, Sagacity*, or any other superior Gift of human Minds: Because this Sort of *Discretion*, is usually attended with a strong Desire of Money, and few Scruples about the Way of obtaining it, with servile Flattery and Submission, with a Want of all publick Spirit or Principle, with a perpetual wrong Judgment, when the Owners come into Power and high Place, how to dispose of Favour and Preferment; having no Measure for Merit and Virtue in others, but those very Steps by which themselves ascended; nor the least Intention of doing good or hurt to the Publick, farther than either one or t'other, is likely to be subservient to their own Security or Interest. Thus being void of all Friendship and Enmity, they never complain or find Fault with the Times, and indeed never have Reason so to do.

MEN of eminent Parts and Abilities as well as Virtues, do sometimes rise in *Courts*, sometimes in the *Law*, and sometimes, even in the *Church*.
Such

Such were the Lord *Bacon*, the Earl of *Strafford*, Archbishop *Laud* in the Reign of King *Charles I.* and others in our own Times, whom I shall not name; but these, and many more under different Princes, and in different Kingdoms, were *disgraced* or *banished*, or *suffered Death*, merely in Envy to their Virtues and superior *Genius*, which emboldened them in great Exigencies and Distresses of State (wanting a reasonable Infusion of this aldermanly Discretion) to attempt the Service of their Prince and Country out of the common Forms.

THIS evil Fortune, which generally attends extraordinary Men in the Management of Affairs, hath been imputed to divers Causes, that need not be here set down, when so obvious an One occurs; if what a certain Writer observes be true, that *when a great Genius appears in the World, the Dunces are all in Confederacy against him.* And thus although he employs his *Talents* wholly in his Closet, without interfering with any Man's Ambition or Avarice, he is sure to raise the Hatred of the noisy Croud, who envy him the quiet Enjoyment of himself. What must such an one expect when he ventures out to seek for Preferment in a Court, but universal Opposition? When he is mounting the Ladder, every Hand will be ready to turn him off, as soon as he is at the Top? In this Point, Fortune generally acts directly contrary to Nature; for in Nature we find, that Bodies full of Life and Spirit mount easily, and are hard to fall; whereas heavy Bodies are hard to rise, and come down with greater Velocity, in Proportion to their Weight; but we find Fortune every Day acting just the Reverse of this.

THIS Talent of *Discretion*, as I have described it in its several Adjuncts and Circumstances, is no

where so serviceable as to the *Clergy*, to whose Preferment nothing is so fatal as the Character of Wit, Politeness in Reading, or Manners, or that Kind of Behaviour which we contract by having too much conversed with Persons of high Stations and Eminency; these Qualifications being reckoned by the *Vulgar* of all Ranks, to be Marks of *Levity*, which is the last Crime the World will pardon in a *Clergyman*: To this I may add a free Manner of Speaking in mixt Company, and too frequent an Appearance in Places of much Resort, which are equally noxious to spiritual Promotions.

I HAVE known indeed a few Exceptions to some Parts of these Regulations. I have seen some of the dullest Men alive aiming at Wit, and others with as little Pretensions affecting Politeness in Manners and Discourse; but never being able to persuade the World of their Guilt, they grew into considerable Stations, upon the firm Assurance which all People had of their *Discretion*, because they were a Size too low to deceive the World to their own Disadvantage. But this I confess is a Trial too dangerous often to engage in.

THERE is a known Story of a *Clergyman*, who was recommended for a Preferment by some great Men at Court to A. B. C. T. His Grace said, he had heard that the *Clergyman* used to play at Whisk and Swobbers; that as to playing now and then a sober Game at Whisk for Pastime, it might be pardoned, but he could not digest those wicked Swobbers, and it was with some Pains that my Lord S——— could undeceive him. I ask, by what Talents we may suppose that great Prince ascended so high, or what Sort of Qualifications he would expect in those whom he took into his Patronage,

tronage, or would probably recommend to Court for the Government of *distant Churches*?

Two *Clergymen* in my Memory stood Candidates for a small *Free-School* in — *Shire*, where a Gentleman of Quality and Interest in the Country, who happened to have a better Understanding than his Neighbours, procured the Place for him, who was the better Scholar, and more gentlemanly Person of the two, very much to the Regret of all the Parish; the other, being disappointed, came up to *London*, where he became the greatest Pattern of this lower *Discretion* that I have known, and possessed with as heavy Intellectuals; which together with the Coldness of his Temper, and Gravity of his Deportment, carried him safe through many Difficulties; and he lived and died in a great Station, while his Competitor is too obscure for Fame to tell us what became of him.

THIS Species of *Discretion*, which I so much celebrate, and do most heartily recommend, hath one Advantage not yet mentioned, that it will carry a Man safe through all the Malice and Variety of Parties, so far, that whatever Faction happens to be uppermost, his Claim is generally allowed for a Share of what is going. And the thing seems to me highly reasonable: For in all great Changes, the prevailing Side is usually so tempestuous, that it wants the Ballast of those, whom the World calls *moderate Men*, and I call *Men of Discretion*, whom People in Power may with little Ceremony load as heavy as they please, drive them through the hardest and deepest Roads without Danger of foundring, or breaking their Backs, and will be sure to find them neither resty nor vicious. —

IN some following Paper I will give the Reader a short History of two *Clergymen* in *England*, the Characters of each, and the Progress of their Fortunes in the World. By which the Force of worldly Discretion, and the bad Consequences from the want of that Virtue, will strongly appear.

N U M B E R VII.

—*Probitas laudatur & alget.*

CORUSODES an *Oxford* Student, and a Farmer's Son, was never absent from Prayers or Lecture, nor once out of his *College* after *Tom* had tolled. He spent every Day ten Hours in his Closet, in reading his Courses, dozing, clipping Papers, or darning his Stockings, which last he performed to Admiration. He could be soberly drunk at the Expence of others, with *College* Ale, and at those Seasons was always most devout. He wore the same Gown five Years without dragging or tearing. He never once looked into a Play-Book or Poem. He read *Virgil* and *Ramus* in the same Cadence, but with a very different Taste. He never understood a Jest, or had the least Conception of Wit.

FOR one Saying he stands in Renown to this Day. Being with some other Students over a Pot of Ale, one of the Company said so many pleasant Things, that the rest were much diverted, only *Carusodes* was silent and unmoved. When they

parted, he called this merry Companion aside, and said, *Sir, I perceive by your often speaking, and our Friends laughing, that you spoke many Jest, and you could not but observe my Silence. But, Sir, this is my Humour. I never make a Jest myself; nor ever laugh at another Man's.*

CORUSODES thus endowed, got into Holy Orders, having by the most extreme Parsimony saved thirty-four Pounds out of a very beggarly Fellowship, went up to *London*, where his Sister was waiting Woman to a Lady, and so good a Solicitor, that by her Means he was admitted to read Prayers in the Family twice a Day, at fourteen Shillings a Month. He had now acquired a low, obsequious, awkward Bow, and a Talent of gross Flattery, both in and out of Season; he would shake the Butler by the Hand, he taught the Page his *Catechism*, and was sometimes admitted to dine at the Steward's Table. In short, he got the good Word of the whole Family, and was recommended by my Lady for Chaplain to some other Noble House, by which his Revenue (besides Vales) amounted to about thirty Pounds a Year. His Sister procured him a Scarf from my Lord (who had a small Design of Gallantry upon her;) and by his Lordship's Solicitation he got a Lectureship in Town, of sixty Pounds a Year; where he preached constantly in Person, in a grave Manner, with an audible Voice, a Style Ecclesiastick, and the Matter (such as it was) well suited to the Intellectuals of his Hearers. Some time after, a Country Living fell in my Lord's Disposal, and his Lordship, who had now some Encouragement given him of Success in his Amour, bestowed the Living on *Corusodes*, who still kept his Lectureship and Residence in Town, where

where he was a constant Attendant at all Meetings relating to Charity, without ever contributing further than his own frequent pious Exhortations. If any Woman of better Fashion in the Parish happened to be absent from Church, they were sure of a Visit from him in a Day or two, to chide and to dine with them.

He had a select Number of Poor, constantly attending at the Street Door of his Lodgings, for whom he was a common Solicitor to his former Patroness, dropping in his own Half-Crown among the Collections, and taking it out when he disposed of the Money. At a Person of Quality's House, he would never sit down till he was thrice bid, and then upon the Corner of the most distant Chair. His whole Demeanor was formal and starched, which adhered so close, that he could never shake it off in his highest Promotion.

His Lord was now in high Employment at Court, and attended by him with the most abject Affiduity, and his Sister being gone off with Child to a private Lodging, my Lord continued his Graces to *Corusodes*, got him to be a Chaplain in Ordinary, and in due Time a Parish in Town, and a *Dignity in the Church*.

He paid his *Curates* punctually, at the lowest Salary, and partly out of the Communion-Money; but gave them good Advice in Abundance. He married a Citizen's Widow, who taught him to put out small Sums at *ten per Cent*, and brought him acquainted with Jobbers in *'Change-Alley*. By her Dexterity, he sold the Clerkship of his Parish, when it became vacant.

He kept a miserable House, but the Blame was laid wholly upon *Madam*; for the good Doctor

stor was always at his *Books*, or visiting the Sick, or doing other Offices of Charity and Piety in his Parish.

He treated all his Inferiors of the Clergy with a most sanctified Pride; was rigorously and universally censorious upon all his Brethren of the Gown, on their first Appearance in the World, or while they continued meanly preferred; but gave large Allowance to the Laity of high Rank, or great Riches, using neither Eyes nor Ears for their Faults. He was never sensible of the least Corruption in *Courts*, *Parliaments*, or *Ministries*, but made the most favourable Construction of all publick Proceedings; and Power, in whatever Hands or whatever Party, was always secure of his most charitable Opinion. He had many wholesome Maxims ready to excuse all Miscarriages of State: *Men are but Men; Erunt vitia donec homines; Quod supra nos, nihil ad nos*; with several others of equal Weight.

It would lengthen my Paper beyond Measure to trace out the whole System of his Conduct; his dreadful Apprehensions of Popery; his great Moderation towards Dissenters of all Denominations, with hearty Wishes, that, by yielding somewhat on both Sides, there might be a general Union among Protestants; in short, inoffensive Sermons in his Turn at Court, and the Matter exactly suited to the present Juncture of prevailing Opinions; the Arts he used to obtain a Mitre, by writing against Episcopacy, and the Proofs he gave of his Loyalty, by palliating or defending the Murder of a martyred Prince.

ENDOWED with all these Accomplishments, we leave him in the full Career of Success, mounting

ing fast towards the Top of the Ladder Ecclesiastical, which he hath a fair Probability to reach, without the Merit of one single Virtue, moderately stocked with the least valuable Parts of Erudition, utterly devoid of all *Taste*, *Judgment*, or *Genius*, and in his Grandeur naturally chusing to hawl up others after him, whose Accomplishments most resemble his own; except his beloved Sons, Nephews, or other Kindred be in Competition, or lastly, except his Inclinations be diverted by those who have Power to mortify or farther advance him.

EUGENIO set out from the same University, and about the same Time with *Corusodes*; he had the Reputation of an arch Lad at School, and was unfortunately possessed with a *Talent* for *Poetry*, on which Account he received many chiding Letters from his Father, and grave Advice from his Tutor. He did not neglect his College Learning, but his chief Study was the Authors of Antiquity, with a perfect Knowledge in the *Greek* and *Roman Tongues*.

He could never procure himself to be chosen Fellow; for it was objected against him, that he had written Verses, and particularly some wherein he glanced at a certain Reverend Doctor, famous for Dulness: That he had been seen bowing to Ladies as he met them in the Streets; and it was proved, that once he had been found dancing in a private Family with half a Dozen of both Sexes.

He was the younger Son to a Gentleman of a good Birth, but small Fortune, and his Father dying, he was driven to *London*, to seek his Fortune. He got into Orders, and became a Reader in a Parish Church at twenty Pounds a Year, was carried by an *Oxford* Friend to *Will's Coffee-House*, frequented in those Days by Men of Wit, where, in
some

some Time he had the bad Luck to be distinguished. His scanty Salary compelled him to run deep in Debt for a new Gown and Cassock, and now and then forced him to write some Paper of Wit or Humour, or preach a Sermon for ten Shillings, to supply his Necessities. He was a thousand Times recommended by his Poetical Friends to great Persons, as a young Man of excellent Parts, who deserved Encouragement, and received a thousand Promises; but his Modesty, and a generous Spirit, which disdained the Slavery of continual Application and Attendance, always disappointed him, making room for vigilant Dunces, who were sure never to be out of Sight.

He had an excellent Faculty in Preaching, if he were not sometimes a little too refined, and apt to trust too much to his own Way of thinking and reasoning.

WHEN, upon a Vacancy of Preferment, he was hardly drawn to attend upon some promising Lord, he received the usual Answer, that he came too late, for it had been given to another the very Day before. And he had only this Comfort left, that every Body said, it was a thousand Pities something could not be done for poor Mr. *Eugenio*.

THE Remainder of his Story will be dispatched in a few Words. Wearied with weak Hopes, and weaker Pursuits, he accepted a Curacy in *Derbyshire*, of thirty Pounds a Year, and when he was five and forty, had the great Felicity to be preferred by a Friend of his Father's, to a Vicarage worth annually sixty Pounds, in the most desert Parts of *Lincolnshire*; where, his Spirit quite sunk with those Reflections that Solitude and Disappointments bring, he married a Farmer's Widow, and

is still alive, utterly undistinguished and forgotten; only some of the Neighbours have accidentally heard, *that he had been a notable Man in his Youth.*

NUMBER XV.

Lamentations, chap. ii. ver. 19.

Arise, cry out in the Night: In the Beginning of the Watches pour out thine Heart like Water before the Face of the Lord: Lift up thy Hands towards him, for the Life of thy young Children that faint for Hunger, in the Top of every Street.

I Remember to have read an Account, that an Ode which *Pindar* writ in Honour of the Island *Delos*, was inscribed in the Temple of *Minerva* at *Athens*, in large Letters of Gold. A publick and very laudable Acknowledgement for the Poet's Ingenuity, and for no more than a bare Compliment! Such was the Encouragement given by the great and publick-spirited *Athenians*. Had the same Poet, inspired by a noble and heroick Ardor, by another Ode awakened and roused their whole State against an invading Enemy, or opened their Eyes against any Secret and wicked Contrivers of their Destruction, they would have erected him a Statue at least: But alas! that Spirit is fled from the World, and long since neglected. Virtue is become her own Pay-master. My Countrymen, I hope, will forgive me, if I complain there
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has been so little Notice taken of a small, but most excellent *Pamphlet*, written by the *DRAPIER*. It is intituled, *A SHORT VIEW OF THE STATE OF IRELAND*. There never was any Treatise yet published, with a Zeal more generous for the universal Good of a Nation, or a Design more seasonable, considering our present lamentable Condition; yet we listen not to the Voice of the Charmer: Whereas it should have been inscribed in Capital Letters (as glorious as those of the Poet) in the most publick Part of every *Corporation-Town*, through this whole *Kingdom*, that People might behold the several unprovoked Causes of their Poverty, our Offences towards Heaven excepted. Nay, I will proceed farther, and say, that every Head of every Family ought to instruct his Children so far in this most *incomparable Pamphlet*, that they should not only understand, but be able to repeat by Heart every single *Paragraph* through the whole. This was the Method laid down by the wisest Law-giver that ever the World produced, to gain the Hearts of the People, by working upon their Memories.

Deut. ch. vi. ver. 7. *And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy Children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine House, and when thou walkest by the Way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.*

8. *And thou shalt bind them for a Sign about thine Hand, and they shall be as Frontlets between thine Eyes.*

9. *And thou shalt write them upon the Posts of thy House, and on thy Gates.*

And where would be the great Trouble, since we have little else to do, if every Man would read a
Lecture.

Lecture of the *Short View* every Day in his Family after reading Prayers? Nor do I think the Expence would be extravagant, if he should have every Page of it re-printed, to be hung up in Frames, in every Chamber of his House. That it might be as evident as the *Hand-Writing on the Wall*.

AND since I have ventured thus far to praise and recommend this most inimitable Piece, let me speak a few Words in favour of its AUTHOR.

I WOULD propose to my *Countrymen* before all their MONEY goes off, (it is going as fast as possible) to convert it into a few Statues to the *DRAPIER*, in those memorable Parts of this Kingdom, where our Heroes have shone with the greatest Lustre, in Defence of our *Liberty*, and the *PROTESTANT RELIGION* over all *Europe*: At DERRY, at ENNISKILLEN, at BOYN, at AUGHRIM. Nor would it be amiss, to set up a few more about our *Metropolis*, with that glorious Inscription LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM.

IF our MONEY were metamorphosed upon such a good Occasion as this, it would not be in the Power of any * *Cypselus*, to get it into his own Coffers, and it would be the only Method to prevent its being carried off, except our *Viceroy*s should act like the *Roman Prefects*, and run away with our very Statues.

COURTEOUS READER, mark well what follows.

* *Cypselus*, a Governor of *Corinth*, who contrived a Tax which brought all the Money of that State to himself in ten Years Time. *Aristot. polit.*

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I Am assured, that it hath for some time been practised, as a Method of making Mens Court when they are asked about the Rate of Lands, the Abilities of Tenants, the State of Trade and Manufacture in this Kingdom, and how their Rents are paid; to answer, that in their Neighbourhood all Things are in a flourishing Condition, the Rent and Purchase of Land every Day increasing. And if a Gentleman happens to be a little more sincere in his Representations, besides being looked on, as not well affected, he is sure to have a Dozen Contradictors at his Elbow. I think it is no Manner of Secret why these Questions are so cordially asked, and so obligingly answered, &c. *See the rest of this Intelligencer in the Short View of the State of Ireland, printed in the Sixth Volume of these Miscellanies, page 148.*

VINDICATION

Of His Excellency,

JOHN LORD CARTERET,

From the CHARGE of favouring none but
Tories, High-Church-men, and Jacobites.

Written in the Year 1736.

IN Order to treat this important Subject with the greatest Fairness and Impartiality, perhaps it may be convenient to give some Account of his Excellency; in whose Life and Character, there are certain Particulars, which might give very just Suspicion of some Truth in the Accusation he lies under.

He is descended from two noble, ancient, and most loyal Families, the *Carterets*, and the *Granwilles*: Too much distinguished, I confess, for what they acted, and what they suffered in defending the

the former Constitution in Church and State, under King Charles the Martyr; I mean that very Prince, on account of whose Martyrdom, a *Form of Prayer, with Fasting, was enjoined by Act of Parliament, to be used on the 30th Day of January, every Year, to implore the Mercies of God, that the Guilt of that sacred and innocent Blood might not be visited on us or our Posterity*; as we may read at large in our *Common-Prayer-Books*; which Day hath been solemnly kept, even within the Memory of many Men now alive.

His Excellency the present Lord was educated in the University of Oxford; from whence, with a Singularity scarce to be justified, he carried away more *Greek, Latin, and Philosophy*, than properly became a Person of his Rank; indeed much more of each than most of those who are forced to live by their Learning will be at the unnecessary Pains to load their Heads with.

This was the Rock he split on, upon his first Appearance in the World; and just got clear of his Guardians. For, as soon as he came to Town, some Bishops, and Clergymen, and other Persons most eminent for Learning and Parts, got him among them; from whom, although he were fortunately dragged by a Lady, and the Court, yet he could never wipe off the Stain, nor wash out the Tincture of his University Acquirements and Dispositions.

To this, another Misfortune was added, that it pleased God to endow him with great natural Talents, Memory, Judgment, Comprehension, Eloquence; and Wit: And, to finish the Work, all these were fortified even in his Youth with the Advantages received by such Employments, as are

best fitted both to exercise and polish the Gifts of Nature and Education, having been Ambassador in several Courts, when his Age would hardly allow him to take a Degree; and made principal Secretary of State, at a Period when, according to Custom, he ought to have been busied in losing his Money at a Chocolate House; or in other Amusements equally laudable and epidemic among Persons of Honour.

I CANNOT omit another weak Side in his Excellency. For it is known, and can be proved upon him, that *Greek* and *Latin* Books might be found every Day in his Dressing-Room, if it were carefully searched; and there is Reason to suspect, that some of the said Books have been privately conveyed to him by *Tory* Hands. I am likewise assured, that he hath been taken in the very Fact of reading the said Books; even in the midst of a Session, to the great Neglect of publick Affairs.

I OWN, there may be some Grounds for this Charge; because I have it from good Hands, that when his Excellency is at Dinner, with one or two Scholars at his Elbows, he grows a most unsupportable and unintelligible Companion to all the fine Gentlemen round the Table.

I CANNOT deny that his Excellency lies under another great Disadvantage. For, with all the Accomplishments above-mentioned, adding that of a most comely and graceful Person, and during the Prime of Youth, Spirits, and Vigour, he hath in a most unexemplary Manner led a regular domestic Life: discovers a great Esteem, and Friendship, and Love for his Lady, as well as true Affection for his Children, and when he is disposed to admit an entertaining Evening Companion, he doth not

not always enough reflect, whether the Person may possibly in former Days, have lain under the Imputation of a *Tory*; nor, at such Times, do the natural or affected Fears of *Papery* and the *Pratender* make any Part of the Conversation: I presume, because neither *Homer*, *Plato*, *Aristotle*, nor *Cicero*, have made any Mention of them.

THESE I freely acknowledge to be his Excellency's Failings: Yet, I think it is agreed by Philosophers and Divines, that some Allowance ought to be given to human Infirmary, and to the Prejudices of a wrong Education.

I AM well aware, how much my Sentiments differ from the *Orthodox* Opinion of one or two principal Patriots, at the Head of whom I name with Honour *Pistorides*. For these have decided the Matter directly against me, by declaring, that no Person who was ever known to lie under the Suspicion of one single *Tory* Principle, or who had been once seen at a Great Man's *Levee* in the worst of Times, should be allowed to come within the Verge of the Castle; much less to bow in the Anti-chamber, appear at the *Assemblies*, or dance at a Birth-night. However, I dare assert, that this Maxim hath been often controuled; and, that on the contrary, a considerable Number of *early Penitents* have been received into Grace, who are now an Ornament, Happiness, and Support to the Nation.

NEITHER do I find any murmuring on some other Points of greater Importance, where this favorite Maxim is not so strictly observed.

To instance only in one. I have not heard that any Care hath hitherto been taken, to discover whether Madam * *Violante* be a *Whig* or *Tory* in her Principles;

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* A famous Italian Rope-Dancer.

Principles; or even that she hath even been offered the Oaths to the Government: On the contrary, I am told that she openly professeth herself to be a *High-flyer*; and it is not improbable, by her *Outlandish* Name, she may also be a *Papist* in her Heart; yet we see this illustrious and dangerous Female, openly caressed by principal Persons of both Parties; who contribute to support her in a splendid Manner, without the least Apprehensions from a *Grand-Jury*; or even from *Squire Martley Hutcheson* himself, that *zealous Prosecutar of Hawkers and Libels*. And, as *Hobbes* wisely observes, *so much Money* being equivalent to *so much Power*, it may deserve considering, with what Safety such an Instrument of Power ought to be trusted in the Hands of an *Alien*, who hath not given any legal Security for her good Affection to the Government.

I confess, there is one Evil which I could wish our Friends would think proper to redress. There are many *Whigs* in this Kingdom of the *old-fashion'd Stamp*, of whom we might make very good Use; they bear the same Loyalty with us to the *Hanoverian* Family, in the Person of King *George the III*, the same Abhorrence of the *Pretender*, with the Consequences of *Papery* and *Slavery*, and the same Indulgence to *tender Consciences*: But having nothing to ask for themselves, and therefore the more Leisure to think for the Publick, they are often apt to entertain Fears, and melancholy Prospects, concerning the State of their Country, the Decay of Trade, the Want of Money, the miserable Condition of the People, with other Topicks of like Nature; all which do equally concern both *Whig* and *Tory*; who, if they have any thing to lose, must be equally Sufferers. Perhaps, one or two of these

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melancholy Gentlemen, will sometimes venture to publish their Thoughts in print: Now, I can by no Means approve our usual Custom of cursing and railing at this Species of Thinkers, under the Names of *Tories, Jacobites, Papists, Libellers, Rebels,* and the like.

THIS was the utter Ruin of that poor, angry, bustling, well-meaning Mortal *Pistorides*; who lies equally under the Contempt of both Parties; with no other Difference, than a Mixture of Pity on one Side, and of *Aversion* on the other.

How hath he been pelted, pestered and pounded by one single Wag, who promiseth never to forsake him, living or dead?

I WAS much pleased with the Humour of a *Surgeon* in this Town; who having, in his own Apprehension, received some great Injustice from the Earl of *Galway*, and despairing of Revenge as well as Relief, declared to all his Friends, that he had set a-part one Hundred Guineas, to purchase the Earl's Carcase from the Sexton, whenever it should dye; to make a Skeleton of the Bones, stuff the Hide, and shew them for three Pence; and thus get Vengeance for the Injuries he had suffered by its Owner.

OF the like Spirit, too often, is that implacable Race of Wits; against whom there is no Defence but Innocence, and Philosophy: Neither of which is likely to be at Hand; and therefore, the Wounded have no where to fly for a Cure, but to down-right Stupidity, a crazed Head, or a profligate Contempt of Guilt and Shame.

I AM therefore sorry for that other miserable Creature *Traulus*; who, although of somewhat a different Species, yet seems very far to out-do even

the Genius of *Pistarides*, in that miscarrying Talent of railing without Consistency or Discretion, against the most innocent Persons, according to the present Situation of his Gall and Spleen. I do not blame an *honest* Gentleman for the bitterest Invectives against one to whom he professeth the greatest Friendship; provided he acts in the Dark, so as not to be discovered: But in the Midst of *Careless, Puffs, and Invitations*, to run into the Streets, or to as *publick a Place*, and, without the least pretended Incitement, sputter out the basest and falsest Accusations; then to wipe his Mouth, come up smiling to his Friend, shake him by the Hand, and tell him in a Whisper, it was *all for his Service*: This Proceeding, I am bold to think a great Failure in Prudence: And I am afraid lest such a Practitioner, with a Body so *open*, so *soul*, and so *full of Sores*, may fall under the Resentment of an incensed political *Surgeon*, who is not in much Renown for his Mercy upon great Provocation: Who without waiting for his Death, will *slay and dissect* him alive; and to the View of Mankind lay open all the disordered Cells of his Brain, the Venom of his Tongue, the Corruption of his Heart, and Spots and Flatus's of his Spleen: And all this for *Threepence*.

In such a Case what a Scene would be laid open! And, to drop my Metaphor, what a Character of our mistaking Friend might an angry Enemy draw and expose! particularizing that unnatural Conjunction of Vices and Follies, so inconsistent with each other in the same Breast: Furious and fawning, scurrilous, and flattering, cowardly and provoking, insolent and abject; most profligately
false,

false, with the strongest Professions of Sincerity; positive and variable, tyrannical and slavish.

I apprehend that if all this should be set out to the World by an angry Whig of the *old Stamp*, the unavoidable Consequence must be a Confinement of our *Friend* for some Months *more* to his Garret; and thereby depriving the publick for so long a Time, and in so *important a Juncture* of his useful Talents in their Service: While he is fed like a wild Beast through a Hole; but I hope with a special Regard to the *Quantity and Quality* of his Nourishment.

IN vain would his Excusers endeavour to palliate his Enormities, by imputing them to Madness; because, it is well known, that Madness only operates by inflaming and enlarging the good or evil Dispositions of the Mind. For the *Curators of Bedlam* assure us, that some Lunaticks are Persons of *Honour, Truth, Benevolence*, and many other Virtues, which appear in their highest Ravings, although after a wild incoherent Manner; while others, on the contrary, discover in every Word and Action, the utmost *Baseness* and Depravity of human Mind; which infallibly they possessed in the same Degree, although perhaps under a better Regulation, before their Entrance into that *Academy*.

BUT it may be objected, that there is an Argument of much Force to excuse the Overflowings of that Zeal, which our *Friend* shews or means for our Cause. And it must be confessed, that the *easy and smooth Fluency of his Elocution*, bestowed on him by Nature, and cultivated by continual Practice, added to the *Comeliness of his Person*, the *Harmony of his Voice*, the *Gracefulness of his Manner*,

ner, and the Decency of his Dress, are Temptations too strong for such a Genius to resist upon any publick Occasion of making them appear with *universal Applause*. And if good Men are sometimes accused of loving their *Jest* better than their *Friend*; surely to gain the Reputation of the first *Orator* in the Kingdom, no Man of Spirit would scruple to lose all the *Friends* he had in the World.

It is usual for Masters to make their Boys declaim on both Sides of an Argument; and as some kinds of Assemblies are called the *Schools of Politicks*, I confess nothing can better improve political School-Boys, than the Art of making plausible or implausible Harangues against the very Opinion for which they resolve to determine.

So Cardinal *Perron*, after having spoke for an Hour to the Admiration of all his Hearers, to prove the Existence of God, told some of his Intimates, that he could have spoken another Hour, and much better to prove the contrary.

I HAVE placed this Reasoning in the strongest Light that I think it will bear; and have nothing to answer, but that, allowing it as much Weight as the Reader shall please, it hath constantly met with ill Success in the Mouth of our *Friend*; but whether for want of good Luck, or good Management, I suspend my Judgment.

To return from this long Digression; if the Persons in high Stations have been allowed to chuse *Wives*, without Regard even to Difference in Religion, yet never incurred the least Reflection on their Loyalty, or their Protestantism; shall the Chief Governor of a great Kingdom be censured for chusing a *Companion*, who may formerly have been suspected for differing from the *Orthodox* in
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some speculative Opinions of Persons and Things, which cannot affect the fundamental Principles of a sound *Whig*.

BUT let me suppose a very possible Case. Here is a Person sent to govern *Ireland*, whose unfortunate weak Side it happens to be, for several Reasons above-mentioned, that he hath encouraged the Attendance of *one* or *two* Gentlemen distinguished for their Taste, their Wit, and their Learning; who have taken the Oaths to His Majesty, and pray heartily for him: Yet because they may, perhaps, be stigmatized as *quondam* Tories by *Pisistrides* and his Gang, his Excellency must be forced to banish them, under the Pain and Peril of displeasing the Zealots of his own Party; and thereby be put into a worse Condition than every common good Fellow; who may be a sincere *Protestant* and a loyal Subject, and yet rather chuse to drink fine Ale at the *Pope's* Head, than muddy at the *King's*.

LET me then return to my Suppositions. It is certain, the high flown Loyalists in the present Sense of the Word, have their Thoughts, and Studies, and Tongues, so entirely diverted by political Schemes, that the Zeal of their Principles hath eaten up their Understandings; neither have they Time from their Employments, their Hopes, and their hourly Labours for acquiring new Additions of Merit, to amuse themselves with Philological Converse, or Speculations, which are utterly ruinous to all Schemes of rising in the World. What then must a great Man do, whose ill Stars have fatally perverted him to a Love, and Taste, and Possession of Literature, Politeness, and good Sense? Our thorough-sped Republick of Whigs, which contains the Bulk of all *Hopers, Pretenders, Expectants, and Professors,*

lessors, are, beyond all Doubt, most *highly useful* to Princes, to Governors, to great Ministers, and to their Country; but at the same Time, and by necessary Consequence, the most disagreeable Companions to all who have that unfortunate Turn of Mind peculiar to his Excellency, and perhaps to five or six more in a Nation.

I do not deny it possible, that an Original or Profelyte Favourite of the Times, might have been born to those useless Talents, which, in former Ages qualified a Man to be a Poet, or a Philosopher. All I contend for, is, that where the true Genius of Party once enters, *it sweeps the House clean*, and leaves Room for many other Spirits to take joint Possession, until the *last State of that Man is exceedingly better than the first*.

I ALLOW it a great Error in his Excellency, that he adheres so obstinately to his old *unfashionable* Academick Education; Yet so perverse is human Nature, that the usual Remedies for this Evil in others, have produced a contrary Effect in him; to a Degree, that I am credibly informed, he will, as I have already hinted, in the Middle of a Session quote Passages out of *Plato* and *Pindar*, at his own Table, to some *Book-learned* Companion, without blushing, even when Persons of great Stations are by.

I WILL venture one Step further; which is, freely to confess, that this mistaken Method of educating Youth in the Knowledge of ancient Learning and Language, is too apt to spoil their *Politicks* and *Principles*; because the Doctrine and Examples of the Books they read, teach them Lessons *directly contrary in every Point* to the *present Practice* of the World: And accordingly, *Hobbes* most judiciously

ciously observes, that the Writings of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, made young Men imbibe Opinions against absolute Power in a Prince, or even in a first *Minister*; and to embrace Notions of Liberty and Property.

It had been therefore, a great Felicity in these Kingdoms, that the Heirs to Titles and large Estates, have a Weakness in their Eyes, a Tenderness in their Constitutions; are not able to bear the Pain and Indignity of Whipping; and, as the Mother rightly expresses it, could never take to their Books, yet are well enough qualified to sign a Receipt for Half a Year's Rent, to put their Names (*rightly Spelt*) to a Warrant, and to read Pamphlets against Religion and High-flying; whereby they fill their Niches, and carry themselves through the World, with that Dignity which best becomes a *Senator* and a *Squire*.

I could heartily wish his Excellency would be more condescending to the *Genius* of the Kingdom he governs; to the Condition of the Times, and to the Nature of the Station he fills. Yet if it be true, what I have read in old *English* Story-Books, that one *Agésilas* (no Matter to the Bulk of my Readers whether I spell the Name right or wrong) was caught by the *Parson of the Parish*, riding on a Hobby-Horse with his Children; that *Socrates*, a Heathen Philosopher, was found dancing by himself at Fourscore; that a King called *Cæsar Augustus* (or some such Name) used to play with Boys; whereof some may possibly be Sons of *Torries*; and that two great Men called *Scipio* and *Leilius*, (I forgot their *Christian* Names, and whether they were Poets or Generals) often played at *Duck* and *Drake*, with smooth Stones on a River. Now I say,

say, if these Facts be true, (and the Book where I found them is in print) I cannot imagine why our most zealous Patriots may not a little indulge his Excellency, in an Infirmary which is not mortally Evil; provided he gives no publick Scandal; which is by all Means to be avoided. I say, why he may not be indulged twice a Week, to converse with one or two particular Persons; and let him and them run over their old exploded Readings together, after Mornings spent in hearing and prescribing *Ways and Means* from and to his most obedient Politician, for the Welfare of the Kingdom; although the said particular Person, or Persons, may not have made so publick a Declaration of their political Faith in all its Parts, as the Business of the Nation requires. Still submitting my Opinion to that happy Majority, which I am confident is *always in the Right*; by whom the Liberty of the Subject hath been so frequently, so strenuously, and so successfully asserted; who, by their wise Counsels, have made *Commerce* to flourish, *Money* to abound, *Inhabitants* to increase, the Value of Lands and Rents to rise, and the whole Island put on a new Face of *Plenty and Prosperity*.

But, in order to clear his Excellency more fully from this Accusation of shewing his Favours to *High-flyers, Tories, and Jacobites*, it will be necessary to come to Particulars.

The first Person of a *Tory* Denomination, to whom his Excellency gave any Marks of his Favour, was Doctor *Thomas Sheridan*. It is to be observed, that this happened so early in his Excellency's Government, as it may be justly supposed he had not been informed of that Gentleman's Character, upon so dangerous an Article. The Do-

ctor being well known, and distinguished for his Skill and Success in the Education of Youth, beyond most of his Profession for many Years past; was recommended to his Excellency on the Score of his Learning, and particularly for his Knowledge in the *Greek Tongue*; whereof, it seems, his Excellency is a great Admirer, although for what Reasons I could never imagine. However, it is agreed on all Hands, that his Lordship was too easily prevailed on by the Doctor's Request, or indeed rather from the Bias of his own Nature, to hear a Tragedy acted in that *unknown Language* by the Doctor's Lads, which was written by some Heathen Author; but whether it contained any *Tory* or *High Church* Principles, must be left to the Consciences of the *Boys*, the *Doctor*, and his *Excellency*; the *only* Witnesses in this Case, whose Testimonies can be depended upon.

It seems, his Excellency (a Thing never to be sufficiently wonder'd at) was so pleased with his Entertainment, that some Time after he gave the Doctor a Church-Living, to the Value of almost one Hundred Pounds a Year, and made him one of his Chaplains; from an *antiquated* Notion, that good School-masters ought to be encouraged in every Nation professing Civility and Religion. Yet his Excellency did not venture to make this bold Step, without strong Recommendations from Persons of undoubted Principles *fit to be trusted*; who thought themselves bound in Justice, Honour, and Gratitude, to do the Doctor a good Office, in return for the Care he had taken of their Children, or of those of their Friends. Yet the Catastrophe was terrible: For the Doctor, in the Height of his Felicity and Gratitude, going down to take Possession of his Parish,

rish, and furnished with a few led Sermons, whereof as it is to be supposed, the Number was very small, having never served a Cure in the Church; he stopt at *Cork*, to attend on his Bishop; and going to Church on the *Sunday* following, was, according to the usual Civility of Country Clergymen, invited by the Minister of the Parish to supply the Pulpit. It happened to be the first of *August*; and the first of *August* happened that Year to light upon a *Sunday*. And it happened that the Doctor's Text was in these Words; *Sufficient unto the Day is the Evil thereof*. And lastly, it happened that some one Person of the Congregation, whose Loyalty made him watchful upon every Appearance of Danger to his Majesty's Person and Government, when Service was over, gave the Alarm. Notice was immediately sent up to Town; and by the Zeal of one Man of no large Dimensions of Body or Mind, such a Clamour was raised, that we in *Dublin* could apprehend no less than an Invasion by the *Protector*, who must be landed in the *South*. The Result was, that the Doctor must be struck out of the Chaplains List, and appear no more at the Castle; yet whether he were then, or be at this Day, a *Whig* or a *Tory* I think is a Secret; only it is manifest, that he is a zealous *Hanoverian*, at least in Poetry, and a great Admirer of the present Royal Family, through all its Branches. His Friends likewise assert that he had preached this same Sermon often, under the same Text; that not having observed the Words till he was in the Pulpit, and had opened his Notes, as he is a Person a little abstracted, he wanted Presence of Mind to change them: And that, in the whole Sermon, there was not a Sylla-

ble

ble relating to Government or Party, or to the Subject of the Day.

In this Incident there seems to have been an Union of Events, that will probably never happen again to the End of the World; or is at least, like the grand Conjunction in the Heavens; which, I think, they say can arrive but once in twenty-thousand Years.

The second Gentleman (if I am right in my Chronology) who, under the Suspicion of a *Tory*, received some Favour from his Excellency, is Mr. *James Stopford*; very strongly recommended by the most eminent *Whig* in England, on the account of his Learning, and Virtue, and other Accomplishments. He had passed the greatest Part of his Youth in close Study, or in Travelling; and was either not at Home, or not at Leisure to trouble his Thoughts about Party; which I allow to be a great Omission, although I cannot honestly place him in the List of *Tories*: And therefore think his Excellency may be fairly acquitted for making him Vicar of *Finglass*, worth about one Hundred Pounds a Year.

THE third is Doctor *Patrick Delany*. This Divine lies under some Disadvantage; having, in his Youth, received many Civilities from a certain * Person, then in a very high Station here; for which Reason, I doubt the Doctor never drank his Confusion since, and what makes the Matter desperate, it is now too late; unless our *Inquisitors* will be content with drinking *Confusion* to his Memory? The aforesaid eminent Person, who was a Judge

* Sir *Constantine Phipps*, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, when Queen Anne died.

Judge of all Merit, except that of *Party*, distinguished the Doctor, among other Juniors in our University, for his Learning, Virtue, Discretion, and good Sense. But the Doctor was then in too good a Situation at his College, to hope or endeavour at a better Establishment, from one who had no Power to give it him.

Upon the present Lord Lieutenant's coming over, the Doctor was named to his Excellency by a *Friend*, among other Clergy of Distinction, as Persons whose Characters it was proper his Excellency should know; and by the Truth of which the *Giver* would be content to stand or fall in his Excellency's Opinion; since not one of those Persons were in particular Friendship with the *Gentleman* who gave in their Names. By this, and some other Incidents, particularly the Recommendation of the late Archbishop of *Dublin*, the Doctor became known to his Excellency, whose fatal Turn of Mind towards *Heathens* and *outlandish* Books and Languages finding, as I conceive, a like Disposition in the Doctor, was the Cause of his becoming so domestick, as we are told he is, at the Castle of *Dublin*.

THREE or four Years ago, the Doctor, grown weary of an Academick Life, for some Reasons best known to the Managers of the Discipline in that learned Society (which it may not be for their Honour to mention) resolved to leave it; although, by the Benefit of the Pupils, and his senior Fellowship, with all its Perquisites, he received every Year between nine hundred and a thousand Pounds. And a small Northern Living, in the University's Do-

• The Author.

nation, of somewhat better than one hundred Pounds a Year, falling at the same time with the Chancellorship of *Christ-Church*, to about equal the Value, in the Gift of his Excellency; the Doctor ventured into the World in a very scanty Condition; having squandered away all his annual Income in a Manner, which, although perhaps proper enough for a Clergyman without a Family, will not be for the Advantage of his Character to discover either on the Exchange, or at a Banker's Shop.

ABOUT two Months ago, his Excellency gave the Doctor a Prebend in *St. Patrick's Cathedral*; which being of near the same Value with either of the two former, will add a third Part to his Revenues, after he shall have paid the great Incumbrances upon it: So that he may now be said to possess of Church-Preferments, in scattered Tythes, three hundred Pounds a Year; instead of the like Sum of infallible Rents from a Senior Fellowship, with the Offices annexed; besides the Advantage of a free Lodging, a great Number of Pupils, and some other Endowments.

BUT since the Doctor hath not, in any of his Writings, his Sermons, his Actions, his Discourse, or his Company, discovered one single Principle of either *Whig* or *Tory*; and that the Lord Lieutenant still continues to admit him; I shall boldly pronounce him *ONE OF US*: But, like a new *Free-Mason*, who hath not yet learned all the Dialect of the Mystery: Neither can he justly be accused of any *Tory* Doctrines; except, perhaps, some among those few, with which that wicked Party was charged, during the Height of their Power; but have been since transferred, for the most solid Reasons, to the whole Body of our firmest Friends.

I HAVE now done with the Clergy: And upon the strictest Examination have not been able to find above one of that Order, against whom any *Party* Suspicion can lie; I mean the unfortunate Gentleman Doctor *Sheridan*, who by mere Chance-medley shot his own Fortune dead with a single *Text*.

As to the Laity, I can hear of but one Person of the *Tory* Stamp, who, since the Beginning of his Excellency's Government, did ever receive any solid Mark of his Favour: I mean Sir *Arthur Ashton*, reported to be an acknowledged *Tory*; and, what is almost as bad, a *Scholar* into the Bargain. It is whispered about, as a certain Truth, that this Gentleman is to have a Grant of a certain Barrack upon his Estate, within two Miles of his own House; for which the Crown is to be his Tenant, at the Rent of sixty Pounds *per Annum*; he being only at the Expence of about *five hundred* Pounds, to put the House in Repair, build Stables, and other Necessaries. I will place this *invidious* Mark of Beneficence conferred on a *Tory*, in a fair Light, by computing the Costs and necessary Defalcations: After which it may be seen how much Sir *Arthur* will be annually a clear Gainer by the Publick; notwithstanding his *unfortunate* Principles, and his Knowledge in *Greek* and *Latin*.

For

For Repairs, &c. 500 l. the Interest	30	0	0
whereof <i>per Ann.</i>			
For all manner of Poultry to furnish the Troopers; but which the said Troopers must be at the Labour of catching, valued <i>per Ann.</i>	5	0	0
For straggling Sheep,	8	0	0
For Game destroyed five Miles round,	6	0	0
	49	0	0
Rent paid to Sir <i>Arthur</i> , — — —	60	0	0
Deduct — — —	49	0	0
Remains clear — — —	11	0	0

Thus if Sir *Arthur Acheson* shall have the good Fortune to obtain a Grant of this Barrack, he will receive *no* Profit annually from the Crown ELEVEN Pounds *Sterling*, to help him in entertaining the Officers, and making Provisions for his younger Children.

It is true, there is another Advantage to be expected, which may fully compensate the Loss of Cattle and Poultry; by multiplying the Breed of Mankind, and particularly that of good Protestants, in a Part of the Kingdom half depopulated by the wild Humour among the Farmers there of leaving their Country. But I am not so skilful in Arithmetick, as to compute the Value.

I HAVE reckoned one *per Cent.* below the legal Interest for the Money that Sir *Arthur* must expend; and valued the Damage in the other Articles very moderately. However, I am confident he may with good Management be a Saver at least; which is a

prodigious Instance of Moderation in our Friends towards a professed *Tory*; whatever Merit he may pretend by the Unwillingness he hath shewn to make his Excellency uneasy in his Administration.

Thus I have, with the utmost Impartiality, collected every single Favour (further than personal Civilities) conferred by his Excellency on *Tories*, and reputed *Tories*, since his first Arrival hither, to this present 15th Day of *April*, in the Year of our Lord 1750, giving all Allowance possible to the Arguments on the other Side of the Question: And the Account will stand thus:

DISPOSED of Preferments and Employments to *Tories*, or reputed *Tories*, by his Excellency *John Lord Carteret*, Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, in about the Space of Six Years:

To Doctor <i>Thomas Sheridan</i> , in a Rectory near <i>Kinsale</i> , per Annum,	100	0	0
To Sir <i>Ambrose Acheson</i> Baronet, a Barrack, per Annum.	11	0	0
	111	0	0

GIVE me Leave now to compute in gross the Value of the Favours done by his Excellency to the *true Friends* of their King and Country, and of the *Protestant Religion*.

It is to be remembered, that, although his Excellency cannot be properly said to bestow Bishopricks, Commands in the Army, the Place of a Judge, or Commissioner in the Revenue, and some others: yet they are, for the most Part, disposed upon his Recommendation, except where the Persons are immediately sent from *England* by their Interest

Interest at Court; for which I have allowed large De-
falcations in the following Accounts. And it is re-
markable, that the *only* considerable Station confer-
red on a *Tory* since his present Excellency's Govern-
ment, was of this latter Kind.

And indeed it is but too notorious, that in a
neighbouring Nation (where this dangerous Deno-
mination of Men is incomparably more numerous,
more powerful, and of consequence more formidable)
real Tories can often with much less Difficulty obtain
very high Favours from the Government, than their
reputed Brethren can arrive to the lowest in ours. I
observe this with all possible Submission to the Wis-
dom of their Policy; which however, will not, I
believe, dispute the Praise of Vigilance with ours.

WHIG Account.

To Persons promoted to Bishop- ricks, or removed to more bene- ficial ones, computed <i>per Ann.</i>	10,050	0	0
To Civil Employments, ———	9030	0	0
To Military Commands, ———	8436	0	0
	27,516	0	0

TORY Account.

To <i>Tories</i> ———	111	0	0
Ballance ———	27,405	0	0

I SHALL conclude with this Observation, That,
as I think, the *Tories* have sufficient Reason to be
fully satisfied with the Share of Trust, Power,
and

and *Employments*, which they possess under the *Lenity* of the present Government; so, I do not find how his Excellency can be justly censured for favouring none but *High-Church, High-fliers, Termagants, Laudists, Sacheverellians, Tip-top-gallon-men, Jacobites, Tantiwys, Anti-Hanoverians, Friends to Popery and the Pretender, and to arbitrary Power, Disobligers of England, Breakers of DEPENDENCY, Inflamers of Quarrels between the two Nations, Publick Incendiaries, Enemies to the King and Kingdoms, Haters of TRUE Protestants, Laurel-men, Annists, Complainers of the Nation's Poverty, Ormondians, Iconoclasts, Anti-Glorious-Memorists, Anti-Revolutioners, White-Rosalists, Tenth-a-Junians, and the like;* when by a fair State of the Account, the Ballance, I conceive, seems to lie on the other Side.



CONSIDERATIONS

UPON TWO

BILLS

Sent down from the Right Honourable the

House of LORDS

To the Honourable

House of COMMONS,

Relating to the

CLERGY

OF

IRELAND.

CONSIDERATION

ADVERTISEMENT
BILLS

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the bill for the relief of the House of Commons in relation to the inferior clergy, which bill was introduced in the House of Commons on the 10th inst. and passed by the House of Commons on the 11th inst. and is now in the hands of the Lords for their consideration. I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the bill for the relief of the House of Commons in relation to the inferior clergy, which bill was introduced in the House of Commons on the 10th inst. and passed by the House of Commons on the 11th inst. and is now in the hands of the Lords for their consideration. I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the bill for the relief of the House of Commons in relation to the inferior clergy, which bill was introduced in the House of Commons on the 10th inst. and passed by the House of Commons on the 11th inst. and is now in the hands of the Lords for their consideration.

IN the Year 1731 a Bill was brought into the House of Lords by a great Majority of the Right Reverend the Bishops, for enabling them to divide the Livings of the inferior Clergy; which Bill was approved of in the Privy-Council of Ireland, and passed by the Lords in Parliament. It was afterwards sent to the House of Commons for their Approbation; but was rejected by them with a great Majority. The supposed Author of the following Considerations, who hath always been the best Friend to the inferior Clergy of the Church of England,

76 ADVERTISEMENT.

England, as may be seen in many Parts of his Writings, opposed this pernicious Project with great Success; which, if it had passed into Law, wou'd have been of the worst Consequence to this Nation.

CONSIDERATIONS

UPON TWO

BILLS, &c.

Written in the Year 1731.

I HAVE often, for above a Month past, desired some few Clergymen, who are pleased to visit me, that they would procure an Extract of Two BILLS, brought into the Council by some of the Bishops, and both of them since passed in the *House of Lords*: But I could never obtain what I desired, whether by the Forgetfulness or Negligence of those whom I employed, or the Difficulty of the Thing itself. Therefore, if I shall happen to mistake in any Fact of Consequence, I desire my Remarks upon it may pass for nothing: for my Information is no better than what I received in Words from several Divines, who seem'd to agree with each other. I have not the Honour to be acquainted with any one single *Prelate* of the Kingdom; and am a Stranger to their Characters
further

further than as common Fame reports them, which is not to be depended on. Therefore, I cannot be supposed to act upon a Principle of Resentment. I esteem their Functions (if I may be allowed to say so without Offence) as truly *Apostolical*, and absolutely necessary to the Perfection of a *Christian Church*.

There are no Qualities more incident to the Frailty and Corruptions of human Kind, than an Indifference, or Insensibility for other Mens Sufferings, and a sudden Forgetfulness of their own former humble State, when they rise in the World. These two Dispositions have not, I think, any where so strongly exerted themselves, as in the Order of Bishops, with regard to the inferior Clergy; for which I can find no reasons, but such as naturally should seem to operate a quite contrary Way. The Maintenance of the Clergy, throughout the Kingdom, is precarious and uncertain, collected from a most miserable Race of beggarly Farmers; at whose Mercy every Minister lies to be defrauded. His Office, as *Rector*, or *Picar*, if it be duly executed, is very laborious: As soon as he is promoted to a *Bishoprick*, the Scene is entirely and happily changed; his Revenues are large, and as surely paid as those of the King; his whole Business is once a Year to receive the Attendance, the Submission, and the Proxy-Money of all his Clergy, in whatever Part of the Diocese he shall please to think most convenient for himself. Neither is his personal Presence necessary, for the Business may be done by a *Picar-General*. The Fatigue of Ordination, is just what the Bishops please to make it; and as Matters have been for some Time, and may probably remain, the fewer Ordinations the better.

The rest of their visible Office consists in the Honour of attending Parliaments and Councils, and bestowing Preferments in their own Gift, in which last Employment, and in their Spiritual and Temporal Courts, the Labour falls to their *Vicars-General, Secretaries, Proctors, Apparitors, Schefebals*, and the like. Now, I say, in so quick a Change, where their Brethren, in a few Days, are become their Subjects, it would be reasonable at least, to hope that the Labour, Confinement, and Subjection, from which they have so lately escaped, *like a Bird out of the Snare of the Fowler*, might a little incline them to remember the Condition of those who were but last Week their Equals, probably their Companions or their Friends, and possibly as reasonable Expectants. There is a known Story of Colonel *Tidecomb*, who, while he continued a Subaltern Officer, was every Day complaining against the Pride, Oppression, and hard Treatment of *Colonels* towards their *Officers*; yet in a very few Minutes after he had received his Commission for a Regiment, walking with a Friend on the *Mall*, he confessed that the Spirit of Colonelship was coming fast upon him, which Spirit is said to have daily increased to the Hour of his Death.

It is true, the Clergy of this Kingdom, who are promoted to *Bishopricks*, have always some great Advantages; either that of rich Deaneries, opulent and multiplied Rectories and Dignities, strong Alliances by Birth or Marriage, fortified by a superlative Degree of Zeal and Loyalty; but, however, they were all at first no more than young Beginners; and before their great Promotion, were known by their plain *Christian* Names, among their old Companions, the middling Rate of *Clergymen*;

nor

nor could, therefore, be Strangers to their Condition, or with any good Grace forget it so soon, as it hath too often happened.

I CONFESS, I do not remember to have observ'd any Body of Men acting with so little Concert as our *Clergy* have done, in a Point where their Opinions appeared to be unanimous: A Point wherein their whole Temporal Support was concerned, as well as their Power of serving God and his Church, in their Spiritual Functions. This hath been imputed to their Fear of disobliging, or Hopes of further Favours upon Compliance; because it was observ'd, that some who appeared at first with greatest Zeal, thought fit suddenly to absent themselves from the usual Meetings; yet, we know what expert *Solicitors* the *Quakers*, the *Dissenters*, and even the *Papists* have sometimes found, to drive a Point of Advantage, or prevent an impending Evil.

I HAVE not seen any Extract from the two Bills introduced into the Privy Council by the Bishops; where the Clergy, upon some Failure in Favour, or through the Timorousness of many among their Brethren, were refused to be heard by the Council. It seems, these Bills were both returned, agreed to by the King and Council in *England*, and the *House of Lords* hath, with great Expedition, pass'd them both; and it is said, they are immediately to be sent down to the *Commons* for their Consent.

THE Particulars, as they have been imperfectly reported to me, are as follow:

By one of the Bills, the Bishops have Power to oblige the Country Clergy to build a Mansion-

House

House upon whatever Part of their Glebes their Lordships shall command; and if the Living be above 50 *l.* a Year, the Minister is bound to build, after three Years, a House that shall cost one Year and an half's Rent of his Income. For Instance, if a Clergyman, with a Wife and seven Children, gets a Living of 55 *l. per Annum*, he must after three Years, build a House that shall cost 77 *l. 10 s.* and must support his Family during the Time the Bishop shall appoint for the Building of it with the Remainder. But, if the Living be under 50 *l.* a Year, the Minister shall be allowed 100 *l.* out of the first Fruits.

BUT, there is said to be one Circumstance a little extraordinary; that if there be a single Spot in the Glebe more barren, more marshy, more exposed to Winds, more distant from the Church, or Skeleton of a Church, or from any Conveniency of Building; the Rector, or Vicar may be obliged by the Caprice, or Pique of the Bishop, to build, under Pain of Sequestration (an Office, which ever falls into the most knavish Hands) upon whatever Point his Lordship shall command; although the Farmers have not paid one Quarter of his Dues.

I BELIEVE, under the present Distresses of the Kingdom, (which inevitably, without a Miracle, must increase for ever) there are not ten Country Clergymen in *Ireland*, reputed to possess a Parish of 100 *l. per Annum*, who, for some Years past, have actually received 60 *l.* and that with the utmost Difficulty and Vexation. I am therefore, at a Loss, what Kind of Valuers the Bishops will make use of; and whether the starving Vicar shall be forced to build his House with the Money he never received.

THE other Bill, which passed in two Days after the former, is said to concern the Division of Parishes, into as many Parcels as the *Bishop* shall think fit, only leaving 300*l.* a Year to the Mother Church; which 300*l.* by another *Act* passed some Years ago, they can divide likewise, and crumble as low as their Will and Pleasure will dispose them. So, that instead of six hundred Clergymen, which, I think, is the usual Computation, we may have in a small Compass of Years almost as many Thousands to live with Decency and Comfort, provide for their Children, be charitable to the Poor, and maintain Hospitality.

BUT it is very reasonable to hope, and heartily to be wished by all those who have the least Regard to our Holy Religion, as hitherto established, or to a learned, pious, diligent, conversable *Clergyman*, or even to common Humanity; that the *Honourable House of Commons* will, in their great Wisdom, Justice, and Tenderness to innocent Men, consider these Bills in another Light. It is said, they well knew this Kingdom not to be so over-stocked with neighbouring Gentry, but a discreet learned *Clergyman*, with a Competency fit for one of his Education, may be an entertaining, a useful, and sometimes a necessary Companion. That, although such a Clergyman may not be able constantly to find BEEF and WINE for his own Family, yet he may be allowed sometimes to afford both to a Neighbour, without distressing himself; and the rather, because he may expect at least as good a Return. It will probably be considered, that in many desolate Parts there may not be always a sufficient Number of Persons considerable enough to be trusted with *Commissions of the Peace*, which several

several of the *Clergy* now supply much better than a little, hedge, contemptible, illiterate *Vicar* from twenty to fifty Pounds a Year, the Son of a *Weaver*, *Padlar*, *Taylor*, or *Miller*, can be presumed to do.

THE Landlords and Farmers by this Scheme can find no Profit, but will certainly be Losers; for Instance, if the large Northern Livings be split into a dozen Parishes, or more, it will be very necessary for the little threadbare *Gownman*, with his Wife, his Proctor, and every Child who can crawl, to watch the Fields at Harvest Time, for fear of losing a single Sheaf, which he could not afford under Peril of a Day's Starving: For, according to the *Scotch Proverb*, *a hungry Louse bites sore*. This would of Necessity breed an infinite Number of Wrangles and litigious Suits in the Spiritual Courts; and put the wretched *Pastor* at perpetual Variance with his whole Parish. But, as they have hitherto stood, a Clergyman established in a competent Living is not under the Necessity of being so sharp, vigilant, and exacting. On the contrary, it is well known and allowed, that the Clergy round the Kingdom think themselves well treated, if they lose only one single Third of their legal Demands.

THE Honourable House may, perhaps, be inclined to conceive, that my *Lords* the *Bishops* enjoy as ample a Power both Spiritual and Temporal, as will fully suffice to answer every Branch of their Office; that they want no Laws to regulate the Conduct of those Clergymen, over whom they preside; that, if Non-Residence be a Grievance, it is the Patron's Fault, who makes not a better Choice, or caused the Plurality. That, if the ge-

neral impartial Character of Persons chosen into the Church had been more regarded, and the Motive of *Party, Alliance, Kindred, Flatterers, Ill-Judgment, or Personal Favour* regarded less, there would be fewer Complaints of Non-Residence, Want of Care, blameable Behaviour, or any other Part of Misconduct; not to mention *Ignorance and Stupidity*.

I could name certain Gentlemen of the *Gown*, whose awkward, spruce, prim, sneering, and smirking Countenances, the very Tone of their Voices, and an ungainly Strut in their Walk, without one single Talent for any one Office, have contrived to get good Preferment by the mere Force of *Flattery and Cringing*: For which two Virtues (the only two Virtues they pretend to) they were, however, utterly unqualified: And whom, if I were in Power, although they were my *Nephews*, or had married my *Nieces*, I could never in Point of good Conscience or Honour, have recommended to a *Curacy in Connaught*.

THE *Honourable House of Commons* may likewise perhaps consider, that the Gentry of this Kingdom differ from all others upon Earth, being less capable of Employments in their own Country than any others who come from Abroad; and, that most of them have little Expectation of providing for their younger Children, otherwise than by the Church, in which there might be some Hopes of getting a tolerable Maintenance. For, after the Patrons should have settled their *Sons*, their *Nephews*, their *Nieces*, their *Dependents*, and their *Followers*, invited over from the other Side, there would still remain an Overplus of smaller Church Preferments, to be given to such Clergy of the Na-

tion,

tion, who shall have their *quantum* of whatever Merit may be then in Fashion. But by these Bills, they will be all as absolutely excluded, as if they had passed under the Denomination of *Tories*; unless they can be contented at the utmost with 50 *l.* a Year; which, by the Difficulties of collecting Tythes in *Ireland*, and the daily increasing Miseries of the People, will hardly rise to half that Sum.

It is observed, that the *Divines* sent over hither to govern this Church, have not seemed to consider the Difference between both Kingdoms, with respect to the inferior *Clergy*. As to themselves, indeed, they find a large Revenue in Lands let at one quarter Value, which consequently must be paid while there is a Penny left among us; and, the Publick Distress so little affects their Interest, that their Fines are now higher than ever: They content themselves to suppose, that whatever a Parish is said to be worth, comes all into the *Parson's* Pocket.

THE Poverty of great Numbers among the *Clergy* in *England*, hath been the continual Complaint of all Men who wish well to the Church, and many Schemes have been thought on to redress it; yet an *English Vicar* of 40 *l.* a Year, lives much more comfortably than one of double the Value in *Ireland*. His Farmers, generally speaking, are able and willing to pay him his full Dues: He hath a decent Church of ancient Standing, filled every *Lord's Day* with a large Congregation of plain People, well clad, and behaving themselves as if they believed in GOD and CHRIST. He hath a House and Barn in repair, a Field or two to graze his Cows, with a Garden and Orchard. No Guest expects more from him than a Pot of Ale: He lives

like an honest plain Farmer, as his Wife is dressed but little better than *Goody*. He is sometimes graciously invited by the *Squire*, where he sits at humble Distance; if he gets the Love of his People, they often make him little useful Presents: He is happy by being born to no higher Expectation; for he is usually the Son of some ordinary Tradesman, or middling Farmer. His Learning is much of a Size with his Birth and Education; no more of either than what a poor hungry *Servitor* can be expected to bring with him from his *College*. It would be tedious to shew the Reverse of all this in our distant poorer Parishes, through most Parts of *Ireland*, wherein every Reader may make the Comparison.

LASTLY, The *Honourable House of Commons* may consider, whether the Scheme of multiplying beggarly *Clergymen*, through the whole Kingdom, who must all have Votes for choosing Parliament Men (provided they can prove their Freeholds to be worth 40*s. per Annum, ultra reprisas*) may not, by their Numbers, have great Influence upon *Elections*; being entirely under the Dependence of their *Bishops*. For, by a moderate Computation, after all the Divisions, and Sub-divisions of Parishes, that, my *Lords*, the *Bishops* have Power to make by their new Laws, there will, as soon as the present Set of Clergy goes off, be raised an Army of *Ecclesiastical Militants*, able enough for any Kind of Service, except that of the Altar.

I AM, indeed, in some Concern about a Fund for building a thousand or two Churches, wherein these Probationers may read their *Wall Lectures*; and begin to doubt they must be contented with *Barns*; which *Barns* will be one great advancing Step towards

wards an Accommodation with our *true Protestant Brethren, the Dissenters.*

THE Scheme of encouraging *Clergymen* to build Houses by dividing a Living of 500*l.* a Year into ten Parts, is a Contrivance, the Meaning whereof hath got on the wrong Side of my Comprehension; unless it may be argued, that *Bishops* build no Houses, because they are so rich; and therefore, the inferior *Clergy* will certainly build, if you reduce them to Beggary. But I knew a very rich Man of Quality in *England*, who could never be persuaded to keep a *Servant* out of *Livery*; because such *Servants* would be expensive, and apt in Time to look like Gentlemen; whereas the others were ready to submit to the basest Offices, and at a cheaper Pennyworth might increase his Retinue.

I HEAR, it is the Opinion of many wise Men, that before these Bills should pass both Houses, they might be sent back to *England* with the following Clauses inserted.

FIRST, That, whereas there may be about a dozen double *Bishopricks* in *Ireland*, those *Bishopricks* should be split and given to different Persons; and those of a single Denomination be also divided into two, three, or four Parts, as Occasion shall require; otherwise there may be a Question started, whether twenty two *Prelates* can effectually extend their paternal Care, and unlimited Power, for the Protection and Correction of so great a Number of Spiritual Subjects. But, this Proposal will meet with such furious Objections, that I shall not insist upon it; for I well remember to have read, what a terrible Fright the *Frogs* were in, upon a Report, that the *Sun* was going to marry.

ANOTHER Clause should be, that none of these twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty Pounders may be suffered to marry, under the Penalty of immediate Deprivation; their Marriages declared *null*, and their Children Bastards: For, some desponding People take the Kingdom to be in no Condition of encouraging so numerous a Breed of Beggars.

A THIRD Clause will be necessary, that these humble Gentry should be absolutely disqualified from giving Votes in *Elections* for *Parliament Men*.

OTHERS add a Fourth; which is a Clause of Indulgence, that these reduced *Divines* may be permitted to follow any lawful Ways of living, which will not call them too often or too far from their Spiritual Offices: (For, unless I misapprehend, they are supposed to have *Episcopal Ordination*.) For Example; they may be Lappers of Linnen, Bayliffs of the Manner; they may let Blood, or apply Plasters for three Miles round: They may get a Dispensation to hold the *Clerkship* and *Sextonship* of their own Parish in *Commendam*. Their Wives and Daughters may make Shirts for the Neighbourhood; or, if a *Barrack* be near, for the *Soldiers*: In Linnen Countries, they may *Card* and *Spin*, and keep a few Looms in the House: They may let Lodgings, and sell a Pot of Ale without Doors, but not at Home, unless to sober Company, and at regular Hours. It is by some thought a little hard, that in an Affair of the last Consequence to the very Being of the *Clergy*, in the Points of Liberty and Property, as well as in their Abilities to perform their Duty, this whole Reverend Body, who are the established Instructors of the Nation in Christianity and Moral Virtues, and are the only Persons concerned, should be the
sole

sole Persons not consulted. Let any Scholar shew the like Precedent in *Christendom* for twelve hundred Years past. An Act of Parliament for settling or selling an Estate in a private Family, is never passed until all Parties give Consent. But in the present Case the whole Body of the *Clergy* is, as themselves apprehend, determined to utter Ruin, without once expecting or asking their Opinion; and this by a Scheme contrived only by one Part of the Convocation, while the other Part which hath been chosen in the usual Forms, wants only the Regal Permission to assemble, and consult about the Affairs of the Church, as their Predecessors have always done in former Ages; where it is presumed, the *Lower House* hath a Power of proposing Canons, and a negative Voice, as well as the upper. And, God forbid (say these Objectors) that there should be a real separate Interest between the Bishops and Clergy, any more than there is between a Man and his Wife, a King and his People, or CHRIST and his Church.

It seems there is a Provision in the Bill, that no Parish shall be cut into Scraps, without the Consent of several Persons who can be no Sufferers in the Matter; but I cannot find that the *Clergy* lay much Weight on this Caution; because they argue, that the very Persons from whom these Bills took their Rise, will have the greatest Share in the Decision.

I do not, by any Means, conceive the crying Sin of the *Clergy* in this Kingdom, to be that of *Non-Residence*; I am sure, it is many Degrees less so here, than in *England*; unless the Possession of Pluralities may pass under that Name; and if this be a Fault, it is well known to whom it must be imputed; I believe, upon a fair Enquiry (and I
hear

hear an Enquiry is to be made) they will appear to be most pardonably few; especially, considering how many Parishes have not an Inch of *Glebe*, and how difficult it is upon any reasonable Terms, to find a Place of Habitation. And, therefore, God knows, whether, my *Lords the Bishops* will be soon able to convince the *Clergy*, or those who have any Regard for that venerable Body, that the chief Motive in their *Lordships* Minds, by procuring these Bills, was to prevent the Sin of *Non-Residence*, while the universal Opinion of almost every *Clergyman* in the Kingdom, without Distinction of Party, taking in even those who are not likely to be Sufferers, stands directly against them.

If some Livings in the *North* may be justly thought too large a Compass of Land, which makes it inconvenient for the remotest Inhabitants to attend the Service of the Church, which in some Instances may be true, no reasonable *Clergyman* would oppose a proper Remedy by particular Acts of Parliament.

Thus, for Instance, the *Deanry of Down*, a Country *Deanry*, I think, without a Cathedral, depending wholly upon an Union of Parishes joined together, in a Time when the Land lay waste and thinly inhabited; since those Circumstances are so prodigiously changed for the better, may properly be lessened, leaving a decent Competency to the *Dean*, and placing *Rectories* in the remaining Churches, which are now served only by stipendiary *Curates*.

THE Case may be probably the same in other Parts: And such a Proceeding, discreetly managed, would be truly for the Good of the Church.

FOR

For, it is to be observed, that the Dean and Chapter Lands, which in *England* were all seized under the Fanatick Usurpation, are Things unknown in *Ireland*, having been long ravished from the Church, by a Succession of Confusions; and Tythes applied in their Stead, to support that Ecclesiastical Dignity.

THE late * *Archbishop of Dublin* had a very different Way of encouraging the *Clergy* of his Diocese to Residence: When a Lease had run out seven Years or more, he stipulated with the Tenant to resign up twenty or thirty Acres to the Minister of the Parish where it lay convenient, without lessening his former Rent; and with no great Abatement of the Fine; and this he did in the Parts near *Dublin*, where Land is at the highest Rates, leaving a small Chiefry for the Minister to pay, hardly a sixth Part of the Value. I doubt not, that almost every *Bishop* in the Kingdom may do the same generous Act with less Damage to their Sees, than his late *Grace of Dublin*; much of whose Lands were out in Fee-Farms, or Leases for Lives; and I am sorry that the good Example of such a *Prelate* hath not been followed.

BUT a great Majority of the *Clergy's* Friends cannot hitherto reconcile themselves to this Project; which they call a *levelling Principle*, that must inevitably root out the Seeds of all honest Emulation, the legal Parent of the greatest Virtues, and most generous Actions among Men; but in the general Opinion (for I do not pretend to offer my own) will never more have room to exert itself in the Breast

* The Right Reverend Dr. WILLIAM KING.

Breast of any *Clergyman* whom this Kingdom shall produce.

BUT, whether the Consequences of these Bills may, by the Virtues and Frailties of future *Bishops*, sent over hither to rule the Church, terminate in Good or Evil, I shall not presume to determine, since God can work the *Former* out of the *Latter*. However, one Thing I can venture to assert; that from the earliest Ages of Christianity to the Minute I am now writing, there never was a Precedent of such a Proceeding, much less to be feared, hoped, or apprehended from such Hands in any Christian Country; and so it may pass for more than a *Phoenix*; because it hath risen without any Assistance from the *Ashes* of its *Sire*.

THE Appearance of so many *Dissenters* at the Hearing of this Cause, is what, I am told, hath not been charged to the Account of their Prudence or Moderation; because that Action hath been censured as a Mark of *Triumph* and Insult before the *Victory* is complete; since neither of these Bills hath yet passed the *House of Commons*, and some are pleased to think it not impossible that they may be rejected. Neither do I hear that there is an enacting Clause in either of the Bills to apply any Part of the divided or sub-divided Tythes, towards increasing the Stipends of the *Sectaries*. So that these Gentlemen seem to be gratified like him, who, after having been kicked down Stairs, took Comfort when he saw his Friend kicked down after him.

I HAVE heard many more Objections against several Particulars of both these Bills; but they are of so high a Nature, and carry such dreadful

ful *Innuendoes*, that I dare not mention them, resolving to give no Offence, because I well know how obnoxious I have long been (although I conceive without any Fault of my own) to the Zeal and Principles of those, who place all Difference in Opinion, concerning publick Matters to the Score of *Disaffection*; whereof I am at least as innocent as the loudest of my *Detractors*.

Dublin, February 24,

1731-2.



20 2 (194)

THE
PRESBYTERIANS
PLEA of MERIT

In Order to take off the

T E S T
IMPARTIALLY EXAMINED.

Written in the Year 1731.

WE have been told in the common News Papers, that all Attempts are to be made this Session by the *Presbyterians*, and their Abettors, for taking off the Test; as a kind of preparatory Step, to make it go down smoother in *England*. For, if once *their Light would so shine*, the *Papists*, delighted with the Blaze, would all come in, and dance about it. This I take to be a prudent Method; like that of a discreet Physician, who first gives a new Medicine to a *Dog*, before he prescribes it to a human Creature.

THE 8

turbulent, during the whole Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, and were always discouraged by that wise Queen, as well as by her two Successors. However, their Numbers, as well as their Insolence and Perverseness, so far increased, that soon after the Death of King *James* the First, many Instances of their Petulancy and Scurrility are to be seen in their Pamphlets, written for some Years after; which was a Trade they began in the Days of Queen *Elizabeth*: Particularly with great Rancour against the Bishops, the Habits, and the Ceremonies: Such were those scurrilous Libels under the Title of *Martin Mar-prelate*, and several others. And, although the Earl of *Clarendon* tells us, until the Year 1640 (as I remember) the Kingdom was in a State of perfect Peace and Happiness, without the least Appearance of Thought or Design, towards making any Alterations in Religion or Government; yet I have found, by often rumaging for old Books in *Little-Britain* and *Duck-lane*, a great Number of Pamphlets printed from the Year 1630 to 1640, full of as bold and impious railing Expressions, against the lawful Power of the Crown, and the Order of Bishops, as ever were uttered during the Rebellion, or the whole subsequent Tyranny of that Fanatick Anarchy. However, I find it manifest, that *Puritanism* did not erect itself into a new separate Species of Religion, till some Time after the Rebellion began. For, in the latter Times of King *James* the First, and the former Part of his Son, there were several *Puritan* Bishops, and many *Puritan* private Clergymen; while People went, as their Inclinations led them, to hear Preachers of each Party in the Parish Churches. For the *Puritan* Clergy had received

Episcopal

Episcopal Orders, as well as the rest. But, soon after the Rebellion broke out, the *Tern Puritan* gradually dropt, and that of *Presbyterian* succeeded; which Sect was, in two or three Years, established in all its Forms, by what they call an Ordinance of the Lords and Commons, without consulting the King, who was then at War against his Rebels. And from this Period the Church continued under Persecution, until Monarchy was restored in the Year 1660.

IN a Year or two after, we began to hear of a new Party risen, and growing in the Parliament, as well as the Army, under the Name of *Independent*: It spread, indeed, somewhat more in the latter; but not equal with the *Presbyterians*, either in Weight or Number, until some Time before the King was murdered.

WHEN the King, who was then a Prisoner in the Isle of *Wight*, had made his last Concessions for a Peace to the Commissioners of the Parliament, who attended him there; upon their Return to London, they reported his Majesty's Answer in the House. Whereupon a Number of moderate Members, who, as *Ludlow* says, had secured their own Terms with that Prince, managed with so much Art, as to obtain a Majority, in a thin House, for passing a Vote, that *the King's Concessions were a Ground for a future Settlement*. But the great Officers of the Army, joining with the discontented Members came to a Resolution of excluding all those who had consented to that Vote; which they executed in a military Way. *Ireton* told *Fairfax* the General, a rigid *Presbyterian*, of this Resolution; who thereupon issued his Orders for drawing out the Army the next Morning, and placing

Guards at *Westminster-Hall*, the *Court of Requests*, and the *Lobby*; who, in Obedience to the General, in Conjunction with those Members who had opposed the Vote, would let no Member enter the House, except those of their own Party. Upon which, the Question for bringing the King to Justice, was immediately put, and carried without Opposition, that I can find. Then, an Order was made for his Trial; the Time and Place appointed; the Judges named; of whom *Fairfax* himself was one; although by the Advice, or Threats of his Wife, he declined sitting among them. However, by fresh Orders under his own Hand, which I have seen in Print, he appointed Guards to attend the Judges at the Trial, and to keep the City in Quiet; as he did likewise to prevent any Opposition from the People, upon the Day of Execution.

FROM what I have already deduced, it appears manifest, that the Differences between those two Sects, *Presbyterian* and *Independent*, did not then amount to half so much as what there is between a *Whig* and *Tory* at present among us. The Design of utterly extirpating Monarchy and Episcopacy, was equally the same in both; evidently the Consequence of the very same Principles, upon which the *Presbyterians* alone began, continued, and would have ended in the same Events; if towards the Conclusion they had not been bearded by that new Party, with whom they could not agree about dividing the Spoil. However, they held a good Share of Civil and Military Employments during the whole Time of the Usurpation; whose Names, and Actions, and Preferments, are frequent in the Accounts of those Times. For, I make no Doubt, that

that all the prudent *Presbyterians* complied in proper Seasons, falling in with the Stream; and thereby got that Share in Employments, which many of them held to the Restoration; and, perhaps, too many of them after. In the same Manner, we find our wisest *Tories*, in both Kingdoms, upon the Change of Hands and Measures at the Queen's Death, have endeavoured for several Years, by due Compliances, to recover the Time they had lost by a temporary Obstinacy; wherein they have well succeeded, according to their Degrees of Merit. Of whose Names I could here make honourable mention, if I did not fear it might offend their Modesty. As to what is alledged, that some of the *Presbyterians* declared openly against the King's Murder; I allow it to be true. But, from what Motives? No other can possibly be assign'd than perfect Spight, Rage, and Envy, to find themselves wormed out of all Power, by a new Infant Spawn of *Independents*, sprung from their own Bowels. It is true, the Differences in religious Tenets between them, are very few and trifling; the chief Quarrel, as far as I remember, relating to Congregational and National Assemblies. But, wherever Interest or Power think fit to interfere, it little imports what Principles the opposite Parties think fit to charge upon each other: For, we see, at this Day, that the *Tories* are more hated by the whole Set of zealous *Whigs*, than the very *Papists* themselves; and, in Effect, as much unqualified for the smallest Office: Although both these Parties assert themselves to be of the same Religion, in all its Branches of Doctrine and Discipline; and profess

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the same Loyalty to the same *Protestant King*, and his Heirs.

If the Reader would know what became of this *Independent Party*, upon whom all the Mischief is charged by their *Presbyterian Brethren*, he may please to observe, that during the whole Usurpation, they contended by Degrees with their Parent Sect, and, as I have already said, shared in Employments; and gradually, after the Restoration, mingled with the Mass of *Presbyterians*; lying ever since undistinguished in the Herd of *Dissoners*.

THE *Presbyterian Merit* is of as little Weight; when they alledge themselves instrumental towards the King's Restoration. The Kingdom grew tired with those ridiculous Models of Government: First, by a House of Lords and Commons, without a King; then without Bishops; afterwards, by a Rump, and Lords Temporal; then by a Rump alone; next, by a single Person for Life, in Conjunction with a Council; by Agitators; by Major-Generals; by a new kind of Representatives from the three Kingdoms; by the Keepers of the Liberties of *England*; with other Schemes that have slipped out of my Memory. *Cromwell* was dead; his Son *Richard*, a weak, ignorant Wretch, who gave up his Monarchy much in the same Manner with the two usurping Kings of *Brunford*; the People harassed with Taxes, and other Oppressions. The King's Party, then called the *Cavaliers*, began to recover their Spirits. The few Nobility scattered through the Kingdom, who lived in a most retired Manner, observing the Confusion of Things, could no longer endure to be sidden by Bakers, Coblers, Brewers,

Brewers, and the like, at the Head of Armies, and plundering every where, like *French* Dragoons. The *Rump* Assembly grew despicable to those who had raised them. The City of *London*, exhausted by almost twenty Years contributing to their own Ruin, declared against them. The *Rump*, after many Deaths and Resurrections, was, in the most contemptuous Manner, kicked out, and burnt in Effigy. The excluded Members were let in. A free Parliament called in as legal a Manner as the Times would allow; and the King restored.

THE second Claim of *Presbyterian* Merit is founded upon their Services against the dangerous Designs of King *James* the Second; while that Prince was using all his Endeavours to introduce *Papery*, which he openly professed upon his coming to the Crown: To this they add, their eminent Services at the Revolution, under the Prince of *Orange*.

Now, the *Quantum* of *Presbyterian* Merit, during the four Years Reign of that weak, bigotted, and ill advised Prince, as well as at the Time of the Revolution, will easily be computed, by a Recourse to a great Number of Histories, Pamphlets, and public Papers, printed in those Times, and some afterwards; besides the Verbal Testimonies of many Persons yet alive, who are old enough to have known and observed the *Dissenters* Conduct in that critical Period.

It is agreed, that upon King *Charles* the Second's Death, soon after his Successor had publickly owned himself a *Roman Catholick*, he began with his first Carelesses to the Church Party; from whom having received very cold discouraging Answers, he applied to the *Presbyterian* Leaders and

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Teachers; being advised by his Priests and *Papists* Courtiers, that the safest Method towards introducing his own Religion, would be by taking off the *Sacramental Test*, and giving a full Liberty of Conscience to all Religions (I suppose that professed Christianity.) It seems, that the *Presbyterians*, in the latter Years of King *Charles* the second, upon account of certain Plots (allowed by Bishop *Burnet* to be genuine) had been, for a short Time, forbid to hold their Conventicles. Whereupon, these charitable *Christians*, out of perfect Repentment against the Church, received the gracious Offers of King *James* with the strongest Professions of Loyalty, and highest Acknowledgments for his Favour. I have seen several of their Addresses, full of Thanks and Praises, with bitter Insinuations of what they had suffered; putting themselves and the *Papists* upon the same Foot; as Fellow-Sufferers for Conscience; and with the Style of *Our Brethren the Roman Catholics*. About this Time began the Project of *Closeting* (which hath since been practised many Times with more Art and Success) where the principal Gentlemen of the Kingdom were privately catechised by His Majesty, to know whether, if a new Parliament were called, they would agree to pass an Act for repealing the *Sacramental Test*, and establishing a general Liberty of Conscience. But he received so little Encouragement, that, despairing of Success, he had Recourse to his dispensing Power, which the Judges had determined to be Part of his Prerogative. By Colour of this Determination, he preferred several *Presbyterians*, and many *Papists*, to Civil and Military Employments. While the King was thus busied, it is well known that Monsieur *Fagel*, the
Dutch

Dutch Envoy in London, delivered the Opinion of the Prince and Princess of *Orange*, concerning the Repeal of the *Test*; whereof the King had sent an Account to their Highnesses, to know how far they approved of it. The Substance of their Answer, as reported by *Fagel*, was this, *That their Highnesses thought very well of a Liberty of Conscience; but by no Means of giving Employments to any other Persons than those who were of the National Church.* This Opinion was confirmed by several Reasons: I cannot be more particular, not having the Paper by me, although it hath been printed in many Accounts of those Times. And thus much every moderate Churchman would perhaps submit to: But to trust any Part of the Civil Power in the Hands of those, whose Interest, Inclination, Conscience, and former Practices have been wholly turned to introduce a different System of Religion and Government, hath very few Examples in any Christian State; nor any at all in *Holland*, the great Patroness of universal Toleration.

UPON the first Intelligence King *James* received of an intended Invasion by the Prince of *Orange*, among great Numbers of *Papists*, to increase his Troops, he gave Commissions to several *Presbyterians*; some of whom had been Officers under the *Rump*; and particularly he placed one *Richards*, a noted *Presbyterian*, at the Head of a Regiment, who had been Governor of *Wexford* in *Cromwell's* Time, and is often mentioned by *Ludlow* in his *Memoirs*. This Regiment was raised in *England* against the Prince of *Orange*: The Colonel made his Son a Captain, whom I knew, and was as zealous a *Presbyterian* as his Father. However, at the Time of the Prince's landing, the Father, easily

foreseeing how Things would go, went over, like many others, to the Prince, who continued him in his Regiment; but coming over a Year or two after, to assist in raising the Siege of *Derry*, he behaved himself so like either a Coward or a Traytor, that his Regiment was taken from him.

I WILL not consider the Conduct of the Church Party during the whole Reign of that unfortunate King. They were so unanimous against promising to pass an Act for repealing the Test, and establishing a general Liberty of Conscience, that the King durst not trust a Parliament; but, encouraged by the Professions of Loyalty given him by his *Presbyterian* Friends, went on with his dispensing Power.

THE Church Clergy at that Time are allowed to have written the best Collection of Tracts against *Papery* that ever appeared in *England*; which are to this Day in the highest Esteem. But, upon the strictest Enquiry, I could never hear of above one or two Papers published by the *Presbyterians* at that Time upon the same Subject. Seven great Prelates (he of *Canterbury* among the rest) were sent to the Tower, for presenting a Petition, wherein they desired to be excused in not obeying an illegal Command from the King. The Bishop of *London*, Dr. *Compton*, was summoned to answer before the Commissioners for Ecclesiastical Affairs, for not suspending Dr. *Sharp* (afterwards Archbishop of *York*) by the King's Command. If the *Presbyterians* expressed the same Zeal upon any Occasion, the Instances of it are not, as I can find, left upon Record, or transmitted by Tradition. The Proceedings against *Magdalen College* in *Oxford*, for refusing to comply with the King's Mandate for admitting a professed *Papist* upon their Foundation, are a standing Proof
of

of the Courage and Firmness in Religion shewn by that learned Society, to the Ruin of their Fortunes. The *Presbyterians* know very well, that I could produce many more Instances of the same Kind. But these are enough in so short a Paper as I intend at present.

It is indeed very true, that, after King *William* was settled on the *English* Throne, the *Presbyterians* began to appear, and offer their Credentials, and demand Favour: And, the new King having been originally bred a *Calvinist*, was desirous enough to make them easy (if that would do it) by a legal Toleration; although in his Heart he never bore much Affection to that Sect; nor designed to favour them further than as it stood with the present Scheme of Politicks; as I have long since been assured by the greatest Men of Whig Principles at that Time in *England*.

It is likewise true, nor will it be denied, that when the King was possessed of the *English* Crown, and the Remainder of the Quarrel was left to be decided in this Kingdom; the *Presbyterians* wisely chose to join with the *Protestant* Army, rather than with that of King *James* their old Friend, whose Affairs were then in a Manner desperate. They were wise enough to know, that this Kingdom, divided against itself, could never prevail against the united Power of *England*. They fought *pro aris & focis*; for their Estates and Religion; which latter will never suffer so much by the Church of *England*, as by that of *Rome*, where they are counted Hereticks as well as we: And consequently they have no other Game to play. But, what Merit they can build upon having joined with a *Protestant* Army, under a King they acknowledged, to defend their

their own Liberties and Properties against a *Popish* Enemy under an abdicated King ; is, I confess, to me absolutely inconceivable ; and, I believe, will equally be so for ever to any reasonable Man.

WHEN these Sectaries were several Years ago making the same Attempt for abolishing the Test, many groundless Reports were industriously and seasonably spread of an Invasion threatned by the *Pretender*, on the North of *Ireland*. At which Time the *Presbyterians* in their Pamphlets argued in a menacing Manner, that if the *Pretender* should invade those Parts of the Kingdom where the Numbers and Estates of the Dissenters chiefly lay ; they would sit still, and *let us fight our own Battles* ; since they were to reap no Advantage, which ever Side should be Victors. If this were the Course they intended to take in such a Case, I desire to know, how they could contrive safely to stand Neuters, otherwise than by a Compact with the *Pretender* and his Army, to support their Neutrality, and protect them against the Forces of the Crown ? This is a necessary Supposition ; because they must else have inevitably been a Prey to both. However, by this frank Declaration, they sufficiently shewed their good Will ; and confirmed the common Charge laid at their Door ; that a *Scottish* or Northern *Presbyterian* hates our Episcopal established Church, more than *Popery* itself. And the Reason for this Hatred, is natural enough ; because it is the Church alone, that stands in the Way between them and Power ; which *Popery* doth not.

UPON this Occasion I am in some doubt, whether the political Spreaders of those chimerical Invasions, made a judicious Choice in fixing the Northern

Northern Parts of *Ireland* for that romantick Enterprize. Nor can I well understand the Wisdom of the *Presbyterians* in countenancing and confirming those Reports; because, it seems to cast a most infamous Reflection upon the Loyalty and religious Principles of their whole Body. For, if there had been any Truth in the Matter, the Consequence must have been allowed, that the *Pretender* counted upon more Assistance from his Father's Friends the *Presbyterians*, by chusing to land in those very Parts, where their Number, Wealth, and Power most prevailed; rather than among those of his own Religion. And therefore, in Charity to this Sect, I rather incline to believe, that those Reports of an Invasion were formed and spread by the Race of small Politicians, in order to do a seasonable Jobb.

As to *Papery* in general, which for a thousand Years past hath been introducing and multiplying Corruptions both in Doctrine and Discipline; I look upon it to be the most absurd System of Christianity professed by any Nation. But I cannot apprehend this Kingdom to be in much Danger from it. The Estates of Papists are very few; crumbling into small Parcels, and daily diminishing; their common People are sunk in Poverty, Ignorance, and Cowardice; and of as little Consequence as Women and Children. Their Nobility and Gentry are at least one half ruined, banished, or converted: They all soundly feel the Smart of what they suffered in the last *Irish* War: Some of them are already retired into foreign Countries; others, as I am told, intend to follow them; and the rest, I believe, to a Man, who still possess any Lands, are absolutely determined never to hazard them

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them again, for the Sake of establishing their Superstition. If it hath been thought fit, as some observe, to abate of the Law's Rigour against *Papery* in this Kingdom, I am confident it was done for very wise Reasons, considering the Situation of Affairs Abroad at different Times, and the Interest of the *Protestant* Religion in general. And, as I do not find the least Fault in this Proceeding; so I do not conceive why a sunk, discarded Party, who neither expect nor desire any Thing more than a quiet Life, should, under the Names of *High-fliers*, *Jacobites*, and many other vile Appellations, be charged to often in Print, and at common Tables, with endeavouring to introduce *Papery* and the *Pretender*; while the *Papists* abhor them above all other Men, on account of Severities against their Priests in Her late Majesty's Reign; when the *new disbanded, reprobate Party* was in Power. This I was convinced of some Years ago by a long Journey into the Southern Parts; where I had the Curiosity to send for many Priests of the Parishes I passed through, and, to my great Satisfaction found them every where abounding in Professions of Loyalty to the late King *George*; for which they gave me the Reasons above-mentioned; at the same Time complaining bitterly of the Hardships they suffered under the *QUEEN's last Ministry*.

I RETURN from this Digression to the modest Demands of the *Presbyterians* for a Repeal of the *Sacramental Test*, as a Reward for their Merits at the *Restoration*, and the *Revolution*; which Merits I have fairly represented as well as my Memory would allow me. If I have committed any Mistakes, they must be of little Moment. The Facts and principal Circumstances are what I have obtained

tained and digested from reading the Histories of those Times, written by each Party, and many Thousands have done the same as well as I, who I am sure have in their Minds drawn the same Conclusions.

This is the Faction, and these the Men who are now resuming their Applications, and giving in their Bills of Merit to both Kingdoms upon two Points, which, of all others, they have the least Pretensions to offer. I have collected the Facts with all possible Impartiality, from the current Histories of those Times; and have shewn, (although very briefly, the gradual Proceedings of those Sectaries under the Denominations of *Paritans*, *Presbyterians*, and *Independents*, for about the Space of an hundred and eighty Years, from the Beginning of Queen Elizabeth, to this present Time. But notwithstanding all that can be said, these very Schismatics (for such they are in Temporals as well as Spirituals) are now again expecting, soliciting, and demanding (not without insinuated Threats, according to their Custom) that the Parliament should fix them upon an equal Foot with the Church Established. I would fain know to what Branch of the Legislature they can have the Forehead to apply. Not to my Lords the Bishops, who must have often read, how the Predecessors of this very Faction, acting upon the same Principles, drove the whole Bench out of the House; who were then, and hitherto continue one of the three Estates: Not to the Temporal Peers, the second of the three Estates, who immediately after those rebellious Fanaticks had murdered their King, voted a House of Lords to be useless and dangerous, and would let them sit no longer, otherwise than when elected as

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Commoners: Not to the House of Commons; who must have heard, that in those Fanatick Times the *Presbyterians* and *Independent* Commanders in the Army, by military Power, expelled all the moderate Men out of the House, and left a *Rump* to govern the Nation: Lastly, not to the Crown; which those very *Saints*, destined to *rule the Earth*, trampled under their Feet, and then in cold Blood murdered the blessed Wearer.

BUT, the Session now approaching, and a Clan of Dissenting Teachers come up to Town from their Northern Head Quarters, accompanied by many of their Elders and Agents, and supported by a general Contribution, to solicit their Establishment, with a Capacity of holding all Military as well as Civil Employments; I think it high Time, that this Paper should see the Light. However, I cannot conclude without freely confessing, that if the *Presbyterians* should obtain their Ends, I could not be sorry to find them mistaken in the Point which they have most at Heart, by the Repeal of the *Test*; I mean the Benefit of Employments. For, after all, what Assurance can a *Scottish* Northern Dissenter, born on *Irish* Ground, have, that he shall be treated with as much Favour as a *TRUE SCOT*, born beyond the *Tweed*.

I am ready enough to believe that all I have said will avail but little. I have the common Excuse of other Men, when I think myself bound by all religious and civil Ties, to discharge my Conscience, and to warn my Countrymen upon this important Occasion. It is true, the Advocates for this Scheme promise a new World, after this blessed Work shall be compleated; that all Animosity and Faction must immediately drop; that, the only
Distinction

Distinction in this Kingdom will then be of *Papist* and *Protestant*: For, as to *Whig* and *Tory*, *High Church* and *Low Church*, *Jacobite* and *Hanoverian*, *Court* and *Country Party*, *English* and *Irish* Interests, *Dissenters* and *Conformists*, *New Light* and *Old Light*, *Anabaptist* and *Independent*, *Quakers*, and *Muggletonian*; they will all meet and jumble together into a perfect Harmony, at the Sessions and Assizes, on the Bench and in the Revenues; and upon the Whole, in all Civil and Military Trusts, not excepting the great Councils of the Nation. For, it is wisely argued thus: That, a Kingdom being no more than a larger Knot of Friends met together, it is against the Rules of good Manners to shut any Person out of the Company, except the *Papists*, who profess themselves of another Club.

I AM at a Loss to know what Arts the *Presbyterian* Sect intends to use, in convincing the World of their Loyalty to kingly Government; which long before the Prevalence, or even the Birth of their *Independent* Rivals, as soon as the King's Forces were overcome, declared their Principles to be against Monarchy, as well as Episcopacy and the House of Lords, even until the King was restored: At which Event, although they were forced to submit to the present Power, yet I have not heard that they did ever, to this Day, renounce any one Principle by which their Predecessors then acted; yet this they have been challenged to do, or at least to shew that others have done it for them, by a certain * Doctor, who, as I am told, hath much employed his Pen in the like Disputes. I own, they will be ready enough to insinuate themselves into any Government: But, if they mean to be honest

* The late Dr. TISDALL, who died June 1736.

and upright, they will, and must endeavour by all Means, which they shall think lawful, to introduce and establish their own Scheme of Religion, as nearest approaching to the Word of God, by casting out all superstitious Ceremonies, Ecclesiastical Titles, Habits, Distinctions, and Superiorities, as Rags of Popery; in order to a *thorough Reformation*; and, as in Charity bound, to promote the Salvation of their Countrymen: Wishing with St. Paul, *That the whole Kingdom were as they are*. But, what Assurance will they please to give, that, when their Sect shall become the National Established Worship, they will treat Us *DISSENTERS* as we have treated them? Was this their Course of Proceeding during the Dominion of the *Saints*? Were not all the Remainders of the Episcopal Church, in those Days, especially the Clergy, under Persecution for above a dozen Years, equal to that of the Primitive Christians under Heathen Emperors? That this Proceeding was suitable to their Principles, is known enough; for many of their Preachers then writ Books expressly against allowing any Liberty of Conscience in a Religion different from their own; producing many Arguments to prove that Opinion, and, among the rest, one frequently insisted on; that, allowing such a Liberty would be to *establish Iniquity by a Law*. * Many of these Writings are yet to be seen; and, I hear, have been quoted by the Doctor abovementioned.

As to their great Objection of prostituting that holy Institution, the blessed Sacrament, by way of

* See many hundred Quotations to prove this, in the Treatise called, *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence*.

a Test, before Admittance into any Employment; I ask, whether they would not be content to receive it *after their own Manner*, for the Office of a Judge, for that of a Commissioner in the Revenue, for a Regiment of Horse, or to be a Lord Justice. I believe they would scruple it as little, as a long Grace before and after Dinner; which they can say without *bending a Knee*. For, as I have been told, their Manner of taking Bread and Wine in their Conventicles, is performed with little more Solemnity than at their common Meals. And, therefore, since they look upon our Practice in receiving the Elements, to be idolatrous, they neither can, nor ought, in Conscience, to allow us that Liberty, otherwise than by Connivance; and a bare Toleration, like what is permitted to the *Papists*. But, *lest we should offend them*, I am ready to change this Test for another; although, I am afraid, that sanctified Reason is, by no means, the Point where the Difficulty pinches; and is only offered by pretended Churchmen, as if they could be content with our believing, that the Impiety and Profanation of making the Sacrament a Test, were the only Objection. I therefore propose, that before the present Law be repealed, another may be enacted; that no Man shall receive any Employment, before he swears himself to be a true Member of the Church of *Ireland*, in Doctrine and Discipline, &c. And, that he will never frequent, or communicate with any other Form of Worship. It shall likewise be further enacted, That whoever offends, &c. shall be fined five hundred Pounds, imprisoned for a Year and a Day, and rendered incapable of all publick Trust for ever. Otherwise, I do insist, that those pious, indulgent, external Professors of our National

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onal Religion, shall either give up that fallacious hypocritical Reason for taking off the Test, or freely confess, that they desire to have a Gate wide open for every Sect, without any Test at all, except that of swearing Loyalty to the King: Which, however, considering their Principles with regard to Monarchy yet unrenounced, might, if they would please to look deep enough into their own Hearts, prove a more bitter Test, than any other that the Law hath yet invented.

For, from the first Time that these Sectaries appeared in the World, it hath been always found, by their whole Proceedings, that they professed an utter Hatred to kingly Government. I can recollect, at present, three Civil Establishments, where Calvinists, and some other Reformers who rejected Episcopacy, possess the supreme Power; and, these are all Republicks: I mean, *Holland, Geneva*, and the reformed *Swiss* Cantons. I do not say this in Diminution, or Disgrace to Commonwealths; wherein, I confess, I have much altered many Opinions, under which I was educated, having been led by some Observation, long Experience, and a thorough Detestation for the Corruptions of Mankind: Insomuch, that I am now justly liable to the Censure of *Hobbes*, who complains, that the Youth of *England* imbibe ill Opinions, from reading the Histories of ancient *Greece* and *Rome*, those renowned Scenes of Liberty and every Virtue.

BUT, as to Monarchs, who must be supposed well to study and understand their own Interest; they will best consider, whether those People, who in all their Actions, Preachings, and Writings, have openly declared themselves against Regal Power, are to be safely placed in an equal Degree of Favour

Favour and Trust with those, who have been always found the true and only Friends to the *English* Establishment. From which Consideration, I could have added one more Article to my new Test, if I had thought it worth my Time.

I HAVE been assured by some Persons who were present, that several of these Dissenting Teachers, upon their first Arrival hither to solicit the Repeal of the Test, were pleased to express their Gratitude, by publickly drinking the Healths of certain eminent Patrons, whom they pretend to have found among us. If this be true, and that the Test must be delivered up by the very *Superiors appointed to defend it*; the Affair is already, in effect, at an End. What *secret* Reasons those Patrons may have given for such a Return of brotherly Love, I shall not enquire: For, *O my Soul, come not thou into their Secret, unto their Assembly, mine Honour, be not thou united. For in their Anger they slew a Man, and in their Self-will they digged down a Wall. Cursed be their Anger, for it was fierce, and their Wrath, for it was cruel. I will divide them in Jacob, and scatter them in Israel.*



Favour and Trust with those who have been always
found the true and only Friends to the Rights of Man-
kind. From which Consideration, I could have
advised our more Friends to my new Test, if I had
thought it worth my Time.

I have been aided by some Persons who were
present, that several of these Dr. King Teachers
upon their first Arrival here, to solicit the Repeal
of the Test, were desired to expect their Gratitude
by publicly drinking the Health of certain anti-
quit Patrons, whom they pretended to have found
among us. It has been said, that the Test was
to be delivered up by the new Government, and
that it; the Act is already in effect, at an early
date. As for Persons whose Patrons may have given
for such a Return of brotherly Love, I shall not be
quint: For, O my Dear, that was not done with Secret
into their Affinity, and I have, by that, been satisfied
that in this Affair, the State is honest, and in their
will still their duty to the World. Could we but
know, for it was, and that I will not say
and I will thank them in secret, and I have
been in this.



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AN

AN
INTRODUCTION

To the following

TREATISE.

AS my Life hath been chiefly spent in consulting the Honour and Welfare of my Country for more than forty Years past, not without answerable Success, if the World and my Friends have not flattered me; so, there is no Point wherein I have so much laboured, as that of improving and polishing all parts of Conversation between Persons of Quality, whether they meet by Accident or Invitation, at Meals, Tea, or Visits, Mornings, Noons, or Evenings.

I HAVE passed perhaps more time than any other Man of my Age and Country in Visits and Assemblies, where the polite Persons of both Sexes distinguish themselves; and could not without much Grief observe how frequently both Gentlemen and Ladies are at a Loss for Questions, Answers, Replies and Rejoinders. However, my Concern was

much abated when I found that these Defects were not occasioned by any Want of Materials, but because those Materials were not in every Hand: For Instance, one Lady can give an Answer better than ask a Question: One Gentleman is happy at a Reply; another excels in a Rejoinder: One can revive a languishing Conversation by a sudden surprising Sentence; another is more dextrous in seconding; a third can fill the Gap with laughing, or commending what has been said: Thus fresh Hints may be started, and the Ball of Discourse kept up.

But alas! this is too seldom the Case, even in the most select Companies. How often do we see at Court, at publick Visiting-Days, at great Mens Leves, and other Places of general Meeting, that the Conversation falls and drops to nothing, like a Fire without Supply of Fuel. This is what we ought to lament; and against this dangerous Evil I take upon me to affirm, that I have in the following Papers provided an infallible Remedy.

It was in the Year 1695, and the Sixth of his late Majesty King William the Third, of ever glorious and immortal Memory, who rescued three Kingdoms from Popery and Slavery, when, being about the Age of Six and thirty, my Judgment mature, of good Reputation in the World, and well acquainted with the best Families in Town, I determined to spend Five Mornings, to dine Four times, pass Three Afternoons, and Six Evenings every Week, in the Houses of the most polite Families, of which I would confine myself to Fifty; only changing as the Masters or Ladies died, or left the Town, or grew out of Vogue, or sunk in their Fortunes, (which to me was of the highest moment)

or

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or became disaffected to the Government; which Practice I have followed ever since to this very Day; except when I happened to be sick, or in the Spleen upon cloudy Weather; and except when I entertained four of each Sex at my own Lodgings once a Month, by way of Retaliation.

I ALWAYS kept a large Table-Book in my Pocket; and as soon as I left the Company, I immediately entered the choicest Expressions that passed during the Visit; which, returning Home, I transcribed in a fair Hand, but somewhat enlarged; and had made the greatest Part of my Collection in Twelve Years; but not digested into any Method; for this I found was a Work of infinite Labour, and what required the nicest Judgment, and consequently could not be brought to any Degree of Perfection in less than Sixteen Years more.

HEREIN I resolved to exceed the Advice of *Horace*, a Roman Poet, (which I have read in Mr. *Creech's* admirable Translation) That an Author should keep his Works Nine Years in his Closet, before he ventured to publish them; and finding that I still received some additional Flowers of Wit and Language, although in a very small Number, I determined to defer the Publication, to pursue my Design, and exhaust, if possible, the whole Subject, that I might present a complete System to the World: For, I am convinced by long Experience, that the Critics will be as severe as their old Envy against me can make them: I foretel, they will object, that I have inserted many Answers and Replies which are neither witty, humorous, polite, nor authentic; and have omitted others that would have been highly useful, as well as entertaining. But let them come

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to Particulars, and I will boldly engage to confute their Malice.

For these last Six or Seven Years I have not been able to add above Nine valuable Sentences to enrich my Collection: from whence I conclude, that what remains will amount only to a Trifle. However, if, after the Publication of this Work, any Lady or Gentleman, when they have read it, shall find the least thing of Importance omitted, I desire they will please to supply my Defects, by communicating to me their Discoveries; and their Letters may be directed to SIMON WAGSTAFF, Esq; at his Lodgings next Door to the *Gloucester-Head* in *St. James's-Street*, (they paying the Postage.) In Return of which Favour, I shall make honourable Mention of their Names in a short Preface to the Second Edition.

In the mean time, I cannot but with some Pride, and much Pleasure, congratulate with my dear Country, which hath outdone all the Nations of *Europe*, in advancing the whole Art of Conversation to the greatest Height it is capable of reaching; and therefore, being entirely convinced that the Collection I now offer to the Publick is full and complete, I may at the same time boldly affirm, that the whole Genius, Humour, Politeness, and Eloquence of *England* are summed up in it: Nor is the Treasure small, wherein are to be found at least a Thousand shining Questions, Answers, Repartees, Replies and Rejoinders, fitted to adorn every kind of Discourse that an Assembly of *English* Ladies and Gentlemen, met together for their mutual Entertainment, can possibly want; especially when the several Flowers shall be set off and improved by the Speakers, with every Circumstance of Preface and Circumlocution,

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in proper Terms; and attended with Praise, Laughter or Admiration. *Travis* is a Natural, involuntary Distention of the Muscles, which is the anatomical Cause of Laughter; but there is another Cause of Laughter which Decency requires, and is the undoubted Mark of a good Taste, as well as of a polite obliging Behaviour; neither is this to be acquired without much Observation, long Practice, and a sound Judgment: I did therefore once intend, for the Use of the Learner to set down in all Parts of the following Dialogues certain Marks, Asterisks, or *Nota-bene's* (in English, *Mark-well's*) after most Questions, and every Reply or Answer; directing exactly the Moment when one, two, or all the Company are to laugh: But, having duly considered, that the Expedition would too much enlarge the Bulk of the Volume, and consequently the Price; and likewise that something ought to be left for ingenious Readers to find out, I have determined to leave that whole Affair, although of great Importance, to their own Discretion.

THE Readers must learn by all means to distinguish between Proverbs and those polite Speeches which beautify Conversation: For, as to the former, I utterly reject them out of all ingenious Discourse. I acknowledge indeed, that there may possibly be found in this Treatise a few Sayings, passing so great a Number of smart Funes of Wit and Humour, as I have produced, which have a proverbial Air: However, I hope, it will be considered, that even these were not originally Proverbs, but the genuine Productions of superior Wits, to embellish and support Conversation; from whence, with great Impropriety, as well as Plagiarism (if you will forgive

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give a hard Word) they have most injuriously been transferred into proverbial Maxims; and therefore in Justice ought to be resumed out of vulgar Hands; to adorn the Drawing-Rooms of Princes, both Male and Female, the Levees of great Ministers, as well as the Toilet and Tea-table of the Ladies.

I CAN faithfully assure the Reader, that there is not one single witty Phrase in this whole Collection, which hath not received the Stamp and Approbation of at least one Hundred Years, and how much longer it is hard to determine; he may therefore be secure to find them all genuine, sterling, and authentic.

BUT before this elaborate Treatise can become of universal Use and Ornament to my native Country, Two Points, that will require Time and much Application, are absolutely necessary.

For, *First*, whatever Person would aspire to be completely witty, smart, humorous, and polite, must by hard Labour be able to retain in his Memory every single Sentence contained in this Work, so as never to be once at a Loss in applying the right Answers, Questions, Repartees, and the like, immediately, and without Study or Hesitation.

And, *Secondly*, after a Lady or Gentleman hath so well overcome this Difficulty, as never to be at a Loss upon any Emergency, the true Management of every Feature, and almost of every Limb, is equally necessary; without which an infinite Number of Absurdities will inevitably ensue. For Instance, there is hardly a polite Sentence in the following Dialogues which doth not absolutely require some peculiar graceful Motion in the Eyes, or Nose, or Mouth, or Forehead, or Chin, or inimitable Toss of the Head, with certain Offices assign-

ed to each Hand; and in Ladies, the whole Exercise of the Fan, fitted to the Energy of every Word they deliver; by no means omitting the various Turns and Cadence of the Voice, the Twistings, and Movements, and different Postures of the Body, the several Kinds and Gradations of Laughter, which the Ladies must daily practise by the Looking-Glass, and consult upon them with their Waiting Maids.

My Readers will soon observe what a great Compass of real and useful Knowledge this Science includes; wherein, although Nature, assisted by a Genius, may be very instrumental, yet a strong Memory and constant Application, together with Example and Precept, will be highly necessary. For these Reasons I have often wished, that certain Male and Female Instructors, perfectly versed in this Science, would set up Schools for the Instruction of young Ladies and Gentlemen therein.

I REMEMBER about thirty Years ago, there was a *Bohemian* Woman, of that Species commonly known by the Name of *Gypsies*, who came over hither from *France*, and generally attended ISAAC the Dancing-Master when he was teaching his Art to Misses of Quality; and while the young Ladies were thus employed, the *Bohemian*, standing at some Distance, but full in their Sight, acted before them all proper Airs, and Turnings of the Head, and Motions of the Hands, and Twistings of the Body; whereof you may still observe the good Effects in several of our elder Ladies.

AFTER the same Manner, it were much to be desired, that some expert Gentlewomen gone to decay would set up publick Schools, wherein young
Girls

Girls of Quality, or great Fortunes, might first be taught to repeat this following System of Conversation, which I have been at so much Pains to compile; and then to adapt every Feature of their Countenances, every Turn of their Hands, every Screwing of their Bodies, every Exercise of their Pans, to the Humour of the Sentences they hear or deliver in Conversation. But above all to instruct them in every Species and Degree of Laughing, in the proper Seasons at their own Wit, or that of the Company. And if the Sons of the Nobility and Gentry, instead of being sent to common Schools, or put into the Hands of Tutors at Home, to learn nothing but Words, were consigned to able Instructors in the same Art, I cannot see what Use there could be of Books, except in the Hands of those who are to make Learning their Trade, which is below the Dignity of Persons born to Titles or Estates.

It would be another infinite Advantage, that, by cultivating this Science, we should wholly avoid the Verations and Impertinence of Pedants, who affect to talk in a Language not to be understood; and whenever a polite Person offers accidentally to use any of their Jargon Terms, have the Presumption to laugh at Us for pronouncing those Words in a gentler Manner. Whereas, I do here affirm, that, whenever any fine Gentleman or Lady condescends to let a hard Word pass out of their Mouths, every Syllable is smoothed and polished in the Passage; and it is a true Mark of Politeness, both in Writing and Reading, to vary the Orthography as well as the Sound; because We are infinitely better Judges of what will please a distinguishing Ear than those, who call themselves *School-Boys*, can possibly be; who, consequently, ought

to be taught this Science, as well as the former, in the same manner.

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to correct their Books, and Manner of pronouncing, by the Authority of our Example, from whose Lips they proceed with infinitely more Beauty and Significancy.

BUT, in the mean time, until so great, so useful, and so necessary a Design can be put in execution, (which, considering the good Disposition of our Country at present, I shall not despair of living to see) let me recommend the following Treatise to be carried about as a Pocket-Companion, by all Gentlemen and Ladies, when they are going to visit, or dine, or drink Tea; or where they happen to pass the Evening without Cards, (as I have sometimes known it to be the Case upon Disappointments or Accidents unforeseen) desiring they would read their several Parts in their Chairs or Coaches, to prepare themselves for every kind of Conversation that can possibly happen.

ALTHOUGH I have, in Justice to my Country, allowed the Genius of our People to excel that of any other Nation upon Earth, and have confirmed this Truth by an Argument not to be controverted, I mean, by producing so great a Number of witty Sentences in the ensuing Dialogues, all of undoubted Authority, as well as of our own Production; yet, I must confess at the same time, that we are wholly indebted for them to our Ancestors; at least, for as long as my Memory reacheth, I do not recollect one new Phrase of Importance to have been added; which Defect in Us Moderns I take to have been occasioned by the Introduction of Cant-Words in the Reign of King CHARLES the Second. And those have so often varied, that hardly one of them, of above a Year's standing, is now intelligible; nor any where to be found, excepting a small Number
strewn

strewed here and there in the Comedies and other fantastick Writings of that Age.

THE Honourable Colonel JAMES GRAHAM, my old Friend and Companion, did likewise, towards the End of the same Reign, invent a Set of Words and Phrases, which continued almost to the Time of his Death. But, as those Terms of Art were adapted only to Courts and Politicians, and extended little further than among his particular Acquaintance (of whom I had the Honour to be one) they are now almost forgotten.

Nor did the late D. of R—— and E. of E—— succeed much better, although they proceeded no further than single Words: whereof, except *Bis*, *Bamboule*, and one or two more, the whole Vocabulary is antiquated.

THE same Fate hath already attended those other Town-Wits, who furnish us with a great Variety of new Terms, which are annually changed, and those of the last Season sunk in Oblivion. Of these I was once favoured with a complete List by the Right Honourable the Lord and Lady H——, with which I made a considerable Figure one Summer in the Country: but returning up to Town in Winter, and venturing to produce them again, I was partly hooted, and partly not understood.

THE only Invention of late Years, which hath any way contributed towards Politeness in Discourse, is that of abbreviating or reducing Words of many Syllables into one, by lopping off the rest. This Refinement, having begun about the Time of the *Revolution*, I had some Share in the Honour of promoting it, and I observe, to my great Satisfaction, that it makes daily Advancements, and I hope in Time will raise our Language to the utmost Perfection;

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fection; although, I must confess, to avoid Obscurity, I having been very sparing of this Ornament in the following Dialogues.

BUT, as for Phrases invented to cultivate Conversation, I defy all the Clubs of Coffee-houses in this Town to invent a new one equal in Wit, Humour, Smartness, or Politeness, to the very worst of my Set; which clearly shews, either that we are much degenerated, or that the whole Stock of Materials hath been already employed. I would willingly hope, as I do confidently believe, the latter; because, having my self, for several Months, racked my Invention to enrich this Treasure (if possible) with some Additions of my own (which, however, should have been printed in a different Character, that I might not be charged with imposing upon the Publick) and having shewn them to some judicious Friends, they dealt very sincerely with me, all unanimously agreeing that mine were infinitely below the true old Helps to Discourse, drawn up in my present Collection, and confirmed their Opinion with Reasons, by which I was perfectly convinced, as well as ashamed of my great Presumption.

BUT I lately met a much stronger Argument to confirm me in the same Sentiments: For, as the great Bishop BURNET of *Salisbury*, informs us in the Preface to his admirable *History of his own Times*, that he intended to employ himself in polishing it every Day of his Life, (and indeed in its Kind it is almost equally polished with this Work of mine) so it hath been my constant Business for some Years past to examine with the utmost Strictness, whether I could possibly find the smallest Lapse in Style or Propriety through my whole Collection, that, in Emulation with the Bishop, I might send it abroad as the most finished Piece of the Age.

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It happened one Day as I was dining in good Company of both Sexes, and watching, according to my Custom, for new Materials wherewith to fill my Pocket-Book, I succeeded well enough till after Dinner, when the Ladies retired to their Tea, and left us over a Bottle of Wine. But I found we were not able to furnish any more Materials, that were worth the Pains of transcribing: For, the Discourse of the Company was all degenerated into smart Sayings of their own Invention, and not of the true old Standard; so, that in absolute Despair, I withdrew, and went to attend the Ladies at their Tea. From whence I did then conclude, and still continue to believe, either that Wine doth not inspire Politeness, or that our Sex is not able to support it without the Company of Women, who never fail to lead us into the right Way, and there to keep us.

It much increaseth the Value of these Apophthegms, that unto them we owe the Continuance of our Language, for at least an hundred Years; neither is this to be wondered at; because indeed, besides the Smartness of the Wit, and Fineness of the Raillery, such is the Propriety and Energy of Expression in them all, that they never can be changed, but to Disadvantage, except in the Circumstance of using Abbreviations: which, however, I do not despair, in due Time, to see introduced, having already met them at some of the Choice Companies in Town.

ALTHOUGH this Work be calculated for all Persons of Quality and Fortune of both Sexes; yet the Reader may perceive, that my particular View was to the OFFICERS of the ARMY, the GENTLEMEN of the INNS of COURT, and of BOTH the UNIVERSITIES; to all COURTIERS, Male and Female, but principally to the MAIDS of Ho-

NOUR,

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NOUR, of whom I have been personally acquainted with two-and-twenty Sets, all excelling in this noble Endowment; till, for some Years past, I know not how, they came to degenerate into selling of BARGAINS, and FREE-THINKING; not that I am against either of these Entertainments at proper Seasons, in Compliance with Company, who may want a Taste for more exalted Discourse, whose Memories may be short, who are too young to be perfect in their Lessons, or (although it be hard to conceive) who have no Inclination to read and learn my Instructions. And besides, there is a strong Temptation for Court Ladies to fall into the two Amusements above mentioned, that they may avoid the Censure of affecting Singularity, against the general Current and Fashion of all about them: But, however, no Man will pretend to affirm that either BARGAINS or BLASPHEMY, which are the principal Ornaments of FREE-THINKING, are so good a Fund of polite Discourse, as what is to be met with in my Collection. For, as to BARGAINS, few of them seem to be excellent in their kind, and have not much Variety, because they all terminate in one single Point; and, to multiply them, would require more Invention than People have to spare. And, as to BLASPHEMY or FREE-THINKING, I have known some scrupulous Persons, of both Sexes, who, by a prejudiced Education, are afraid of Sprights. I must, however, except the MAIDS of HONOUR, who have been fully convinced, by a famous Court-Chaplain, that there is no such Place as Hell.

I CANNOT, indeed, controvert the Lawfulness of FREE-THINKING, because it hath been universally allowed, that Thought is free. But, however,

although it may afford a large Field of Matter, yet in my poor Opinion, it seems to contain very little of Wit or Humour; because it hath not been ancient enough among us to furnish established authentick Expressions, I mean, such as must receive a Sanction from the polite World, before their Authority can be allowed; neither was the Art of BLASPHEMY or FREE-THINKING invented by the Court, or by Persons of great Quality, who, properly speaking, were Patrons, rather than Inventors of it; but first brought in by the Fanatick Faction, towards the End of their Power, and, after the Restoration, carried to *Whitehall* by the converted *Rumpers*, with very good Reason; because they knew, that King CHARLES the Second, from a wrong Education, occasioned by the Troubles of his Father, had Time enough to observe, that Fanatick Enthusiasm directly led to Atheism, which agreed with the dissolute Inclinations of his Youth; and, perhaps, these Principles were farther cultivated in him by the *French Hugonots*, who have been often charged with spreading them among us: However, I cannot see where the Necessity lies, of introducing new and foreign Topicks for Conversation, while we have so plentiful a Stock of our own Growth.

I HAVE likewise, for some Reasons of equal Weight, been very sparing in DOUBLE ENTENDRES; because they often put Ladies upon affected Constraints, and affected Ignorance. In short, they break, or very much entangle, the Thread of Discourse; neither am I Master of any Rules to settle the disconcerted Countenances of the Females in such a Juncture; I can, therefore, only allow *Innuendoes* of this Kind to be delivered in Whispers, and

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and only to young Ladies under Twenty, who, being in Honour obliged to blush, it may produce a new Subject for Discourse.

PERHAPS the Criticks may accuse me of a Defect in my following System of POLITE CONVERSATION; that there is one great Ornament of Discourse, whereof I have not produced a single Example; which, indeed, I purposely omitted for some Reasons that I shall immediately offer; and, if those Reasons will not satisfy the Male Part of my gentle Readers, the Defect may be supplied in some Manner by an *Appendix* to the *Second Edition*; which *Appendix* shall be printed by itself, and sold for *Six-pence*, stitched, and with a Marble Cover, that my Readers may have no Occasion to complain of being defrauded.

THE Defect I mean is, my not having inserted into the Body of my Book, all the OATHS now most in Fashion for embellishing Discourse; especially since it could give no Offence to the *Clergy*, who are seldom or never admitted to these polite Assemblies. And it must be allowed, that Oaths, well chosen, are not only very useful Expletives to Matter, but great Ornaments of Style.

WHAT I shall here offer in my own Defence upon this important Article, will, I hope, be some Extenuation of my Fault.

FIRST, I reasoned with my self, that a just Collection of Oaths, repeated as often as the Fashion requires, must have enlarged this Volume, at least, to double the Bulk; whereby it would not only double the Charge, but likewise make the Volume less commodious for Pocket-Carriage.

SECONDLY, I have been assured by some judicious Friends, that themselves have known certain

Ladies to take Offence (whether seriously or no) at too great a Profusion of Cursing and Swearing, even when that Kind of Ornament was not improperly introduced; which, I confess, did startle me not a little; having never observed the like in the Compass of my own several Acquaintance, at least for twenty Years past. However, I was forced to submit to wiser Judgments than my own.

THIRDLY, as this most useful Treatise is calculated for all future Times, I considered, in this Maturity of my Age, how great a Variety of Oaths I have heard since I began to study the World, and to know Men and Manners. And here I found it to be true what I have read in an ancient Poet,

*For, now a-days, Men change their Oaths,
As often as they change their Cloaths.*

In short, Oaths are the Children of Fashion; they are in some Sense almost Annuals, like what I observed before of Cant-Words; and I my self can remember about forty different Sets. The old Stock-Oaths, I am confident, do not amount to above forty-five, or fifty at most; but the Way of mingling and compounding them is almost as various as that of the Alphabet.

Sir JOHN PERROT was the first Man of Quality whom I find upon Record to have sworn by G—, W—. He lived in the Reign of Q. ELIZABETH, and was supposed to have been a natural Son of HENRY the Eighth, who might also have probably been his Instructor. This Oath indeed still continues, and is a Stock-Oath to this Day; so do several others that have kept their natural Simplicity: But, infinitely the greater Number

ber hath been so frequently changed and dislocated, that if the Inventors were now alive, they could hardly understand them.

UPON these Considerations I began to apprehend, that if I should insert all the Oaths that are now current, my Book would be out of Vogue with the first Change of Fashion, and grow as useless as an old Dictionary: Whereas, the Case is quite otherwise with my Collection of polite Discourse; which, as I before observed, hath descended by Tradition for at least an hundred Years, without any Change in the Phraseology: I therefore determined with my self to leave out the whole System of Swearing; because both the male and female Oaths are all perfectly well known and distinguished; new ones are easily learnt, and with a moderate Share of Discretion may be properly applied on every fit Occasion. However, I must here, upon this Article of Swearing, most earnestly recommend to my male Readers, that they would please a little to study Variety. For it is the Opinion of our most refined Swearers, that the same Oath or Curse cannot, consistently with true Politeness, be repeated above nine Times in the same Company, by the same Person, and at one Sitting.

I AM far from desiring, or expecting, that all the polite and ingenious Speeches, contained in this Work, should in the general Conversation between Ladies and Gentlemen, come in so quick and so close as I have here delivered them. By no means: On the contrary, they ought to be husbanded better, and spread much thinner. Nor do I make the least Question, but that, by a discreet thrifty Management, they may serve for the Entertainment of a whole Year, to any Person, who does

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not make too long or too frequent Visits in the same Family. The Flowers of Wit, Fancy, Wisdom, Humour, and Politeness, scattered in this Volume, amount to one thousand seventy and four. Allowing then to every Gentleman and Lady thirty visiting Families, (not insisting upon Fractions) there will want but little of an hundred polite Questions, Answers, Replies, Rejoinders, Repartees, and Remarks, to be daily delivered fresh, in every Company, for twelve Solar Months; and even this is a higher Pitch of Delicacy than the World insists on, or hath Reason to expect. But I am altogether for exalting this Science to its utmost Perfection.

It may be objected, that the Publication of my Book may, in a long Course of Time, prostitute this noble Art to mean and vulgar People: But, I answer; That it is not so easy an Acquirement as a few ignorant Pretenders may imagine. A Footman can swear; but he cannot swear like a Lord. He can swear as often: But, can he swear with equal Delicacy, Propriety, and Judgment? No, certainly; unless he be a Lad of superior Parts, of good Memory, a diligent Observer, one who hath a skilful Ear, some Knowledge in Musick, and an exact Taste; which hardly fall to the Share of one in a thousand among that Fraternity, in as high Favour as they now stand with their Ladies. Neither hath one Footman in six so fine a Genius as to relish and apply those exalted Sentences comprised in this Volume, which I offer to the World. It is true, I cannot see that the same ill Consequences would follow from the Waiting-Woman, who, if she hath been bred to read Romances, may have some small subaltern, or second-hand Politeness; and

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and if she constantly attends the Tea, and be a good Listner, may, in some Years, make a tolerable Figure, which will serve, perhaps, to draw in the young Chaplain or the old Steward. But, alas! after all, how can she acquire those hundred Graces and Motions, and Airs, the whole military Management of the Fan, the Contortions of every muscular Motion in the Face, the Risings and Fallings, the Quickness and Slowness of the Voice, with the several Turns and Cadences; the proper Junctures of Smiling and Frowning, how often and how loud to laugh, when to jibe and when to flout, with all the other Branches of Doctrine and Discipline above recited?

I AM, therefore, not under the least Apprehension that this Art will ever be in Danger of falling into common Hands, which requires so much Time, Study, Practice, and Genius, before it arrives to Perfection; and therefore, I must repeat my Proposal for erecting Publick Schools, provided with the best and ablest Masters and Mistresses, at the Charge of the Nation.

I HAVE drawn this Work into the Form of a Dialogue, after the Patterns of other famous Writers in History, Law, Politicks, and most other Arts and Sciences, and I hope it will have the same Success: For, who can contest it to be of greater Consequence to the Happiness of these Kingdoms, than all human Knowledge put together. Dialogue is held the best Method of inculcating any Part of Knowledge; and, I am confident, that Publick Schools will soon be founded for teaching Wit and Politeness, after my Scheme, to young People of Quality and Fortune. I have determined next Sessions to deliver a Petition to the *House of Lords* for an

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an Act of Parliament, to establish my Book, as the Standard *Grammar* in all the principal Cities of the Kingdom, where this Art is to be taught by able Masters, who are to be approved and recommended by me; which is no more than LILLY obtained only for teaching Words in a Language wholly useless. Neither shall I be so far wanting to myself, as not to desire a Patent, granted of course to all useful Projectors; I mean, that I may have the sole Profit of giving a Licence to every School to read my *Grammar* for fourteen Years.

THE Reader cannot but observe what Pains I have been at in polishing the Style of my Book to the greatest Exactness: Nor have I been less diligent in refining the Orthography, by spelling the Words in the very same Manner as they are pronounced by the Chief Patterns of Politeness at Court, at Levees, at Assemblies, at Play houses, at the prime Visiting Places, by young Templars, and by Gentlemen-Commoners of both Universities, who have lived at least a Twelvemonth in Town, and kept the best Company. Of these Spellings the Publick will meet with many Examples in the following Book. For instance, *can't, han't, shan't, didn't, couldn't, wouldn't, is n't, e'n't*, with many more; besides several Words which Scholars pretend are derived from Greek and Latin, but pared into a polite Sound by Ladies, Officers of the Army, Courtiers and Templars, such as *Jommetry* for *Geometry*, *Verdi* for *Verdict*, *Lard* for *Lord*, *Larnen* for *Learning*; together with some Abbreviations exquisitely refined; as, *Pozz* for *Positive*; *Mobb* for *Mobile*; *Pbizz* for *Physiognomy*; *Rep* for *Reputation*; *Plenipo* for *Plenipotentiary*; *Incog* for *Incognito*; *Hypps*, or *Hippo*, for *Hypocondriacks*; *Bam* for *Bamboozle*; and *Bamboozle* for

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for *God knows what*; whereby much Time is saved, and the high Road to Conversation cut short by many a Mile.

I HAVE, as it will be apparent, laboured very much, and I hope, with Felicity enough, to make every Character in the Dialogue agreeable with itself, to a degree, that, whenever any judicious Person shall read my Book aloud, for the Entertainment and Instruction of a select Company, he need not so much as name the particular Speakers; because all the Persons, throughout the several Subjects of Conversation, strictly observe a different Manner, peculiar to their Characters, which are of different kinds: But this I leave entirely to the prudent and impartial Reader's Discernment.

PERHAPS the very Manner of introducing the several Points of Wit and Humour may not be less entertaining and instructing than the Matter it self. In the latter I can pretend to little Merit; because it entirely depends upon Memory and the Happiness of having kept polite Company: But the Art of contriving that those Speeches should be introduced naturally, as the most proper Sentiments to be delivered upon so great Variety of Subjects, I take to be a Talent somewhat uncommon, and a Labour that few People could hope to succeed in, unless they had a Genius, particularly turned that way, added to a sincere disinterested Love of the Publick.

ALTHOUGH every curious Question, smart Answer, and witty Reply be little known to many People; yet there is not one single Sentence in the whole Collection, for which I cannot bring most authentick Vouchers, whenever I shall be call'd; and, even for some Expressions, which to a few
nice

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nice Ears may perhaps appear somewhat gross. I can produce the Stamp of Authority from Courts, Chocolate-houses, Theatres, Assemblies, Drawing-rooms, Levees, Card-meetings, Balls, and Masquerades, from Persons of both Sexes, and of the highest Titles next to Royal. However, to say the Truth, I have been very sparing in my Quotations of such Sentiments that seem to be over free; because, when I began my Collection, such kind of Converse was almost in its Infancy, till it was taken into the Protection of my honoured Patronesses at Court, by whose Countenance and Sanction it hath become a choice Flower in the Nofegay of Wit and Politeness.

SOME will perhaps object, that when I bring my Company to Dinner, I mention too great a Variety of Dishes, not always consistent with the Art of Cookery, or proper for the Season of the Year, and Part of the first Course mingled with the second, besides a Failure in Politeness, by introducing a Black Pudden to a Lord's Table, and at a great Entertainment: But, if I had omitted the Black Pudden, I desire to know what would have become of that exquisite Reason given by Miss NOTABLE for not eating it; the World perhaps might have lost it for ever, and I should have been justly answerable for having left it out of my Collection. I therefore cannot but hope, that such Hypercritical Readers will please to consider, my Business was to make so full and complete a Body of refined Sayings, as compact as I could; only taking Care to produce them in the most natural and probable Manner, in order to allure my Readers into the very Substance and Marrow of this most admirable and necessary Art.

I AM

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I AM heartily sorry, and was much disappointed to find that so universal and polite an Entertainment as CARDS, hath hitherto contributed very little to the Enlargement of my Work. I have sat by many hundred Times with the utmost Vigilance, and my Table Book ready, without being able in eight Hours to gather Matter for one single Phrase in my Book. But this, I think, may be easily accounted for by the Turbulence and Justling of Passions upon the various and surprizing Turns, Incidents, Revolutions, and Events of good and evil Fortune, that arrive in the Course of a long Evening at Play; the Mind being wholly taken up, and the Consequence of Non-attention so fatal.

PLAY is supported upon the two great Pillars of Deliberation and Action. The Terms of Art are few, prescribed by Law and Custom; no Time allowed for Digressions or Trials of Wit. QUADRILLE, in particular, bears some Resemblance to a State of Nature, which, we are told, is a State of War, wherein every Woman is against every Woman; the Unions short, inconstant, and soon broke; the League made this Minute without knowing the Ally; and dissolved in the next. Thus, at the Game of QUADRILLE, female Brains are always employed in Stratagem, or their Hands in Action. Neither can I find, that our Art hath gained much by the happy Revival of MASQUERADING among us; the whole Dialogue in those Meetings being summed up in one (sprightly, I confess, but) single Question, and as sprightly an Answer. DO YOU KNOW ME? YES, I DO. And, DO YOU KNOW ME? YES, I DO. For this Reason I did not think it proper to give my Readers the Trouble of introducing a Masquerade, merely for the Sake
of

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of a single Question, and a single Answer. Especially when to perform this in a proper Manner, I must have brought in a hundred Persons together, of both Sexes, dressed in fantastick Habits for one Minute, and dismiss them the next.

NEITHER is it reasonable to conceive, that our Science can be much improved by Masquerades, where the Wit of both Sexes is altogether taken up in continuing singular and humouriome Disguises; and their Thoughts entirely employed in bringing Intrigues and Assignations of Gallantry to an happy Conclusion.

THE judicious Reader will readily discover, that I make Miss NOTABLE my Heroine, and Mr. THOMAS NEVER-OUT my Hero. I have laboured both their Characters with my utmost Ability. It is into their Mouths that I have put the liveliest Questions, Answers, Repartees, and Rejoinders; because my Design was to propose them both as Patterns for all young Bachelors and single Ladies to copy after. By which I hope very soon to see polite Conversation flourish between both Sexes in a more consummate Degree of Perfection, than these Kingdoms have yet ever known.

I HAVE drawn some Lines of Sir JOHN LINGER'S Character, the *Derbyshire* Knight, on purpose to place it in Counter-view or Contrast with that of the other Company; wherein I can assure the Reader, that I intended not the least Reflexion upon *Derbyshire*, the Place of my Nativity. But my Intention was only to shew the Misfortune of those Persons, who have the Disadvantage to be bred out of the Circle of Politeness; whereof I take the present Limits to extend no further than *London*, and ten Miles round; although others are pleased to compute

compute it within the Bills of Mortality. If you compare the Discourses of my Gentlemen and Ladies with those of Sir JOHN, you will hardly conceive him to have been bred in the same Climate, or under the same Laws, Language, Religion, or Government: And, accordingly, I have introduced him speaking in his own rude Dialect, for no other Reason than to teach my Scholars how to avoid it.

THE curious Reader will observe, that when Conversation appears in danger to flag, which in some Places, I have artfully contrived, I took Care to invent some sudden Question, or Turn of Wit to revive it; such as these that follow. *What? I think here's a silent Meeting! Come, Madam, A Penny for your Thought;* with several other of the like Sort. I have rejected all provincial or country Turns of Wit and Fancy, because I am acquainted with very few; but, indeed, chiefly because I found them so very much inferior to those at Court, especially among the Gentlemen Ushers, the Ladies of the Bed-Chamber, and the Maids of Honour; I must also add, the hither End of our noble Metropolis.

WHEN this happy Art of polite conversing shall be thoroughly improved, good Company will be no longer pestered with dull, dry, tedious Story-tellers, nor brangling Disputers: For, a right Scholar, of either Sex, in our Science, will perpetually interrupt them with some sudden surprizing Piece of Wit, that shall engage all the Company in a loud Laugh; and, if after a Pause, the grave Companion resumes his Thread in the following Manner; *Well, but to go on with my Story;* new Interruptions come from the Left to the Right, till he is forced to give over.

I HAVE

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I HAVE made some few Essays toward *Selling of BARGAINS*, as well for instructing those who delight in that Accomplishment, as in Compliance with my Female Friends at Court. However, I have transgressed a little in this Point, by doing it in a Manner somewhat more reserved than as it is now practised at St. *James's*. At the same time, I can hardly allow this Accomplishment to pass properly for a Branch of that perfect polite Conversation, which makes the constituent Subject of my Treatise; and, for which I have already given my Reasons. I have likewise, for further Caution, left a Blank in the critical Point of each *Bargain*, which the sagacious Reader may fill up in his own Mind.

As to my self, I am proud to own, that except some Smattering in the *French*, I am what the Pedants and Scholars call, a Man wholly illiterate, that is to say, unlearned. But, as to my own Language, I shall not readily yield to many Persons. I have read most of the Plays, and all the Miscellany Poems that have been published for twenty Years past. I have read Mr. *Thomas Brown's* Works entire, and had the Honour to be his intimate Friend, who was universally allowed to be the greatest Genius of his Age.

UPON what Foot I stand with the present chief reigning Wits, their Verses commendatory, which they have commanded me to prefix before my Book, will be more than a thousand Witnesses: I am, and have been, likewise, particularly acquainted with Mr. *CHARLES GILDON*, Mr. *WARD*, Mr. *DENNIS*, that admirable Critick and Poet, and several others. Each of these eminent Persons (I mean, those who are still alive) have done

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done me the Honour to read this Production five times over, with the strictest Eye of friendly Severity, and proposed some, although very few Amendments, which I gratefully accepted, and do here publickly return my Acknowledgment for so singular a Favour.

AND here, I cannot conceal, without Ingratitude, the great Assistance I have received from those two illustrious Writers, Mr. OZEL, and Captain STEVENS. These, and some others of distinguished Eminence, in whose Company I have passed so many agreeable Hours, as they have been the great Refiners of our Language, so it hath been my chief Ambition to imitate them. Let the POPES, the GAYS, the ARBUTHNOTS, the YOUNGS, and the rest of that snarling Brood burst with Envy at the Praises we receive from the Court and Kingdom.

BUT to return from this Digression.

THE Reader will find that the following Collection of polite Expressions will easily incorporate with all Subjects of genteel and fashionable Life. Those which are proper for Morning-Tea will be equally useful at the same Entertainment in the Afternoon, even in the same Company, only by shifting the several Questions, Answers, and Replies, into different Hands; and such as are adapted to Meals will indifferently serve for Dinners or Suppers, only distinguishing between Day-light and Candle-light. By this Method no diligent Person, of a tolerable Memory, can ever be at a Loss.

It hath been my constant Opinion, that every Man, who is entrusted by Nature with any useful Talent of the Mind, is bound by all the Ties of Honour, and that Justice which we all owe our

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Country, to propose to himself some one illustrious Action, to be performed in his Life for the publick Emoluments: And I freely confess that so grand, so important an Enterprize as I have undertaken, and executed to the best of my Power, well deserved a much abler Hand, as well as a liberal Encouragement from the Crown. However, I am bound so far to acquit my self, as to declare, that I have often and most earnestly intreated several of my above-named Friends, universally allowed to be of the first Rank in Wit and Politeness, that they would undertake a Work, so honourable to themselves, and so beneficial to the Kingdom; but so great was their Modesty, that they all thought fit to excuse themselves, and impose the Task on me; yet in so obliging a Manner, and attended with such Compliments on my poor Qualifications, that I dare not repeat. And, at last, their Intreaties, or rather their Commands, added to that inviolable Love I bear to the Land of my Nativity, prevailed upon me to engage in so bold an Attempt.

I MAY venture to affirm, without the least Violation of Modesty, that there is no Man, now alive, who hath, by many Degrees, so just Pretensions as my self to the highest Encouragement from the Crown, the PARLIAMENT, and the MINISTRY, towards bringing this Work, to its due Perfection. I have been assured, that several great Heroes of Antiquity were worshipped as Gods, upon the Merit of having civilized a fierce and barbarous People. It is manifest I could have no other Intentions; and, I dare appeal to my very Enemies, if such a Treatise as mine had been published some Years ago, and with as much Success as I am confident this will meet, I mean, by turning

ing the Thoughts of the whole Nobility and Gentry to the Study and Practice of polite Conversation; whether such mean stupid Writers as the CRAFTSMAN and his Abettors, could have been able to corrupt the Principles of so many hundred thousand Subjects, as, to the Shame and Grief of every Whiggish, loyal, and true Protestant Heart, it is too manifest, they have done. For, I desire the honest judicious Reader to make one Remark, That, after having exhausted the Whole * *In sickly pay-day* (if I may so call it) of Politeness and Refinement, and faithfully digested it in the following Dialogues, there cannot be found one Expression relating to Politicks; that the MINISTRY is never mentioned, nor the Word KING, above twice or thrice, and then only to the Honour of Majesty; so very cautious were our wiser Ancestors in forming Rules for Conversation, as never to give Offence to crowned Heads, nor interfere with Party Disputes in the State. And indeed, although there seems to be a close Resemblance between the two Words *Politeness* and *Politicks*, yet no Ideas are more inconsistent in their Natures. However, to avoid all Appearance of Disaffection, I have taken care to enforce Loyalty by an invincible Argument, drawn from the very Fountain of this noble Science, in the following short Terms, that ought to be writ in Gold, MUST IS FOR THE KING; which uncontrollable Maxim I took particular Care of introducing in the first Page of my Book; thereby to instil early the best Protestant Loyal Notions into the

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Minds

* This Word is spelt by *Latinists*, *Encyclopaedia*; but the judicious Author wisely prefers the Polite Reading before the Pedantick.

Minds of my Readers. Neither is it merely my own private Opinion, that Politeness is the firmest Foundation upon which Loyalty can be supported; For, thus happily sings the Divine Mr. *Tibbalds*, or *Theobalds*, in one of his Birth-Day Poems:

*I am no Schollard, but I am polite:
Therefore be sure I am no Jacobite.*

HEAR likewise, to the same Purpose, that great Master of the whole Poetick Choir, our most illustrious Laureat Mr. COLLY CIBBER.

*Who in his Talk can't speak a polite Thing,
Will never loyal be to GEORGE our King.*

I COULD produce many more shining Passages out of our principal Poets, of both Sexes, to confirm this momentous Truth. From whence, I think, it may be fairly concluded, that whoever can most contribute towards propagating the Science contained in the following Sheets, through the Kingdoms of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, may justly demand all the Favour that the wisest Court and most judicious Senate are able to confer on the most deserving Subject. I leave the Application to my Readers.

THIS is the Work, which I have been so hardy to attempt, and without the least mercenary View. Neither do I doubt of succeeding to my full Wish, except among the *Tories* and their Abettors; who being all *Jacobites*, and, consequently *Papists* in their Hearts, from a Want of true Taste, or by strong Affectation, may perhaps resolve not to read my Book; chusing rather to deny themselves the Plea-

Pleasure and Honour of shining in polite Company among the principal Genius's of both Sexes throughout the Kingdom, than adorn their Minds with this noble Art; and probably apprehending (as, I confess nothing is more likely to happen) that a true Spirit of Loyalty to the Protestant Succession should steal in along with it.

If my favourable and gentle Readers could possibly conceive the perpetual Watchings, the numberless Toils, the frequent Risings in the Night to set down several ingenious Sentences, that I suddenly or accidentally recollected; and which, without my utmost Vigilance, had been irrecoverably lost for ever: If they would consider with what incredible Diligence I daily and nightly attended at those Houses where Persons of both Sexes, and of the most distinguished Merit, used to meet and display their Talents; with what Attention I listened to all their Discourses, the better to retain them in my Memory; and then, at proper Seasons, withdrew unobserved, to enter them in my Table-Book, while the Company little suspected what a noble Work I had then in Embryo: I say, if all these were known to the World, I think, it would be no great Presumption in me to expect, at a proper Juncture, the publick Thanks of both Houses of Parliament, for the Service and Honour I have done to the whole Nation by my single Pen.

ALTHOUGH I have never been once charged with the least Tincture of Vanity, the Reader will, I hope, give me leave to put an easy Question: What is become of all the King of Sweden's Victories? Where are the Fruits of them at this Day; or, of what Benefit will they be to Posterity? Were not many of his greatest Actions owing, at least in part, to

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to Fortune; were not all of them owing to the Valour of his Troops, as much as to his own Conduct? Could he have conquered the *Polish* King, or the *Czar* of *Muscovy* with his single Arm? Far be it from me to envy or lessen the Fame he hath acquired; but, at the same Time, I will venture to say, without Breach of Modesty, that I, who have alone with this Right hand subdued Barbarism, Rudeness, and Rusticity; who have established and fixed for ever the whole System of all true Politeness and Refinement in Conversation, should think myself most inhumanely treated by my Country-men, and should accordingly resent it as the highest Indignity, to be put upon a level, in point of Fame, in After-ages, with CHARLES the Twelfth, late King of *Sweden*.

AND yet, so incurable is the Love of Detraction, perhaps beyond what the charitable Reader will easily believe, that I have been assured by more than one credible Person, how some of my Enemies have industriously whispered about, that one ISAAC NEWTON, an Instrument-maker, formerly living near *Leicester-fields*, and afterwards a Workman at the Mint in the *Tower*, might possibly pretend to vye with me for Fame in future Times. The Man it seems was Knighted for making Sun-Dials better than others of his Trade, and was thought to be a Conjuror, because he knew how to draw Lines and Circles upon a Slate, which no body could understand. But, adieu to all noble Attempts for endless Renown, if the Ghost of an obscure Mechanick shall be raised up to enter into Competition with me, only for his Skill in making Pot-hooks and Hangers with a Pencil, which many thousand accomplished Gentlemen and Ladies can perform as well with a Pen and Ink upon a Piece of Paper, and,

in

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in a Manner as little intelligible as those of Sir ISAAC.

MY most ingenious Friend already mentioned, Mr. COLLY CIBBER, who does so much Honour to the Laurel Crown he deservedly wears (as he hath often done to many Imperial Diadems placed on his Head) was pleased to tell me, that, if my Treatise were formed into a Comedy, the Representation, performed to Advantage on our Theatre, might very much contribute to the Spreading of polite Conversation among all Persons of Distinction through the whole Kingdom.

I own the Thought was ingenious, and my Friend's Intention good. But, I cannot agree to his Proposal: For, Mr. CIBBER himself allowed, that the Subjects handled in my Work being so numerous and extensive, it would be absolutely impossible for one, two, or even six Comedies to contain them. From whence it will follow, that many admirable and essential Rules for polite Conversation must be omitted.

AND here let me do Justice to my Friend Mr. TIBBALDS, who plainly confessed before Mr. CIBBER himself, that such a Project, as it would be a great Diminution to my Honour, so it would intolerably mangle my Scheme, and thereby destroy the principal End at which I aimed, to form a complete Body or System of this most useful Science in all its Parts. And therefore Mr. TIBBALDS, whose Judgment was never disputed, chose rather to fall in with my Proposal mentioned before, of erecting publick Schools and Seminaries all over the Kingdom, to instruct the young People of both Sexes in this Art, according to my Rules, and in the Method that I have laid down.

I SHALL conclude this long, but necessary Introduction, with a Request, or indeed rather, a just and reasonable Demand from all Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, that, while they are entertaining and improving each other with those polite Questions, Answers, Repartees, Replies, and Rejoinders, which I have with infinite Labour, and close Application, during the Space of thirty-six Years, been collecting for their Service and Improvement, they shall, as an Instance of Gratitude on every proper Occasion, quote my Name, after this or the like Manner: *Madam, as our Master WAGSTAFF says. My Lord, as our Friend WAGSTAFF has it.* I do likewise expect, that all my Pupils shall drink my Health every Day at Dinner and Supper during my Life; and that they, or their Posterity, shall continue the same Ceremony to my *not inglorious Memory*, after my Decease, for ever.



Polite

Polite Conversation, &c. *

Printed in the Year 1738.

St. JAMES's PARK.

Lord Sparkish meeting Col. Atwit.

Col. **W**ELL met, my Lord.

Ld. Sparkish. Thank ye, Colonel.

A Parson would have said, I hope we shall meet in Heaven. When did you see *Tom Neverout*?

Col. He's just coming towards us. Talk of the Devil——

* “ I retired hither for the publick Good, having Two great Works in Hand; One to reduce the whole Politeness, Wit, Humour and Style of *England* into a short System for the Use of all Persons of Quality, and particularly the Maids of Honour, &c.” *Letters to and from D. Swift*, LIV.

“ I have a thing in Prose, begun about twenty-eight Years ago, and almost finished. It will make a four Shilling Volume, and is such a Perfection of Folly, that you shall never hear of it till it is printed.” *Letters, &c.* LXI.

Neverout

Neverout comes up.

Col. How do you do, *Tom*?

Neverout. Never the better for you.

Col. I hope you're never the worse: But where's your Manners? Don't you see my Lord *Sparkish*?

Neverout. My Lord, I beg your Lordship's Pardon.

Ld. Sparkish. *Tom*, how is it, that you can't see the Wood for Trees? What Wind blew you hither?

Neverout. Why, my Lord, it is an ill Wind blows nobody good; for it gives me the Honour of seeing your Lordship.

Col. *Tom*, you must go with us to Lady *Smart*'s to Breakfast.

Neverout. Must! Why, Colonel, Must's for the King.

[Col. offering in Jest to draw his Sword.]

Col. Have you spoke with all your Friends?

Neverout. Colonel, as you're stout, be merciful.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, agree, agree; the Law's costly.

[Col. taking his Hand from his Hilt.]

Col. Well, *Tom*, you are never the worse Man to be afraid of me. Come along.

Neverout. What do you think I was born in a Wood, to be afraid of an Owl?

I'll wait on you. I hope Miss *Notable* will be there; egad she's very handsome, and has Wit at Will.

Col. Why every one as they like, as the good Woman said, when she kifs'd her Cow.

*Lord Smart's House; they knock at the Door;
the Porter comes out.*

Lord Sparkish. Pray, are you the Porter?

Porter. Yes, for Want of a better.

Ld. Sparkish. Is your Lady at Home?

Porter. She was at Home just now; but she's not gone out yet.

Neverout. I warrant this Rogue's Tongue is well hung.

Lady Smart's Antichamber.

Lady Smart and Lady Answerall at the Tea-Table.

Lady Smart. My Lord, your Lordship's most humble Servant.

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, you spoke too late; I was your Ladyship's before.

Lady Smart. O! Colonel, are you here?

Col. As sure as you're there, Madam.

Lady Smart. Oh, Mr. *Neverout*! What such a Man alive!

Neverout. Ay, Madam; alive, and alive like to be, at your Ladyship's Service.

Lady Smart. Well, I'll get a Knife, and nick it down; that Mr. *Neverout* came to our House. And pray, What News, Mr. *Neverout*?

Neverout. Why, Madam, Queen *Elizabeth's* dead.

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, I see you are no Changeling.

Miss

Miss Notable comes in.

Neverout. Miss, your Slave: I hope your early Rising will do you no Harm. I hear you are but just come out of the Cloth Market.

Miss. I always rise at Eleven, whether it be Day or no.

Col. Miss, I hope you are up for all Day.

Miss. Yes, if I don't get a Fall before Night.

Col. Miss, I heard you were out of Order; pray, how are you now?

Miss. Pretty well, Colonel, I thank you.

Col. Pretty and well, Miss! that's two very good things.

Miss. I mean, I am better than I was.

Neverout. Why then, 'tis well you were sick.

Miss. What! Mr. *Neverout*; you take me up, before I'm down.

Lady Smart. Come let us leave off Children's Play, and come to Push-pin.

Miss. [To *Lady Smart*] Pray, Madam, give me some more Sugar to my Tea.

Col. Oh! Miss, you must needs be very good-humour'd, you love sweet things so much.

Neverout. Stir it up with the Spoon, Miss; for the deeper the sweeter.

Lady Smart. I assure you, Miss, the Colonel has made you a great Compliment.

Miss. I am sorry for it; for I have heard say, complimenting is lying.

Lady Smart [to *Ld. Sparkish*] My Lord, methinks the Sight of you is good for sore Eyes; if we had known of your coming, we would have strown Rushes for you: How has your Lordship done this long time?

Col.

Col. Faith, Madam, he's better in Health, than in good Conditions.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; I see there's no worse Friend than one brings from Home with one; and I am not the first Man has carried a Rod to whip himself.

Neverout. Here's Miss, has not a Word to throw at a Dog. Come; a Penny for your Thoughts.

Miss. It is not worth a Farthing; for I was thinking of you.

Col. rising up.

Lady Smart. Colonel, Where are you going so soon? I hope you did not come to fetch Fire.

Col. Madam, I must needs go Home for half an Hour.

Miss. Why, Colonel, they say, the Devil's at Home.

Lady Ans. Well, but sit while you stay; 'tis as cheap sitting as standing.

Col. No, Madam; while I'm standing, I'm going.

Miss. Nay, let him go; I promise him, we won't tear his Cloaths to hold him.

Lady Smart. I suppose, Colonel, we keep you from better Company; I mean only as to myself.

Col. Madam, I am all Obedience.

Col. sits down.

Lady Smart. Lord, Miss, how can you drink your Tea so hot? Sure your Mouth's pay'd.

How do you like this Tea, Colonel?

Col. Well enough, Madam; but methinks it is a little moreish.

Lady

Lady Smart. Oh Colonel! I understand you. *Betty* bring the Canister; I have but very little of this Tea left; but I don't love to make two Wants of one; want when I have it, and want when I have it not. He, he, he, he. [Laughs.]

Lady Answ. [to the Maid] Why, sure, *Betty*, you are bewitched; the Cream is burnt to.

Betty. Why, Madam, the Bishop has set his Foot in it.

Lady Smart. Go, you Girl, and warm some fresh Cream.

Betty. Indeed, Madam, there's none left; for the Cat has eaten it all.

Lady Smart. I doubt, it was a Cat with Two Legs.

Miss. Colonel, Don't you love Bread and Butter with your Tea?

Col. Yes, in a Morning, *Miss*: For they say, Butter is Gold in a Morning, Silver at Noon, but it is Lead at Night.

Neverout. *Miss*, the Weather is so hot, that my Butter melts on my Bread.

Lady Answ. Why, Butter I've heard 'em say, is mad twice a Year.

Ld. Sparkish. [to the Maid] *Mrs. Betty*, how does your Body Politick?

Col. Fie, my Lord; you'll make *Mrs. Betty* blush.

Lady Smart. Blush! ay, blush like a blue Dog.

Neverout. Pray, *Mrs. Betty*, Are not you *Tom Johnson's* Daughter?

Betty. So my Mother tells me, Sir.

Ld. Sparkish. But, *Mrs. Betty*, I hear you are in Love.

Betty.

Betty. My Lord, I thank God, I hate nobody; I am in Charity with all the World.

Lady Smart. Why, Wench, I think, thy Tongue runs upon Wheels this Morning: How came you by that Scratch upon your Nose? Have you been fighting with the Cats?

Col. [*to Miss.*] Miss, When will you be married?

Miss. One of these Odd-come-shortly's, Colonel.

Neverout. Yes; they say, the Match is half made, the Spark is willing, but Miss is not.

Miss. I suppose, the Gentleman has got his own Consent for it.

Lady Answ. Pray, my Lord, did you walk thro' the Park in this Rain?

Ld. Sparkish. Yes, Madam; we were neither Sugar nor Salt; we were not afraid the Rain would melt us. He, he, he. [*Laugh.*]

Col. It rain'd, and the Sun shone at the same time.

Neverout. Why, then the Devil was beating his Wife behind the Door, with a Shoulder of Mutton.

[*Laugh.*]

Col. A blind Man would be glad to see that.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, methinks you stand in your own Light.

Neverout. Ah! Madam, I have done so all my Life.

Ld. Sparkish. I'm sure he sits in mine: Prithee, Tom, sit a little farther: I believe your Father was no Glasier.

Lady Smart. Miss, dear Girl, fill me out a Dish of Tea, for I'm very lazy.

Miss.

Miss fills a Dish of Tea, sweetens it, and then tastes it.

Lady Smart. What, Miss, will you be my Taster?

Miss. No, Madam; but, they say, 'tis an ill Cook, that can't lick her own Fingers.

Neverout. Pray, Miss, fill me another.

Miss. Will you have it now, or stay till you get it?

Lady Answ. But, Colonel, they say, you went to Court last Night very drunk: Nay, I'm told for certain, you had been among *Philistines*: No Wonder the Cat wink'd, when both her Eyes were out.

Col. Indeed, Madam, that's a Lye.

Lady Answ. 'Tis better I should lye, than you should lose your good Manners: Besides, I don't lie; I fit.

Neverout. O faith, Colonel, you must own you had a Drop in your Eye: When I left you, you were half Seas over.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, I fear, *Lady Answerall* can't live long, she has so much Wit.

Neverout. No; she can't live, that's certain; but she may linger Thirty or Forty Years.

Miss. Live long! ay, longer than a Cat or a Dog, or a better Thing.

Lady Answ. Oh! Miss, you must give your Vardi too!

Ld. Sparkish. Miss, Shall I fill you another Dish of Tea?

Miss. Indeed, my Lord, I have drank enough.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, it will do you more good than a Month's Fasting; here, take it.

Miss. No, I thank your Lordship; Enough's as good as a Feast.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; but if you always say No, you'll never be married.

Lady Answ. Do, my Lord, give her a Dish; for, they say, Maids will say No, and take it.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; and I dare say, Miss is a Maid in Thought, Word, and Deed.

Neverout. I would not take my Oath of that.

Miss. Pray, Sir, speak for yourself.

Lady Smart. Pie, Miss; they say, Maids should be seen, and not heard.

Lady Answ. Good Miss, stir the Fire, that the Tea-Kettle may boil.—You have done it very well; now it burns purely. Well, Miss, you'll have a cheerful Husband.

Miss. Indeed, your Ladyship could have stirred it much better.

Lady Answ. I know that very well, Hussy; but I won't keep a Dog, and bark myself.

Neverout. What! you are sick, Miss.

Miss. Not at all; for her Ladyship meant you.

Neverout. Oh! faith, Miss, you are in Lob's-pound; get out as you can.

Miss. I won't quarrel with any Bread and Butter for all that; I know when I'm well.

Lady Answ. Well; but Miss—

Neverout. Ah! dear Madam, let the Matter fall; take pity on poor Miss; don't throw Water on a drowned Rat.

Miss. Indeed, Mr. Neverout, you should be cut for the Simples this Morning: Say a Word more, and you had as good eat your Nails.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, Miss, will you be so good as to favour us with a Song?

Miss. Indeed, my Lord, I can't; for I have a great Cold.

Col. Oh! *Miss*, they say, all good Singers have Colds.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, Madam, does not *Miss* sing very well?

Lady Answ. She sings, as one may say, my Lord.

Miss. I hear, Mr. *Neverout* has a very good Voice.

Col. Yes; *Tom* sings well; but his Luck's naught.

Neverout. Faith, Colonel, you hit yourself a devilish Box on the Ear.

Col. *Miss*, Will you take a Pinch of Snuff?

Miss. No, Colonel; you must know, that I never take Snuff, but when I am angry.

Lady Answ. Yes, yes, she can take Snuff; but she has never a Box to put it in.

Miss. Pray, Colonel, let me see that Box.

Col. Madam, there's never a Cupon it.

Miss. May be there is, Colonel.

Col. Ay; but May-bees don't fly now, *Miss*.

Neverout. Colonel, Why so hard upon poor *Miss*? Don't set your Wit against a Child; *Miss*, give me a Blow, and I'll beat him.

Miss. So she pray come to tell you.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, my Lady *Smart*, What Kin are you to Lord *Pox*?

Lady Smart. Why, his Grandmother and mine had four Elbows.

Lady Answ. Well, methinks here is a silent Meeting. Come, *Miss*, hold up your Head, Girl; there's Money bid for you. [*Miss* starts.

Miss.

Miss. Lord, Madam, you frighten me out of my Seven Senses!

Ld. Sparkish. Well, I must be going.

Lady Answ. I have seen hafter People than you stay all Night.

Col. [to Lady Smart] Tom *Neverout* and I are to leap To-morrow for a Guinea.

Miss. I believe, Colonel, Mr. *Neverout* can leap at a Crust better than you.

Neverout. Miss, your Tongue runs before your Wit; nothing can tame you but a Husband.

Miss. Peace! I think I hear the Church Clock.

Neverout. Why you know, as the Fool thinks—

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, your Handkerchief's fallen.

Miss. Let him set his Foot on it, that it mayn't fly in his Face.

Neverout. Well, Miss—

Miss. Ay, ay! many a one says well, that thinks ill.

Neverout. Well, Miss; I'll think on this.

Miss. That's Rhime, if you take it in Time.

Neverout. What! I see you are a Poet.

Miss. Yes; if I had but the Wit to shew it.

Neverout. Miss, will you be so kind as to fill me a Dish of Tea.

Miss. Pray, let your Betters be serv'd before you; I am just going to fill one for myself; and, you know, the Parson always christens his own Child first.

Neverout. But I saw you fill one just now for the Colonel: Well, I find kissing goes by Favour.

Miss. But pray, Mr. *Neverout*, What Lady was that you were talking with in the Side-Box last Tuesday?

Neverout. Miss, can you keep a Secret?

Miss. Yes, I can.

Neverout. Well, Miss; and so can I.

Col. Odd-so! I have cut my Thumb with this cursed Knife!

Lady Answ. Ay; that was your Mother's Fault; because she only warn'd you not to cut your Fingers.

Lady Smart. No, no; 'tis only Fools cut their Fingers; but wise Folks cut their Thumbs.—

Miss. I'm sorry for it, but I can't cry.

Col. Don't you think Miss is grown?

Lady Answ. Ay; ill Weeds grow apace.

A Puff of Smoke comes down the Chimney.

Lady Answ. Lord, Madam, Does your Ladyship's Chimney smoke?

Col. No, Madam; but they say, Smoke always pursues the Fair, and your Ladyship sat nearest.

Lady Smart. Madam, Do you love Bohea Tea?

Lady Answ. Why, Madam, I must confess I do love it; but it does not love me.

Miss. [*to Lady Smart.*] Indeed, Madam, your Ladyship is very sparing of your Tea: I protest, the last I took, was no more than Water bewitch'd.

Col. Pray, Miss, if I may be so bold, what Lover gave you that fine Etuy?

Miss. Don't you know? Then keep Counsel.

Lady Answ. I'll tell you, Colonel, who gave it her; it was the best Lover she will ever have while she lives; her own dear Papa.

Neverout. Methinks, Miss, I don't much like the Colour of that Ribbon.

Miss.

Miss. Why then, Mr. *Neverout*, do you see, if you don't much like it, you may look off of it.

Ld. Sparkish. I don't doubt, Madam, but your Ladyship has heard, that Sir *John Brisk* has got an Employment at Court.

Lady Smart. Yes, yes; and I warrant, he thinks himself no small Fool now.

Neverout. Yet, Madam, I have heard some People take him for a wise Man.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay; some are wise, and some are otherwise.

Lady Answ. Do you know him, Mr. *Neverout*?

Neverout. Know him! ay, as well as the Beggar knows his Dish.

Col. Well; I can only say, that he has better Luck than honest Folk: But pray, How came he to get this Employment.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, by Chance, as the Man kill'd the Devil.

Neverout. Why, Miss, you are in a brown Study: What's the Matter? Methinks you look like Mum-Chance, that was hang'd for saying nothing.

Miss. I'd have you to know, I scorn your Words.

Neverout. Well; but scornful Dogs will eat dirty Puddings.

Miss. Well; my Comfort is, your Tongue is no Slander. What! you would not have one be always on the high Grin.

Neverout. Cry Map-sticks, Madam; no Offence, I hope.

[*Lady Smart breaks a Tea Cup.*]

Lady Answ. Lord, Madam, How came you to break your Cup?

Lady Smart. I can't help it, if I would cry my Eyes out.

Miss. Why sell it, Madam, and buy a new one with some of the Money.

Col. 'Tis a Folly to cry for spilt Milk.

Lady Smart. Why, if Things did not break or wear out, how would Tradesmen live?

Miss. Well; I am very sick, if any body car'd for it.

Neverout. Come, then, Miss, e'en make a Die of it, and then we shall have a Burying of our own.

Miss. The Devil take you, *Neverout*, besides all small Curses.

Lady Answ. Marry come up, What, plain *Neverout*! Methinks you might have an M under your Girdle, Miss.

Lady Smart. Well, well, naught's never in Danger; I warrant, Miss will spit in her Hand, and hold fast, Colonel, do you like this Bisket?

Col. I'm like all Fools; I love every thing that's good.

Lady Smart. Well, and isn't it pure good.

Col. 'Tis better than a worse.

Footman brings the Colonel a Letter.

Lady Answ. I suppose, Colonel, that's a Billet-doux from your Mistress.

Col. Egad, I don't know whence it comes; but whoe'er writ it, writes a Hand like a Foot.

Miss. Well, you may make a Secret of it, but we can spell, and put together.

Neverout. Miss, What spells B double Uzzard?

Miss. Buzzard in your Teeth, Mr. *Neverout*.

Lady Smart. Now you are up, Mr. *Neverout*, Will you do me the Favour, to do me the Kindness, to take off the Tea-kettle.

Ld. Sparkish. I wonder what makes these Bells ring.

Lady Answ. Why, my Lord, I suppose, because they pull the Ropes. *[Here all laugh.]*

Neverout plays with a Tea-cup.

Miss. Now a Child would have cried half an Hour before it would have found out such a pretty Play-thing.

Lady Smart. Well said, Miss: I vow, Mr. *Neverout*, the Girl is too hard for you.

Neverout. Ay, Miss will say any Thing but her Prayers, and those she whistles.

Miss. Pray, Colonel, make me a Present of that pretty Penknife.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, Miss, catch him at that, and hang him.

Col. Not for the World, dear Miss; it will cut Love.

Ld. Sparkish. Colonel, you shall be married first, I was just a going to say that.

Lady Smart. Well, but for all that, I can tell who is a great Admirer of Miss: Pray, Miss, how do you like Mr. *Spruce*? I swear I have often seen him cast a Sheep's Eye out of a Calf's Head at you: Deny it if you can.

Miss. Oh! Madam; all the World knows, that Mr. *Spruce* is a general Lover.

Col. Come, Miss, 'tis too true to make a Jest on.

[Miss blushes.]

Lady Answer. Well, however, Blushing is some Sign of Grace.

Neverout. Miss says nothing; but I warrant she pays it off with thinking.

Miss. Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, you are pleas'd to divert yourselves; but, as I hope to be fav'd, there's nothing in it.

Lady Smart. Touch a gall'd Horse, and he'll wince: Love will creep where it dare not go: I'd hold a hundred Pounds Mr. *Neverout* was the Inventor of that Story; and, Colonel, I doubt you had a Finger in the Pye.

Lady Answer. But, Colonel, you forgot to salute Miss when you came in; she said you had not been here a long time.

Miss. Fie, Madam! I vow, Colonel, I said no such Thing; I wonder at your Ladyship!

Col. Miss, I beg your Pardon—

Goes to salute her, she struggles a little.

Miss. Well, I had rather give a Knave a Kiss for once, than be troubled with him; but, upon my Word, you are more bold than welcome.

Lady Smart. Fie, fie, Miss! for Shame of the World, and Speech of good People.

Neverout to Miss, who is cooking her Tea and Bread and Butter.

Neverout. Come, come, Miss, make much of naught; good Folks are scarce.

Miss. What! and You must come in with your Two Eggs a Penny, and Three of them rotten.

Col. [*to Ld. Sparkish.*] But, my Lord, I forgot to ask you, how you like my new Cloaths?

Ld. Sparkish.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, very well, Colonel; only, to deal plainly with you, methinks the worst Piece is in the Middle.

[Here a loud Laugh, often repeated.]

Col. My Lord, you are too severe on your Friends.

Miss. Mr. *Newerout*, I'm hot; are you a Sot?

Newerout. Miss, I'm cold; are you a Scold? Take you that.

Lady Smart. I confess, that was home. I find, Mr. *Newerout*, you won't give your Head for the washing, as they say.

Miss. Oh! he's a sore Man, where the Skin's off. I see, Mr. *Newerout* has a Mind to sharpen the Edge of his Wit, on the Whetstone of my Ignorance.

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, *Tom*, you are struck! I never heard a better Thing.

Newerout. Pray, Miss, give me leave to scratch you for that fine Speech.

Miss. Pox on your Picture; it cost me a Groat the drawing.

Newerout. [to *Lady Smart.*] 'Sbuds, Madam, I have burnt my Hand with your plaguy Tea-kettle.

Lady Smart. Why, then, Mr. *Newerout*, you must say, God save the King.

Newerout. Did you ever see the like?

Miss. Never, but once, at a Wedding.

Col. Pray, Miss, how old are you?

Miss. Why, I'm as old as my Tongue, and a little older than my Teeth.

Ld. Sparkish. [to *Lady Smart.*] Pray, Madam, is Miss *Buxom* married? I hear, 'till all over, the Town.

Lady

Lady Answ. My Lord, she's either married, or worse.

Col. If she ben't married, at least she's lustily promis'd. But, is it certain, that Sir *John Blunderbuss* is dead at last?

Ld. Sparkish. Yes; or else he's sadly wrong'd, for they have buried him.

Miss. Why, if he be dead, he'll eat no more Bread.

Col. But, is he really dead?

Lady Answ. Yes, Colonel; as sure as you're alive—

Col. They say, he was an honest Man.

Lady Answ. Yes, with good looking to.

Miss feels a Pimple on her Face.

Miss. Lord! I think my Goodness is coming out. Madam, will your Ladyship please to lend me a Patch?

Newerout. Miss, if you are a Maid, put your Hand upon your Spot.

Miss. —There—

Covering her Face with both her Hands.

Lady Smart. Well, thou art a mad Girl.

[Gives her a Tap.]

Miss. Lord, Madam; is that a Blow to give a Child?

Lady Smart lets fall her Handkerchief, and the Colonel stoops for it.

Ld. Smart. Colonel, you shall have a better Office.

Col.

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Col. Oh, Madam, I can't have a better, than to serve your Ladyship.

Col. [to Lady Sparkish] Madam, has your Ladyship read the new Play, written by a Lord? it is call'd, *Love in a Hollow Tree*.

Lady Sparkish. No, Colonel.

Col. Why, then your Ladyship has one Pleasure to come.

Miss *sighs*.

Neverout. Pray, Miss, why do you sigh?

Miss. To make a Fool ask, and you are the first.

Neverout. Why, Miss, I find there is nothing but a Bit and a Blow with you.

Lady Answer. Why, you must know, Miss is in Love.

Miss. I wish my Head may never ake till that Day.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, Miss, never sigh, but send for him.

Lady Smart and Lady Answerall *speaking together*.] If he be hang'd he'll come hopping; and if he be drown'd, he'll come dropping.

Miss. Well, I swear, you'll make one die with laughing.

Miss *plays with a Tea-cup, and Neverout plays with another*.

Neverout. Well, I see, one Fool makes many.

Miss. And you're the greatest Fool of any.

Neverout. Pray, Miss, will you be so kind to tie this String for me with your fair Hands? It will go all in your Day's Work.

2

Miss.

Miss. Marry, come up, indeed; tie it yourself, you have as many Hands as I; your Man's Man will have a fine Office, truly: Come, pray, stand out of my Spitting Place.

Newerout. Well; but, *Miss*, don't be angry.

Miss. No; I was never angry in my Life but once, and then nobody car'd for it; so I resolv'd never to be angry again.

Newerout. Well; but if you'll tie it, you shall never know what I'll do for you.

Miss. So I suppose, truly.

Newerout. Well; but I'll make you a fine Present one of these Days.

Miss. Ay; when the Devil's blind; and his Eyes are not fore yet.

Newerout. No, *Miss*; I'll send it you To-morrow.

Miss. Well, well: To-morrow's a new Day; but I suppose, you mean, To-morrow-come-never.

Newerout. Oh! 'tis the prettiest thing: I assure you, there came but two of them over in Three Ships.

Miss. Would I could see it, quoth blind *Hugh*. But why did you not bring me a Present of Snuff this Morning.

Newerout. Because, *Miss*, you never ask'd me; and 'tis an ill Dog that's not worth whistling for.

Ld. Sparkish [to *Lady Answ.*] Pray, Madam, how came your Ladyship last Thursday to go to that odious Puppet-show?

Col. Why, to be sure, her Ladyship went to see, and to be seen.

Lady Answ. You have made a fine Speech, *Colonel*. Pray, what will you take for your Mouth-piece?

Ld. Sparkish. Take that, Colonel: But, pray, Madam, was my Lady *Stuff* there? They say, she is extremely handsome.

Lady Smart. They must not see with my Eyes, that think so.

Newerout. She may pass Muster well enough.

Lady Answ. Pray, how old do you take her to be?

Col. Why, about Five or Six and Twenty.

Miss. I swear she's no Chicken; she's on the wrong Side of Thirty, if she be a Day.

Lady Answ. Depend upon it, she'll never be Five and Thirty, and a Bit to spare.

Col. Why, they say, she's one of the chief Toasts in Town.

Lady Smart. Ay, when all the rest are out of it.

Miss. Well: I wou'dn't be as sick as she's proud, for all the World.

Lady Answ. She looks, as if Butter wou'dn't melt in her Mouth; but I warrant, Cheese won't choak her. I hear, my Lord What d'ye call him is courting her.

Ld. Sparkish. What Lord d'ye mean, Tom?

Miss. Why, my Lord, I suppose, Mr. *Newerout* means the Lord of the Lord knows what.

Col. They say, she dances very fine.

Lady Answ. She did; but, I doubt, her Dancing Days are over.

Col. I can't pardon her, for her Rudeness to me.

Lady Smart. Well; but you must forget and forgive.

Footman comes in.

Lady

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Lady Smart. Did you call Betty?

Footman. She's coming, Madam.

Lady Smart. Coming! ay, so is *Christmas*.

Betty comes in.

Lady Smart. Come, get ready my Things. Where has the Wench been these Three Hours?

Betty. Madam, I can't go faster than my Legs will carry me.

Lady Smart. Ay, thou hast a Head, and so has a Pin. But, my Lord, all the Town has it, that Miss *Captr* is to be married to Sir *Peter Gibbalt*; one thing is certain, that she hath promis'd to have him.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, Madam, you know Promises are either broken or kept.

Lady Answ. I beg your Pardon, my Lord; Promises and Pye-crust are made to be broken.

Lady Smart. Nay, I had it from my Lady *Carry* by her own Mouth. I tell you my Tale and my Tale's Author; if it be a Lye, you had it as cheap as I.

Lady Answ. She and I had some Words last Sunday at Church; but, I think, I gave her her own.

Lady Smart. Her Tongue runs like the Clapper of a Mill; she talks enough for herself and all the Company.

Newerout. And yet she simpers like a Firmity-Kettle.

Miss looking in a Glass.

Miss. Lord, how my Head is drest To-day!

Col. Oh, Madam! a good Face needs no Band.

Miss. No; and a bad one deserves none.

Col.

Col. Pray, Miss, where is your old Acquaintance, Mrs. Wayward?

Miss. Why, where should she be? You must needs know; she's in her Skin.

Col. I can answer that: What if you were as far out as she's in?

Miss. Well, I promis'd to go this Evening to Hyde Park on the Water; but, I protest, I'm half afraid.

Neverout. Never fear, Miss; you have the old Proverb on your Side, Naught's ne'er in Danger.

Col. Why, Miss, let Tom Neverout wait on you; and then, I warrant, you'll be as safe as a Thief in a Mill; for you know, he that's born to be hang'd, will never be drowned.

Neverout. Thank you, Colonel, for your good Word; but, faith, if ever I hang, it shall be about a fair Lady's Neck.

Lady Smart. Who's there? Bid the Children be quiet, and not laugh so loud.

Lady Answ. Oh, Madam; let 'em laugh; they'll ne'er laugh younger.

Neverout. Miss, I'll tell you a Secret, if you'll promise never to tell it again.

Miss. No, to be sure; I'll tell it to nobody but Friends and Strangers.

Neverout. Why, then, there's some Dirt in my Tea-cup.

Miss. Come, come, the more there's in't, the more there's on't.

Lady Answ. Poh! you must eat a Peck of Dirt before you die.

Col. Ay, ay; it goes all one Way?

Neverout. Pray, Miss, What's a Clock?

Miss. Why, you must know, 'tis a thing like a Bell: and

are a Fool that can't tell.

Neverout.

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Neverout. [to *Lady Answ.*] Pray, Madam, do you tell me; for I have let my Watch run down.

Lady Answ. Why, 'tis half an Hour past Hanging-time.

Col. Well, I am like the Butcher, that was looking for his Knife, and had it in his Mouth: I have been searching my Pockets for my Snuff-box, and, egad, here 'tis in my Hand.

Miss. If it had been a Bear, it would have bit you, Colonel: Well, I wish I had such a Snuff-box.

Neverout. You'll be long enough before you wish your Skin full of Eyelet-Holes.

Col. With in one Hand—

Miss. Out upon you: Lord, what can the Man mean!

Ld. Sparkish. This Tea's very hot.

Lady Answ. Why, it came from a hot Place, my Lord.

Colonel spills his Tea.

Lady Smart. That's as well done, as if I had done it myself.

Col. Madam, I find, you live by ill Neighbours; when you are forc'd to praise yourself.

Lady Smart. So they pray'd me to tell you.

Neverout. Well, I won't drink a drop more, if I do, 'twill go down like chopt Hay.

Miss. Pray, don't say No, till you are ask'd.

Neverout. Well, what you please, and the rest again.

Miss sleeping for a Pin.

Miss. I have heard 'em say, that a Pin a Day is a Groat a Year. Well, as I hope to be married, forgive me for swearing! I vow, 'tis a Needle.

Col.

Col. Oh! the wonderful Works of Nature: That a black Hen should have a white Egg!

Neverout. What! you have found a Mare's Nest, and laugh at the Eggs?

Miss. Pray keep your Breath to cool your Porridge.

Neverout. Miss, there was a very pleasant Accident last Night in St. James's Park.

Miss. [to *Lady Smart.*] What was it your Ladyship was going to say just now?

Neverout. Well, Miss; tell a Mare a Tale. —

Miss. I find you love to hear yourself talk.

Neverout. Why, if you won't hear my Tale, kiss my, &c.

Miss. Out upon you, for a filthy Creeper!

Neverout. What, Miss! must I tell you a Story, and find you Ears?

Ld. Sparkish. [to *Lady Smart.*] Pray, Madam, don't you think Mrs. Spendall very genteel?

Lady Smart. Why, my Lord, I think, she was cut out for a Gentlewoman, but she was spoil'd in the Making: She wears her Cloaths as if they were thrown on her with a Pitch-Fork; and, for the Fashion, I believe they were made in the Reign of Queen Bess.

Neverout. Well, that's neither here nor there; for you know, the more careless the more modish.

Col. Well, I'd hold a Wager, there will be a Match between her and *Dick Dolt*; and I believe, I can see as far into a Millstone as another Man.

Miss. Colonel, I must beg your Pardon a Thousand Times; but they say, An old Ape has an old Eye.

Neverout. Miss, what do you mean! You'll spoil the Colonel's Marriage, if you call him old.

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Col. Not so old, nor yet so cold. You know the rest, Miss.

Miss. Manners is a fine Thing, truly.

Col. Faith, Miss, depend upon it, I'll give you as good as you bring: What! if you give a Jest, you must take a Jest.

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, you'll ne'er have done till you break that Knife; and then the Man won't take it again.

Miss. Why, Madam, Fools will be meddling; I wish he may cut his Fingers. I hope, you can see your own Blood without fainting.

Neverout. Why, Miss, you shine this Morning like a sh—n Barn-door: You'll never hold out at this Rate; pray, save a little Wit for To-morrow.

Miss. Well, you have said your Say; if People will be rude, I have done; my Comfort is, 'twill be all one a thousand Year hence.

Neverout. Miss, you have shot your Bolt: I find, you must have the last Word—Well, I'll go to the Opera To-Night—No, I can't neither, for I have some Business—and yet I think I must; for I promis'd to squire the Countess to her Box.

Miss. The Countess of *Puddledock*, I suppose.

Neverout. Peace, or War, Miss?

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, you'll never be mad, you are of so many Minds.

As Miss rises the Chair falls behind her.

Miss. Well; I shan't be Lady-Mayores this Year.

Neverout. No, Miss, 'tis worse than that; you won't be married this Year.

Miss.

Miss. Lord! you make me laugh, tho' I an't well.

Neverout, as Miss is standing, pulls her suddenly on his Lap.

Neverout. Now, Colonel, come, sit down on my Lap; more Sacks upon the Mill.

Miss. Let me go; ar'n't you sorry for my Heaviness?

Neverout. No, Miss; you are very light; but I don't say, you are a light Hussy. Pray, take up the Chair for your Pains.

Miss. 'Tis but one body's Labour, you may do it yourself; I wish you would be quiet, you have more Tricks than a Dancing Bear.

Neverout rises to take up the Chair, and Miss sits in his.

Neverout. You wou'd'nt be so soon in my Grave, Madam.

Miss. Lord! I have torn my Petticoat with your odious Romping; my Rents are coming in; I'm afraid, I shall fall into the Ragman's Hands.

Neverout. I'll mend it, Miss.

Miss. You mend it! Go, teach your Grammam to suck Eggs.

Neverout. Why, Miss, you are so cross, I could find in my Heart to hate you.

Miss. With all my Heart; there will be no Love lost between us.

Neverout. But, pray, my Lady Smart, does not Miss look as if she could eat me without Salt?

Miss. I'll make you one Day sup Sorrow for this.

Neverout. Well, follow your own Way, you'll live the longer.

Miss. See, Madam, how well I have mended it.

Lady Smart. 'Tis indifferent, as *Doll* danc'd.

Neverout. 'Twill last as many Nights as Days.

Miss. Well, I knew I should never have your good Word.

Lady Smart. My Lord, my Lady *Answerall* and I was walking in the Park last Night till near Eleven; 'twas a very fine Night.

Neverout. Egad, so was I; and I'll tell you a comical Accident; egad, I lost my Understanding.

Miss. I'm glad you had any to lose.

Lady Smart. Well, but what do you mean?

Neverout. Egad, I kick'd my Foot against a Stone, and tore off the Heel of my Shoe, and was forc'd to limp to a Cobbler in the *Pall Mall*, to have it put on. He, he, he, he.

[*All laugh.*]

Col. Oh! 'twas a delicate Night to run away with another Man's Wife.

Neverout sneezes.

Miss. God bless you, if you ha'n't taken Snuff.

Neverout. Why, what if I have, *Miss*?

Miss. Why, then, the Duce take you.

Neverout. *Miss*, I want that Diamond-Ring of yours.

Miss. Why, then, Want's like to be your Master.

Neverout looking at the Ring.

Neverout.

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Neverout. Ay, marry, this is not only, but also ; where did you get it ?

Miss. Why, where 'twas to be had ; where the Devil got the Friar.

Neverout. Well ; if I had such a fine Diamond-Ring, I wou'dn't stay a Day in *England* : But you know, far-fetch'd and dear-bought is fit for Ladies. I warrant, this cost your Father Two-pence half-penny,

Miss sitting between Neverout and the Colonel.

Miss. Well ; here's a Rose between two Nettles.

Neverout. No, Madam ; with Submission, here's a Nettle between Two Roses.

Colonel stretching himself.

Lady Smart. Why, Colonel, you break the King's Law ; you stretch without a Halter.

Lady Answ. Colonel, some Ladies of your Acquaintance have promis'd to breakfast with you, and I am to wait on them ; what will you give us ?

Col. Why, faith, Madam, Bachelors Fare ; Bread and Cheese, and Kisses.

Lady Answ. Poh ! what have you Bachelors to do with your Money, but to treat the Ladies ? You have nothing to keep but your own Four Quarters.

Lady Smart. My Lord, has Captain *Brag* the Honour to be related to your Lordship ?

Ld. Sparkish. Very nearly, Madam ; he's my Cousin-German quite remov'd.

Lady Answ. Pray, is he not rich?

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, a rich Rogue, Two Shirts and a Rag.

Col. Well, however, they say, he has a great Estate, but only the Right Owner keeps him out of it.

Lady Smart. What Religion is he of?

Ld. Sparkish. Why he is an *Anythingarian*.

Lady Answ. I believe, he has his Religion to chuse, my Lord.

Neverout scratches his Neck.

Miss. Fie, Mr. *Neverout*, ar'n't you asham'd; I beg Pardon for the Expression, but I'm afraid, your Bolom-friends are become your Back-biters.

Neverout. Well, Miss, I saw a Flea once on your Pinner, and a Louse is a Man's Companion, but a Flea is a Dog's Companion: However, I wish, you would scratch my Neck with your pretty white Hand.

Miss. And who would be Fool then? I wou'dn't touch a Man's Flesh for the Universe. You have the wrong Sow by the Ear, I assure you; that's Meat for your Master.

Neverout. Miss *Notable*, all Quarrels laid aside, pray, step hither for a Moment.

Miss. I'll wash my Hands, and wait on you, Sir; but, pray, come hither, and try to open this Lock.

Neverout. We'll try what we can do.

Miss. We!—What, have you Pigs in your Belly?

Neverout. Miss, I assure you, I am very handy at all Things.

Miss. Marry, hang them that can't give themselves a good Word: I believe, you may have an even Hand to throw a Louse in the Fire.

Col. Well, I must be plain; here's a very bad Smell.

Miss. Perhaps, Colonel, the Fox is the Finder.

Neverout. No, Colonel; 'tis only your Teeth against Rain: But——

Miss. Colonel, I find, you would make a very bad poor Man's Sow.

Colonel coughing.

Col. I have got a sad Cold.

Lady Answ. Ay; 'tis well if one can get any thing these hard Times.

Miss. [*to Col.*] Choak, Chicken, there's more a hatching.

Lady Smart. Pray, Colonel, how did you get that Cold?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, Madam, I suppose, the Colonel got it by lying a Bed barefoot.

Lady Answ. Why, then, Colonel, you must take it for better for worse, as a Man takes his Wife.

Col. Well, Ladies, I apprehend you without a Constable.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout*! Mr. *Neverout*! come hither this Moment.

Lady Smart. [*imitating her*] Mr. *Neverout*! Mr. *Neverout*! I wish, he were tied to your Girdle.

Neverout. What's the Matter! Whose Mare's dead now?

Miss. Take your Labour for your Pains; you may go back again, like a Fool, as you came.

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Neverout. Well, Miss; if you deceive me a second time, 'tis my Fault.

Lady Smart. Colonel, methinks your Coat is too short.

Col. It will be long enough before I get another, Madam.

Miss. Come, come; the Coat's a good Coat, and come of good Friends.

Neverout. Ladies, you are mistaken in the Stuff; 'tis half Silk.

Col. Tom Neverout, you are a Fool, and that's your Fault.

A great Noise below.

Lady Smart. Hey! what a Clattering is here! One would think, Hell was broke loose.

Miss. Indeed, Madam, I must take my Leave, for I a'n't well.

Lady Smart. What! you are sick of the Mulligrubs with eating chopt Hay.

Miss. No, indeed, Madam; I'm sick and hungry, more need of a Cook than a Doctor.

Lady Answ. Poor Miss, she's sick as a Cushion, she wants nothing but stuffing.

Col. If you are sick, you shall have a Caudle of Calf's Eggs.

Neverout. I can't find my Gloves.

Miss. I saw the Dog running away with some dirty thing a while ago.

Col. Miss, you have got my Handkerchief; pray, let me have it.

Lady Smart. No, keep it, Miss; for they say, Possession is Eleven Points of the Law.

Miss.

Miss. Madam, he shall ne'er have it again; 'tis in Hucksters Hands.

Lady Answ. What! I see 'tis Raining again.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, then, Madam, we must do as they do in Spain.

Miss. Pray, my Lord, how is that?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, Madam, we must let it rain.

Miss whispers Lady Smart.

Neverout. There's no Whispering, but there's Lying.

Miss. Lord! Mr. *Neverout*, you are as pert as a Pear-monger this Morning.

Neverout. Indeed, Miss, you are very handsome.

Miss. Poh! I know that already; tell me News.

Somebody knocks at the Door.

Footman comes in.

Footman [to Col.] An please your Honour, there's a Man below wants to speak to you.

Col. Ladies, your Pardon for a Minute.

[Col. goes out.]

Lady Smart. Miss, I sent yesterday to know how you did, but you were gone abroad early.

Miss. Why, indeed, Madam, I was hunch'd up in a Hackney-Coach with Three Country Acquaintance, who call'd upon me to take the Air as far as *Highgate*.

Lady Smart. And had you a pleasant Airing?

Miss. No, Madam; it rain'd all the Time; I was jolted to Death, and the Road was so bad, that I scream'd

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scream'd every Moment, and call'd to the Coachman, pray, Friend, don't spill us.

Neverout. So, Miss, you were afraid, that Pride would have a Fall.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout.* when I want a Fool, I'll send for you.

Ld. Sparkish. Miss, didn't your Left Ear burn last Night?

Miss. Pray why, my Lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because I was then in some Company where you were extoll'd to the Skies, I assure you.

Miss. My Lord, that was more their Goodness, than my Desert.

Ld. Sparkish. They said, that you were a complete Beauty.

Miss. My Lord, I am as God made me.

Lady Smart. The Girl's well enough, if she had but another Nose.

Miss. Oh! Madam, I know I shall always have your good Word; you love to help a lame Dog over the Style.

One knocks.

Lady Smart. Who's there? You're on the wrong Side of the Door; come in, if you be fat.

Colonel comes in again.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, Colonel, you are a Man of great Business.

Col. Ay, ay, my Lord, I'm like my Lord Mayor's Foot; full of Business, and nothing to do.

Lady Smart. My Lord, don't you think the Colonel mightily fall'n away of late?

Ld.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, fall'n from a Horse-load to a Cart-load.

Col. Why, my Lord, egad I am like a Rabbit, fat and lean in Four and-twenty Hours.

Lady Smart. I assure you, the Colonel walks as strait as a Pin.

Miss. Yes; he's a handsome-body'd Man in the Face.

Newerout. A handsome Foot and Leg: God a-mercy Shoe and Stocking!

Col. What! Three upon One! that's foul Play: This wou'd make a Parson swear.

Newerout. Why, Miss, what's the Matter? You look as if you had neither won nor lost.

Col. Why, you must know, Miss lives upon Love.

Miss. Yes; upon Love and Lumps of the Cup-board.

Lady Answ. Ay; they say, Love and Peas Porridge are two dangerous Things; one breaks the Heart, and the other the Belly.

Miss. [*imitating Lady Answerall's Tone*] Very pretty! One breaks the Heart, and the other the Belly.

Lady Answ. Have a Care; they say, Mocking is catching.

Miss. I never heard that.

Newerout. Why, then, Miss, you have a Wrinkle——more than ever you had before.

Miss. Well; live and learn.

Newerout. Ay; and be hang'd, and forget all.

Miss. Well, Mr. *Newerout*, take it as you please; but I swear, you are a saucy Jack, to use such Expressions.

Newerout.

Neverout. Why, then, Miss, if you go to that, I must tell you there's ne'er a Jack but there's a Jill.

Miss. Oh! Mr. *Neverout*, every body knows, that you are the Pink of Courtesy.

Neverout. And, Miss, all the World allows, that you are the Flower of Civility.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear, there was a great deal of Company where you visited last Night: Pray, who were they?

Miss. Why, there was old Lady *Forward*, Miss *To-and-again*, Sir *John Ogle*, my Lady *Clapper*, and I, quoth the Dog.

Col. Was your Visit long, Miss?

Miss. Why, truly, they went all to the Opera; and so poor *Pilgarlick* came Home alone.

Neverout. Alack a-day, poor Miss! methinks it grieves me to pity you.

Miss. What! you think, you said a fine Thing now; well, if I had a Dog with no more Wit, I would hang him.

Ld. Smart. Miss, if it is Manners, may I ask, which is oldest, you or Lady *Scuttle*?

Miss. Why, my Lord, when I die for Age, she may quake for Fear.

Lady Smart. She's a very great Gadder abroad.

Lady Answ. Lord! she made me follow her last Week through all the Shops like a Tantiny Pig.

Lady Smart. I remember, you told me, you had been with her from *Dan* to *Bersheba*.

Colonel spits.

Col. Lord! I shall die; I cannot spit from me.

Miss. Oh! Mr. *Neverout*, my little Countess has just litter'd; speak me fair, and I'll set you down for a Puppy.

Neverout.

Newerout. Why, Miss, if I speak you fair, perhaps I mayn't tell Truth.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, but Tom, smokes that, she calls you Puppy by Craft.

Newerout. Well, Miss, you ride the Fore-horse To-day.

Miss. Ay, many a one says well, that thinks ill.

Newerout. Fie, Miss; you said that once before; and, you know, Too much of one Thing is good for nothing.

Miss. Why, sure, we can't say a good Thing too often.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, so much for that, and Butter for Fish; let us call another Cause. Pray, Madam, does your Ladyship know Mrs. Nice?

Lady Smart. Perfectly well, my Lord; she's nice by Name, and nice by Nature.

Ld. Sparkish. Is it possible she could take that Booby Tom Blunder for Love?

Miss. She had good Skill in Horse-flesh, that could chuse a Goose to ride on.

Lady Answ. Why, my Lord, 'twas her Fate; they say, Marriage and Hanging go by Destiny.

Col. I believe she'll never be burnt for a Witch.

Ld. Sparkish. They say, Marriages are made in Heaven; but I doubt, when she was married, she had no Friend there.

Newerout. Well, she's got out of God's Blessing into the warm Sun.

Col. The Fellow's well enough, if he had any Guts in his Brains.

Lady Smart. They say, thereby hangs a Tale.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, he's a mere Hobbledshoy, neither a Man nor a Boy.

Miss. Well, if I were to chuse a Husband, I would never be married to a little Man.

Newerout.

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Neverout. Pray, why so, Miss? for they say, Of all Evils we ought to chuse the least.

Miss. Because Folks would say, when they saw us together, There goes the Woman and her Husband.

Col. [to *Lady Smart*] Will your Ladyship be on the Mall To-morrow Night?

Lady Smart. No, that won't be proper; you know To-morrow's Sunday.

Ld. Sparkish. What then, Madam; they say, The better Day, the better Deed.

Lady Answ. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, how do you like *Lady Fuzz*?

Neverout. Pox on her! she's as old as *Poles*.

Miss. So will you be, if you ben't hang'd when you're young.

Neverout. Come, Miss, let us be Friends: Will you go to the Park this Evening?

Miss. With all my Heart, and a Piece of my Liver; but not with you.

Lady Smart. I'll tell you one thing, and that's not two; I'm afraid I shall get a Fit of the Head-ach, To-day.

Col. Oh! Madam, don't be afraid, it comes with a Fright.

Miss. [to *Lady Answ.*] Madam, one of your Ladyship's Lappets is longer than t'other.

Lady Answ. Well, no Matter; they that ride on a trotting Horse will ne'er perceive it.

Neverout. Indeed, Miss, your Lappets hang worle.

Miss. Well, I love a Lyar in my Heart, and you fit me to a Hair,

Miss rises up.

Neverout.

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Neverout. Duce take you, Miss; you trod on my Foot: I hope you don't intend to come to my Bed-side.

Miss. In Troth, you are afraid of your Friends, and none of them near you.

Ld. Sparkish. Well said, Girl! [*giving her a Chuck*] Take that; they say, A Chuck under the Chin is worth two Kisses.

Lady Answ. But, Mr. *Neverout*, I wonder why such a handsome, strait, young Gentleman as you, don't get some rich Widow.

Ld. Sparkish. Strait! Ay, strait as my Leg, and that's crooked at Knee.

Neverout. Faith, Madam, if it rain'd rich Widows, none of them would fall upon me. Egad, I was born under a Threepenny Planet, never to be worth a Groat.

Lady Answ. No, Mr. *Neverout*; I believe you were born with a Caul on your Head; you are such a Favourite among the Ladies; But what think you of Widow *Prim*? she's immensely rich.

Neverout. Hang her! they say, her Father was a Baker.

Lady Smart. Ay; but it is not What is she? but What has she? now-a-days.

Col. Tom. Faith, put on a bold Face for once, and have at the Widow. I'll speak a good Word for you to her.

Lady Answ. Ay; I warrant, you'll speak one Word for him, and two for yourself.

Miss. Well; I had that at my Tongue's End.

Lady Answ. Why, Miss, they say, Good Wits jump.

Neverout. Faith, Madam, I had rather marry a Woman I lov'd, in her Smock, than Widow *Prim*, if she had her Weight in Gold.

Lady

Lady Smart. Come, come, Mr. *Neverout*; Marriage is honourable, but House-keeping is a Shrew.

Lady Answ. Consider, Mr. *Neverout*, Four bare Legs in a Bed; and you are a younger Brother.

Col. Well, Madam, the younger Brother is the better Gentleman: However, *Tom*, I would advise you to look before you leap.

Ld. Sparkish. The Colonel says true; Besides, you can't expect to wive and thrive in the same Year.

Miss. [*studdering*] Lord! there's somebody walking over my Grave.

Col. Pray, *Lady Answerall*, where was you last Wednesday, when I did myself the Honour to wait on you? I think, your Ladyship is one of the Tribe of *Gad*.

Lady Answ. Why, Colonel, I was at Church.

Col. Nay, then will I be hang'd, and my Horse too.

Neverout. I believe her Ladyship was at a Church with a Chimney in it.

Miss. Lord, my Petticoat! how it hangs by Jometry.

Neverout. Perhaps the Fault may be in your Shape.

Miss. [*looking gravely.*] Come, Mr. *Neverout*, there's no Jest like the true Jest; but, I suppose, you think my Back's broad enough to bear every Thing.

Neverout. Madam, I humbly beg your Pardon.

Miss. Well, Sir, your Pardon's granted.

Neverout. Well, all Things have an End, and a Padden has two, up up on me my-my Word—

[*Butters.*]

Miss. What! Mr. *Neverout*, can't you speak without a Spoon?

Ld. Sparkish [to *Lady Smart*]. Has your Ladyship seen the Duchess since your falling out?

Lady Smart. Never, my Lord, but once at a Visit; and she look'd at me, as the Devil look'd over *Lincoln*.

Neverout. Pray, *Miss*, take a Pinch of my Snuff.

Miss. What! you break my Head, and give me a Plaster; well, with all my Heart; once, and not use it.

Neverout. Well, *Miss*; if you wanted me and your Victuals, you'd want your Two best Friends.

Col. [to *Neverout*]. *Tom*, *Miss* and you must kiss, and be Friends.

Neverout salutes *Miss*.

Miss. Any thing for a quiet Life: My Nose itch'd, and I knew I should drink Wine, or kiss a Fool.

Col. Well, *Tom*, if that ben't fair, hang fair.

Neverout. I never said a rude Thing to a Lady in my Life.

Miss. Here's a Pin for that Lye: I'm sure *Lyars* had need have good Memories. Pray, Colonel, was not he very uncivil to me but just now?

Lady Answ. Mr. *Neverout*, if *Miss* will be angry for nothing, take my Counsel, and bid her turn the Buckle of her Girdle behind her.

Neverout. Come, *Lady Answerall*, I know better Things; *Miss* and I are good Friends; don't put Tricks upon Travellers.

Col. *Tom*, not a Word of the Pudden, I beg you.

Lady Smart. Ah, Colonel! you'll never be good, nor then neither.

Ld. Sparkish. Which of the Goods d'ye mean? good for something, or good for nothing?

Miss. I have a Blister on my Tongue; yet I don't remember, I told a Lye.

Lady Answ. I thought you did just now.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, Madam, what did Thought do?

Lady Answ. Well, for my Life, I cannot conceive what your Lordship means.

Ld. Sparkish. Indeed, Madam, I mean no Harm.

Lady Smart. No, to be sure, my Lord! you are as innocent as a Devil of Two Years old.

Neverout. Madam, they say, ill Deeds are ill Deemers; but I don't apply it to your Ladyship.

Miss mending a Hole in her Lace.

Miss. Well, you see, I'm mending; I hope I shall be good in time; look, *Lady Answerall*, is not it well mended?

Lady Answ. Ay, this is something like a Taisy.

Neverout. Faith, Miss, you have mended it, as a Tinker mends a Kettle; he mends one Hole, and makes two.

Lady Smart. Pray, Colonel, are not you very much tann'd?

Col. Yes, Madam; but a Cup of *Christmas Ale* will soon wash it off.

Ld. Sparkish. *Lady Smart*, does not your Ladyship think, *Mrs. Fede* is mightily alter'd since her Marriage?

Lady Answ. Why, my Lord, she was handsome in her Time; but she cannot eat her Cake, and have

have her Cake: I hear she's grown a mere Otomy.

Lady Smart. Poor Creature! the Black Ox has set his Foot upon her already.

Miss. Ay; she has quite lost the Blue on the Plumb.

Lady Smart. And yet, they say, her Husband is very fond of her still.

Lady Answ. Oh! Madam; if she would eat Gold, he would give it her.

Neverout. [to *Lady Smart*] Madam, have you heard, that *Lady Quash* was lately at the Playhouse incog?

Lady Smart. What! *Lady Quash* of all Women in the World! Do you say upon Rep?

Neverout. Poz, I saw her with my own Eyes; she sat among the Mob in the Gallery; her own ugly Fiz: And she saw me look at her.

Col. Her Ladyship was plaguily bamb'd; I warrant, it put her into the Hipps.

Neverout. I smoked her huge Nose, and, egad, she put me in mind of the Woodcock, that strives to hide his long Bill, and then thinks nobody sees him.

Col. Tam. I advise you, hold your Tongue: for you'll never say so good a thing again.

Lady Smart. Miss, what are you looking for?

Miss. Oh! Madam; I have lost the finest Needle—

Lady Answ. Why, seek till you find it, and then you won't lose your Labour.

Neverout. The Loop of my Hat is broke; how shall I mend it? [he fastens it with a Pin] Well, hang them, say I, that has no Shift.

Miss. Ay, and hang him, that has one too many.

Neverout. Oh! Miss; I have heard a sad Story of you.

Miss. I defy you, Mr. *Neverout*; nobody can say, Black's my Eye.

Neverout. I believe, you wish they could.

Miss. Well; but who was your Author? Come, tell Truth, and shame the Devil.

Neverout. Come then, Miss; guess who it was that told me; come, put on your Considering-cap.

Miss. Well, who was it?

Neverout. Why, one that lives within a Mile of an Oak.

Miss. Well, go hang yourself in your own Garters; for I'm sure, the Gallows groans for you.

Neverout. Pretty Miss! I was but in Jest.

Miss. Well, but don't let that stick in your Gizzard.

Col. My Lord, does your Lordship know Mrs. *Talkall*?

Ld. Sparkish. Only by Sight; but I hear she has a great deal of Wit; and egad, as the Saying is, Mettle to the Back.

Lady Smart. So I hear.

Col. Why *Dick Lubber* said to her t'other Day, Madam, you can't cry Bo to a Goose: Yes, but I can, said she; and, egad, cry'd Bo full in his Face. We all thought we should break our Hearts with laughing.

Ld. Sparkish. That was cutting with a Vengeance: And prithee how did the Fool look?

Col. Look! Egad, he look'd for all the World like an Owl in an Ivy Bush.

A Child comes in screaming.

Miss.

Miss. Well, if that Child was mine, I'd whip it till the Blood came; Peace, you little Vixen! if I were near you, I would not be far from you.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay; Batchelors Wives and Maids Children are finely tutor'd.

Lady Answ. Come to me, Master; and I'll give you a Sugar-Plumb. Why, Miss, you forget that ever you was a Child yourself. [*She gives the Child a Lump of Sugar*] I've heard 'em say, Boys will long.

Col. My Lord, I suppose you know that Mr. Buzzard has married again?

Lady Smart. This is his Fourth Wife; then he has been shod round.

Col. Why, you must know, she had a Month's Mind to *Dick Frontless*, and thought to run away with him; but her Parents forc'd her to take the old Fellow for a good Settlement.

Ld. Sparkish. So the Man got his Mare again.

Ld. Smart. I'm told he said a very good thing to *Dick*; said he, You think us old Fellows are Fools; but we old Fellows know young Fellows are Fools.

Col. I know nothing of that; but I know, he's devilish old, and she's very young.

Lady Answ. Why, they call that a Match of the World's making.

Miss. What, if he had been young, and she old?

Neverout. Why Miss, that would have been a Match of the Devil's making; but when both are young, that's a Match of God's making.

Miss searching her Pockets for her Thimble, brings out a Nutmeg.

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Neverout. Oh! Miss, have a Care: for if you carry a Nutmeg in your Pocket, you'll certainly be married to an old Man.

Miss. Well, and if I ever be married, it shall be to an old Man; they always make the best Husbands; and it is better to be an old Man's Darling, than a young Man's Warling.

Neverout. Faith, Miss, if you speak as you think, I'll give you my Mother for a Maid.

Lady Smart rings the Bell.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Harkee, you Fellow; run to my Lady Match, and desire she will remember to be here at Six, to play at Quadrille: D'ye hear, if you fall by the Way, don't stay to get up again.

Footman. Madam, I don't know the House.

Lady Smart. Well, that's not for Want of Ignorance; follow your Nose; go, enquire among the Servants.

Footman goes out, and leaves the Door open.

Lady Smart. Here, come back, you Fellow; why did you leave the Door open? Remember, that a good Servant must always come when he's call'd, do what he's bid, and shut the Door after him.

The Footman goes out again, and falls down Stairs.

Lady Answ. Neck or nothing; come down, or I'll fetch you down: Well, but I hope, the poor Fellow has not sav'd the Hangman a Labour.

Neverout.

Neverout. Pray, Madam, Smoke Miss yonder biting her Lips, and playing with her Fan.

Miss. Who's that takes my Name in vain?

She runs up to them, and falls down.

Lady Smart. What, more falling! Do you intend the Frolick should go round?

Lady Answer. Why, Miss, I wish you may not have broke her Ladyship's Floor.

Neverout. Miss, come to me, and I'll take you up.

Lady Sparkish. Well, but without a Jest, I hope, Miss, you are not hurt.

Col. Nay, she must be hurt for certain; for you see, her Head is all of a Lump.

Miss. Well, remember this, Colonel, when I have Money, and you have none.

Lady Smart. But, Colonel, when do you design to get a House, and a Wife, and a Fire to put her in?

Miss. Lord! who would be married to a Soldier, and carry his Knap sack?

Neverout. Oh, Madam: *Mars* and *Venus*, you know.

Col. Egad, Madam, I'd marry To-morrow, if I thought I could bury my Wife just when the Honey-Moon is over; but they say, A Woman has as many Lives as a Cat.

Lady Answer. I find, the Colonel thinks, a dead Wife under the Table is the best Goods in a Man's House.

Lady Smart. O but, Colonel, if you had a good Wife, it would break your Heart to part with her.

Col. Yes, Madam; for they say, He that has lost his Wife and Sixpence, has lost a Tester.

Lady Smart. But, Colonel, they say, That every married Man should believe there's but one good Wife in the World, and that's his own.

Col. For all that, I doubt, a good Wife must be bespoke; for there's none ready made.

Miss. I suppose, the Gentleman's a Woman-Hater; but, Sir, I think, you ought to remember, that you had a Mother: And pray, if it had not been for a Woman, where would you have been, Colonel?

Col. Nay, Miss, you cry'd Whore first, when you talk'd of the Knap-sack.

Lady Answ. But I hope you won't blame the whole Sex, because some are bad.

Neverout. And they say, He that hates a Woman, suck'd a Sow.

Col. Oh! Madam; there's no general Rule without an Exception.

Lady Smart. Then, why don't you marry, and settle?

Col. Egad, Madam, there's nothing will settle me but a Bullet.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, Colonel, there's one Comfort, that you need not fear a Cannon-Bullet.

Col. Why so, my Lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because they say, He was curs'd in his Mother's Belly, that was kill'd by a Cannon-Bullet.

Miss. I suppose, the Colonel was cross'd in his first Love, which makes him so severe on all the Sex.

Lady Answ. Yes; and I'll hold a hundred to one, that the Colonel has been over Head and Ears in Love with some Lady that has made his Heart ake.

Col.

Col. Oh ! Madam, we Soldiers are Admirers of all the fair Sex.

Miss. I wish I could see the Colonel in Love till he was ready to die.

Lady Smart. Ay ; but I doubt, few People die for Love in these Days.

Neverout. Well, I confess, I differ from the Colonel ; for I hope to have a rich and a handsome Wife yet before I die.

Col. Ay, *Tom* ; live Horse, and thou shalt have Grass.

Miss. Well, Colonel ; but whatever you say against Women, they are better Creatures than Men ; for Men were made of Clay, but Woman was made of Man.

Col. Miss, you may say what you please ; but, faith you'll never lead Apes in Hell.

Neverout. No, no ; I'll be sworn Miss has not an Inch of *Num's* Flesh about her.

Miss. I underfumble you, Gentlemen.

Neverout. Madam, your humble-cum-dumble.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, Miss, when did you see your old Acquaintance Mrs. *Cloudy* ? You and She are Two, I hear.

Miss. See her ! marry, I don't care whether I ever see her again ; God bless my Eye-sight.

Lady Answ. Lord ! why she and you were as great as two Inkle-weavers. I've seen her hug you, as the Devil hugg'd the Witch.

Miss. That's true ; but I'm told for certain, she's no better than she should be.

Lady Smart. Well, God mend us all ; but you must allow, the World is very censorious ; I never heard that she was a naughty Pack.

Col.

Col. [to *Neverout*] Come, Sir *Thomas*, when the King pleases, when do you intend to match?

Ld. Sparkish. Have Patience. *Tom*, is your Friend *Ned Rattle* married?

Neverout. Yes, faith, my Lord; he has tied a Knot with his Tongue, that he can never untie with his Teeth.

Lady Smart. Ay; marry in Haste, and repent at Leisure.

Lady Answ. Has he got a good Fortune with his Lady? For they say, Something has some Savour, but Nothing has no Flavour.

Neverout. Faith, Madam, all he gets by her, he may put into his Eye, and see never the worse.

Miss. Then, I believe, he heartily wishes her in *Abraham's Bosom*.

Col. Pray, my Lord, how does *Charles Limber* and his fine Wife agree?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, they say, He's the greatest Cuckold in Town.

Neverout. Oh! but my Lord, you should always except my Lord-Mayor.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout*!

Neverout. Hay, Madam, did you call me?

Miss. Hay; why Hay is for Horses.

Neverout. Why, Miss, then you may kiss—

Col. Pray, my Lord, what's a Clock by your Oracle?

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, I can't tell, I think my Watch runs upon Wheels.

Neverout. Miss, pray be so kind to call a Servant to bring me a Glass of Small Beer; I know you are at Home here.

Miss. Every Fool can do as they're bid: Make a Page of your own Age, and do it yourself.

Neverout. Chuse, proud Fool; I did but ask you.

Miss

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Miss puts her Hand upon her Knee.

Neverout. What! Miss, are you thinking of your Sweet-Heart? is your Garter slipping down?

Miss. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, keep your Breath to cool your Porridge; you measure my Corn by your Bushel.

Neverout. Indeed, Miss, you lye—

Miss. Did you ever hear any thing so rude.

Neverout. I mean, you lye—under a Mistake.

Miss. If a thousand Lyes could choak you, you would have been choak'd many a Day ago.

Miss strives to snatch Neverout's Snuff-Box.

Neverout. Madam, you missed that, as you miss'd your Mother's Blessing.

She tries again, and misses.

Neverout. Snap short makes you look so lean, Miss.

Miss. Poh! you are so robustious, you had like to put out my Eye; I assure you, if you blind me, you must lead me.

Lady Smart. Dear Miss be quiet; and bring me a Pin-cushion out of that Closet.

Miss opens the Closet Door, and squalls.

Lady Smart. Lord bless the Girl! What's the Matter now?

Miss. I vow, Madam, I saw something in Black; I thought it was a Spirit.

Col. Why, Miss, did you ever see a Spirit?

Miss. No, Sir; I thank God, I never saw any thing worse than myself.

Neverout. Well, I did a very foolish thing Yesterday, and was a great Puppy for my Pains.

Miss. Very likely; for they say, Many a true Word's spoke in Jest.

Footman

Footman returns.

Lady Smart. Well, did you deliver your Message? You are fit to be sent for Sorrow, you stay so long by the Way.

Footman. Madam, my Lady was not at Home, so I did not leave the Message.

Lady Smart. This it is to send a Fool of an Errand.

Ld. Sparkish. [*looking at his Watch.*] 'Tis past Twelve a Clock.

Lady Smart. Well, what is that among all us.

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, I must take my Leave: Come, Gentlemen, are you for a March?

Lady Smart. Well, but your Lordship and the Colonel will dine with us To-day; and, Mr. *Neverout*, I hope, we shall have your good Company: There will be no Soul else, besides my own Lord and these Ladies; for every body knows, I hate a Croud; I would rather want Vittles than Elbow-Room: We dine punctually at Three.

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, we'll be sure to attend your Ladyship.

Col. Madam, my Stomach serves me instead of a Clock.

Another Footman comes back.

Lady Smart. Oh! you are the t'other Fellow I sent: Well, have you been with my Lady *Club*? You are good to send of a dead Man's Errand.

Footman. Madam, my Lady *Club* begs your Ladyship's Pardon; but she is engaged To-night.

Miss. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, here's the Back of my Hand to you.

Neverout. Miss, I find you will have the last Word, Ladies, I am more yours than my own.

DIA-

DIALOGUE II.

Lord Smart and the former Company at Three a Clock coming to dine.

After Salutations.

Lord Smart.

IM sorry I was not at Home this Morning, when you all did us the Honour to call here: But I went to the Levee To-day.

Ld. Sparkish. Oh! my Lord; I'm sure the Loss was ours.

Lady Smart. Gentlemen and Ladies, you are come to a sad dirty House; I am sorry for it, but we have had our Hands in Mortar.

Ld. Sparkish. Oh! Madam; your Ladyship is pleas'd to say so; but I never saw any thing so clean and so fine; I profess, it is a perfect Paradise.

Lady Smart. My Lord, your Lordship is always very obliging.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, Madam, whose Picture is that?

Lady Smart. Why, my Lord, it was drawn for me.

Ld. Sparkish. I'll swear, the Painter did not flatter your Ladyship.

Col. My Lord, the Day is finely clear'd up.

Ld. Smart. Ay, Colonel; 'tis a pity that fair Weather should ever do any Harm. *[To Neverout]* Why, Tom, you are high in the Mode.

Neverout.

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Neverout. My Lord, it is better to be out of the World, than out of the Fashion.

Ld. Smart. But, *Tom*, I hear you and Miss are always quarrelling; I fear, it is your Fault; for I can assure you, she is very good-humour'd.

Neverout. Ay, my Lord; so is the Devil when he's pleas'd.

Ld. Smart. Miss, what do you think of my Friend *Tom*?

Miss. My Lord, I think he's not the wisest Man in the Word; and truly he's sometimes very rude.

Ld. Sparkish. That may be true; but, yet, he that hangs *Tom* for a Fool may find a Knave in the Halter.

Miss. Well, however, I wish he were hang'd if it were only to try.

Neverout. Well, Miss, if I must be hang'd, I won't go far to chuse my Gallows; it shall be about your fair Neck.

Miss. I'll see your Nose Cheese first, and the Dogs eating it; But, my Lord, Mr. *Neverout's* Wit begins to run low; for, I vow, he said this before: Pray, Colonel, give him a Pinch, and I'll do as much for you.

Ld. Sparkish. My Lady *Smart*, your Ladyship has a very fine Scarf.

Lady Smart. Yes, my Lord; it will make a flaming Figure in a Country Church.

Footman comes in.

Footman. Madam, Dinner's upon the Table.

Col. Faith. I am glad of it; my Belly began to cry Cupboard.

Neverout. I wish I may never hear worse News.

Miss.

Miss. What! Mr. *Neverout*, you are in great Haste; I believe your Belly thinks your Throat is cut.

Neverout. No, Faith, *Miss*; three Meals a Day, and a good Supper at Night will serve my Turn.

Miss. To say the Truth, I'm hungry.

Neverout. And I'm angry; and to let us both go fight.

They go in to Dinner, and, after the usual Compliments, take their Seats.

Lady Smart. Ladies and Gentlemen, will you eat any Oysters before Dinner?

Col. With all my Heart. [*Takes an Oyster*] He was a bold Man that first eat an Oyster.

Lady Smart. They say, Oysters are a cruel Meat, because we eat them alive: Then they are an uncharitable Meat, for we leave nothing to the Poor; and they are an ungodly Meat, because we never say Grace.

Neverout. Faith, that's as well said, as if I had said it myself.

Lady Smart. Well, we are well set, if we be but as well serv'd: Come, Colonel, handle your Arms: shall I help you to some Beef?

Col. If your Ladyship please; and, pray, don't cut like a Mother-in-Law, but send me a large Slice; for I love to lay a good Foundation: I vow, 'tis a noble Sir-loyn.

Neverout. Ay; here's cut, and come again.

Miss. But pray, why is it call'd a Sir-loyn?

Ld. Smart. Why, you must know, that our King *James the First*, who lov'd good Eating, being invited to Dinner by one of his Nobles, and seeing a large

large Loyn of Beef at his Table, he drew out his Sword, and, in a Frolic, knighted it. Few People know the Secret of this.

Ld. Sparkish. Beef is Man's Meat, my Lord.

Ld. Smart. But, my Lord, I say, Beef is the King of Meat.

Miss. Pray, what have I done, that I must not have a Plate?

Lady Smart. [to *Lady Answ.*] What will your Ladyship please to eat?

Lady Answ. Pray, Madam, help yourself.

Col. They say, Eating and Scratching wants but a Beginning: If you will give me leave, I'll help myself to a Slice of this Shoulder of Veal.

Lady Smart. Colonel, you can't do a kinder thing: Well, you are all heartily welcome, as I may say.

Col. They say there are thirty and two good Bits in a Shoulder of Veal.

Lady Smart. Ay, Colonel; thirty bad Bits, and two good ones: You, see, I understand you; but I hope you have got one of the two good ones.

Neverout. Colonel, I'll be of your Mess.

Col. Then pray, *Tom*, carve for yourself: They say, two Hands in a Dish, and one in a Purse: Hah! said I well, *Tom*?

Neverout. Colonel, you spoke like an Oracle.

Miss. [to *Lady Answ.*] Madam, will your Ladyship help me to some Fish?

Ld. Smart. [to *Neverout.*] *Tom*, they say Fish should swim thrice.

Neverout. How is that, my Lord?

Ld. Smart. Why, *Tom*, first it should swim in the Sea (Do you mind me?) then it should swim in Butter;

Butter ; and at last, Sirrah, it should swim in good Claret. I think I have made it out.

Footman. [to *Ld. Smart.*] My Lord, Sir *John Linger* is coming up.

Ld. Smart. God so ! I invited him to dine with me to-day, and forgot it : Well, desire him to walk in.

[*Sir John Linger comes in.*]

Sir John. What ! are you at it ? Why, then, I'll be gone.

Lady Smart. Sir *John*, I beg you will sit down ; Come, the more the merrier.

Sir John. Ay ; but the fewer the better Cheer.

Lady Smart. Well, I am the worst in the World at making Apologies ; it was my Lord's Fault : I doubt you must kiss the Hare's Foot.

Sir John. I see you are fast by the Teeth.

Col. Faith, Sir *John*, we are killing that, that would kill us.

Ld. Sparkish. You see, Sir *John*, we are upon a Business of Life and Death : Come, will you do as we do ? You are come in Pudding-time.

Sir John. Ay ; this would be doing, if I were dead. What ! you keep Court-Hours I see : I'll be going, and get a Bit of Meat at my Inn.

Lady Smart. Why, we won't eat you, Sir *John*.

Sir John. It is my own Fault ; but I was kept by a Fellow who bought some *Derbyshire Oxen* of me.

Newerout. You see, Sir *John*, we staid for you as one Horse does for another.

Lady Smart. My Lord, will you help Sir *John* to some Beef ? *Lady Answerall*, pray eat, you see

your Dinner: I am sure, if we had known we should have such good Company, we should have been better provided; but you must take the Will for the Deed. I'm afraid you are invited to your Loss.

Col. And pray, *Sir John*, how do you like the Town? You have been absent a long time.

Sir John. Why, I find little *London* stands just where it did when I left it last.

Neverout. What do you think of *Handover-Square*? Why, *Sir John*, *London* is gone out of Town since you saw it.

Lady Smart. *Sir John*, I can only say, you are heartily welcome; and I wish I had something better for you.

Col. Here's no Salt; Cuckolds will run away with the Meat.

Ld. Smart. Pray edge a little; to make more Room for *Sir John*: *Sir John*, fall to; you know, half an Hour is soon lost at Dinner.

Sir John. I protest I can't eat a Bit, for I took Share of a Beef-stake and two Mugs of Ale with my Chapman, besides a Tankard of *March Beer*, as soon as I got out of my Bed.

Lady Answ. Not fresh and fasting, I hope?

Sir John. Yes, Faith, Madam; I always wash my Kettle before I put the Meat in it.

Lady Smart. Poh! *Sir John*, you have seen nine Houses since you eat last: Come, you have kept a Corner of your Stomach for a Piece of Venison-Patty.

Sir John. Well, I'll try what I can do when it comes up.

Lady Answ. Come, *Sir John*, you may go further, and fare worse.

Miss.

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Miss. [to *Newerout*] Pray, Mr. *Newerout*, will you please to send me a Piece of Tongue?

Newerout. By no means, Madam; one Tongue's enough for a Woman.

Col. *Miss*, here's a Tongue that never told a Lye.

Miss. That was because it could not speak. Why, Colonel, I never told a Lye in my Life.

Newerout. I appeal to all the Company, whether that be not the greatest Lye that ever was told.

Col. [to *Newerout*.] *Prithee, Tom*, send me the Two Legs, and Rump and Liver of that Pigeon; for, you must know, I love what nobody else loves.

Newerout. But what if any of the Ladies should long? Well, here take it, and the D—I do you good with it.

Lady Answ. Well; this eating and drinking takes away a Body's Stomach.

Newerout. I am sure I have lost mine.

Miss. What! the Bottom of it, I suppose.

Newerout. No, really, *Miss*; I have quite lost it.

Miss. I should be very sorry a poor Body had found it.

Lady Smart. But, Sir *John*, we hear you are married since we saw you last: What! you have stolen a Wedding, it seems.

Sir John. Well; one can't do a foolish Thing once in one's Life, but one must hear of it a hundred Times.

Col. And pray, Sir *John*, how does your Lady unknown.

Sir John. My Wife's well, Colonel, and at your Service in a civil Way. Ha, ha, [He laughs.

Miss. Pray, *Sir John*, is your Lady tall or short?

Sir John. Why, *Miss*, I thank God, she is a Little Evil.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, give me a Glass of Claret.

Footman fills him a Bumper.

Ld. Sparkish. Why do you fill so much?

Neverout. My Lord, he fills as he loves you.

Lady Smart. *Miss*, shall I send you some Cow-comber?

Miss. Madam, I dare not touch it; for they say, Cowcombers are cold in the third Degree.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, do you love Pudden?

Neverout. Madam, I'm like all Fools, I love every Thing that is good; but the Proof of the Pudden is in the eating.

Col. *Sir John*, I hear you are a great Walker when you are at Home.

Sir John. No, faith, Colonel; I always love to walk with a Horse in my Hand: But I have had devilish bad Luck in Horse-flesh of late.

Ld. Smart. Why then, *Sir John*, you must kiss a Parson's Wife.

Lady Smart. They say, *Sir John*, that your Lady has a great deal of Wit.

Sir John. Madam, she can make a Pudden; and has just Wit enough to know her Husband's Breeches from another Man's.

Ld. Smart. My Lord *Sparkish*, I have some excellent Cyder; will you please to taste it?

Ld. Sparkish. My Lord, I should like it well enough, if it were not so treacherous.

Ld. Smart. Pray, my Lord, how is it treacherous?

Ld. Sparkish. Because it smiles in my Face, and cuts my Throat. [Here a loud Laugh.]

Miss. Odd-so! Madam; your Knives are very sharp, for I have cut my Finger.

Lady Smart. I am sorry for it; pray, which Finger? (God bless the Mark.)

Miss. Why, this Finger: No, 'tis this: I vow I can't find which it is.

Neverout. Ay; the Fox had a Wound, and he could not tell where, &c. Bring some Water to throw in her Face.

Miss. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, did you ever draw a Sword in Anger? I warrant you would faint at the Sight of your own Blood.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, shall I send you some Veal?

Neverout. No, Madam; I don't love it.

Miss. Then pray for them that do. I desire your Ladyship will send me a Bit.

Ld. Smart. Tom, my Service to you.

Neverout. My Lord, this Moment I did myself the Honour to drink to your Lordship.

Ld. Smart. Why then that's *Hartfordshire* Kindness.

Neverout. Faith, my Lord, I pledged myself; for I drank twice together without thinking.

Ld. Sparkish. Why then, Colonel, my humble Service to you.

Neverout. Pray, my Lord, don't make a Bridge of my Nose.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, a Glass of this Wine is as comfortable as Matrimony to an old Woman.

Col. Sir John, I design one of these Days to come and beat up your Quarters in *Derbyshire*.

Sir John. Faith, Colonel, come, and welcome; and stay away, and heartily welcome: But you were born within the Sound of *Bow Bell*, and don't care to stir so far from *London*.

Miss. Pray, Colonel, send me some Fritters.

Colonel takes them out with his Hand.

Col. Here, *Miss*; they say, Fingers were made before Forks, and Hands before Knives.

Lady Smart. Methinks this Pudden is too much boil'd.

Lady Answ. Oh! Madam, they say, A Pudden is Poison, when it is too much boil'd.

Neverout. *Miss*, shall I help you to a Pigeon? Here's a Pigeon so finely roasted, it cries, Come eat me.

Miss. No, Sir; I thank you.

Neverout. Why, then you may chuse.

Miss. I have chosen already.

Neverout. Well, you may be worse offer'd, before you are twice married.

The Colonel fills a large Plate of Soupe.

Ld. Smart. Why, Colonel, you don't mean to eat all that Soupe?

Col. O my Lord, this is my sick Dish; when I am well, I'll have a bigger.

Miss. [to *Col.*] Sup, *Simon*; very good Broth.

Neverout. This seems to be a good Pullet.

Miss. I warrant, Mr. *Neverout* knows what's good for himself.

Ld. Sparkish. *Tom*, I shan't take your Word for it; help me to a Wing.

Neverout

Neverout tries to cut off a Wing.

Neverout. Egad, I can't hit the Joint.

Ld. Sparkish. Why then, think of a Cuckold.

Neverout. Oh! now I have nick'd it.

[Gives it Ld. Sparkish.]

Ld. Sparkish. Why, a Man may eat this, tho' his Wife lay a dying.

Col. Pray, Friend, give me a Glafs of Small Beer, if it be good.

Ld. Smart. Why, Colonel, they say, There is no such Thing as good Small Beer, good Brown Bread, or a good Old Woman.

Lady Smart. *[to Lady Answ.]* Madam, I beg your Ladyship's Pardon; I did not see you when I was cutting that Bit.

Lady Answ. Oh! Madam; after you is good Manners.

Lady Smart. Lord! here's a Hair in the Sauce.

Ld. Sparkish. Then set the Hounds after it.

Neverout. Pray, Colonel, help me however to some of that same Sauce.

Col. Come; I think you are more Sauce than Pig.

Ld. Smart. Sir *John*, chear up: My Service to you: Well, what do you think of the World to come?

Sir John. Truly, my Lord, I think of it as little as I can.

Lady Smart. *[putting a Scewer on a Plate.]* Here, take this Scewer, and carry it down to the Cook, to dress it for her own Dinner.

Neverout. I beg your Ladyship's Pardon; but this Small Beer is dead.

Lady Smart. Why, then, let it be bury'd.

Col. This is admirable Black Pudden: Miss, shall I carve you some? I can just carve Pudden, and that's all; I am the worst Carver in the World; I should never make a good Chaplain.

Miss. No, thank ye, Colonel; for they say, Those that eat Black Pudden will dream of the Devil.

Ld. Smart. O, here comes the Venison-Pasty: Here, take the Soupe away.

Ld. Smart. [*He cuts it up, and tastes the Venison.*] 'Sbuds! this Venison is musty.

Neverout eats a Piece, and it burns his Mouth.

Ld. Smart. What's the Matter, Tom? You have Tears in your Eyes, I think: What dost cry for, Man?

Neverout. My Lord, I was just thinking of my poor Grandmother; she died just this very Day Seven Years.

Miss takes a Bit, and burns her Mouth.

Neverout. And, pray, Miss, why do you cry too?

Miss. Because you were not hang'd the Day your Grandmother died.

Ld. Smart. I'd have given Forty Pounds, Miss, to have said that.

Col. Egad, I think, the more I eat, the hungrier I am.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, Colonel, they say, One Shoulder of Mutton drives down another.

Neverout.

Neverout. Egad, if I were to fast for my Life, I would take a good Breakfast in the Morning, a good Dinner at Noon, and a good Supper at Night.

Ld. Sparkish. My Lord, this Venison is plaguily pepper'd; your Cook has a heavy Hand.

Ld. Smart. My Lord, I hope, you are Pepper-proof: Come, here's a Health to the Founders.

Lady Smart. Ay; and to the Confounders too.

Ld. Smart. *Lady Answerall*, does not your Ladyship love Venison?

Lady Answ. No, my Lord, I can't endure it in my Sight; therefore please to send me a good Piece of Meat and Crust.

Ld. Sparkish. [*drinks to Neverout.*] Come, *Tam*; not always to my Friends, but once to you.

Neverout. [*drinks to Lady Smart.*] Come, Madam; here's a Health to our Friends, and hang the rest of our Kin.

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Answ.*] Madam, will your Ladyship have any of this Hare?

Lady Answ. No, Madam; they say, 'Tis melancholy Meat.

Lady Smart. Then, Madam, shall I send you the Brains? I beg your Ladyship's Pardon; for they say, 'Tis not good Manners to offer Brains.

Lady Answ. No, Madam; for perhaps it will make me hare-brain'd.

Neverout. Mifs, I must tell you one thing.

Mifs. [*with a Glass in her Hand.*] Hold your Tongue, Mr. *Neverout*; don't speak in my Tip.

Col. Well, he was an ingenious Man, that first found out eating and drinking.

Ld. Sparkish. Of all Vittles Drink digests the quickest: Give me a Glass of Wine.

Neverout. My Lord, your Wine is too strong.

Ld.

Ld. Smart. Ay, *Tom*; as much as you are too good.

Miss. This Almond Pudden was pure good; but it is grown quite cold.

Neverout. So much the better, *Miss*; cold Pudden will settle your Love.

Miss. Pray, *Mr. Neverout*, are you going to take a Voyage?

Neverout. Why do you ask, *Miss*?

Miss. Because you have laid in so much Beef.

Sir John. You Two have eat up the whole Pudden betwixt you.

Miss. *Sir John*, here's a little Bit left; will you please to have it?

Sir John. No, thankee; I don't love to make a Fool of my Mouth.

Col. [*calling to the Butler.*] *John*, is your Small Beer good?

Butler. An please your Honour, my Lord and Lady like it; I think it is good.

Col. Why then, *John*, d'ye see? if you are sure your Small Beer is good, d'ye mark? Then, give me a Glas of Wine. [*All laugh.*]

Colonel tasting the Wine.

Ld. Smart. *Sir John*, how does your Neighbour *Gatherall* of the *Peak*? I hear, he has lately made a Purchase.

Sir John. Oh, *Dick Gatherall* knows how to butter his Bread, as well as any Man in *Darbyshire*.

Ld. Smart. Why, he us'd to go very fine, when he was here in Town.

Sir John. Ay; and it became him, as a Saddle becomes a Sow.

Col.

Col. I know his Lady, and I think she is a very good Woman.

Sir John. Faith, she has more Goodness in her little Finger, than he has in his whole Body.

Ld. Smart. Well, Colonel, how do you like that Wine?

Col. This Wine should be eaten; it is too good to be drunk.

Ld. Smart. I'm very glad you like it; and pray don't spare it.

Col. No, my Lord; I'll never starve in a Cook's Shop.

Ld. Smart. And pray, Sir John, What do you say to my Wine?

Sir John. I'll take another Glas first; second Thoughts are best.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, Lady Smart, you sit near that Ham; will you please to send me a Bit?

Lady Smart. With all my Heart.
[She sends him a Piece.] Pray, my Lord, how do you like it?

Ld. Sparkish. I think it is a Limb of *Lol's* Wife.
[He eats it with Mustard] Egad, my Lord, your Mustard is very uncivil.

Lady Smart. Why uncivil, my Lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because it takes me by the Nose, egad.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, I find you are a very good Carver.

Col. O Madam, that is no Wonder; for you must know, *Tom Neverout* carves a Sundays.

Neverout overturns the Salt-celler.

Lady

Lady Smarts. Mr. *Neverout*, you have overturn'd the Salt, and that's a Sign of Anger: I'm afraid, Miss and You will fall out.

Lady Answ. No, no; throw a little of it into the Fire, and all will be well.

Neverout. O Madam, the Falling out of Lovers, you know.

Miss. Lovers! very fine! fall out with him! I wonder when we were in.

Sir John. For my Part, I believe, the young Gentlewoman is his Sweetheart; there's so much Fooling and Fidling betwixt them: I'm sure, they say in our Country, that shiddle-come-sh—'s the Beginning of Love.

Miss. I own, I love Mr. *Neverout*, as the Devil loves Holy Water: I love him like Pye, I'd rather the Devil had him than I.

Neverout. Miss, I'll tell you one thing.

Miss. Come, her's t'ye, to stop your Mouth.

Neverout. I'd rather you would stop it with a Kifs.

Miss. A Kifs! marry come up, my dirty Cousin; are you no ficker? Lord! I wonder what Fool it was that first invented Kissing!

Neverout. Well, I'm very dry.

Miss. Then you're the better to burn, and the worse to fry.

Lady Answ. God bless you Colonel; you have a good Stroke with you.

Col. O Madam; formerly I could eat all, but now I leave nothing; I eat but one Meal a Day.

Miss. What! I suppose, Colonel, that from Morning till Night.

Neverout. Faith, Miss; and well was his Wont.

Ld. Smart. Pray, *Lady Answerall*, taste this Bit of Venison.

Lady Answ. I hope, your Lordship will set me a good Example.

Ld. Smart. Here's a Glass of Cyder fill'd : *Miss*, you must drink it.

Miss. Indeed, my Lord, I can't.

Newerout. Come, *Miss*; better Belly burst, than good Liquor be lost.

Miss. Pish ! well in Life there was never any thing so teizing ; I had rather shed it in my Shoes : I wish it were in your Guts, for my Share.

Ld. Smart. Mr. *Newerout*, you han't tasted my Cyder yet.

Newerout. No, my Lord : I have been just eating Soupe ; and they say, If one drinks in one's Porridge, one will cough in one's Grave.

Ld. Smart. Come, take *Miss*'s Glass, she wish'd it was in your Guts ; let her have her Wish for once : Ladies can't abide to have their Inclinations cross'd.

Lady Smart. [to *Sir John*] I think, *Sir John*, you have not tasted the Venison yet.

Sir John. I seldom eat it, Madam ; However, please to send me a little of the Crust.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, *Sir John*, you had as good eat the Devil, as the Broth he's boil'd in.

Col. Well, this Eating and Drinking takes away a body's Stomach, as *Lady Answerall* says.

Newerout. I have dined as well as my Lord Mayor.

Miss. I thought I could have eaten this Wing of a Chicken ; but my Eye's bigger than my Belly.

Ld. Smart. Indeed, *Lady Answerall*, you have eaten nothing.

Lady

Lady Answ. Pray, my Lord, see all the Bones on my Plate: They say, a Carpenter's known by his Chips.

Neverout. Miss, will you reach me that Glass of Jelly?

Miss. [giving it to him] You see, 'tis but ask and have.

Neverout. Miss, I would have a bigger Glass.

Miss. What? you don't know your own Mind; you are neither well, full nor fasting; I think that is enough.

Neverout. Ay, one of the Enoughs; I am sure it is little enough.

Miss. Yes; but you know, sweet Things are bad for the Teeth.

Neverout. [to *Lady Answ.*] Madam, I don't like that Part of the Veal you sent me.

Lady Answ. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, I find you are a true *Englishman*, you never know when you are well.

Col. Well, I have made my whole Dinner of Beef.

Lady Answ. Why, Colonel, a Belly-full's a Belly-full, if it be but of Wheat-straw.

Col. Well, after all, Kitchen-Physic is the best Physic.

Ld. Smart. And the best Doctors in the World are Doctor *Dyet*, Doctor *Quiet*, and Doctor *Merryman*.

Ld. Sparkish. What do you think of a little House well fill'd?

Sir John. And a little Land well till'd?

Col. Ay; And a little Wife well will'd?

Neverout. My Lady *Smart*, pray help me to some of the Breast of that Goose.

Ld. Smart. Tom, I have heard that Goose upon Goose is false Heraldry.

Miss. What! will you never have done stuffing?

Ld. Smart. This Goose is quite raw: Well, God sends Meat, but the Devil sends Cooks.

Neverout. Miss, can you tell which is the Gander, the white Goose, or the grey Goose.

Miss. They say, a Fool will ask more Questions than the wisest body can answer.

Col. Indeed, Miss, Tom Neverout has posed you.

Miss. Why, Colonel, every Dog has his Day; but, I believe, I shall never see a Goose again without thinking on Mr. Neverout.

Ld. Smart. Well said, Miss; faith, Girl, thou hast brought thyself off cleverly. Tom, what say you to that?

Col. Faith, Tom, is nonplust; he looks plaguily down in the Mouth.

Miss. Why, my Lord, you see he is the provokingest Creature in Life; I believe there is not such another in the varshal World.

Lady Answ. Oh, Miss! the World's a wide Place.

Neverout. Well, Miss, I'll give you Leave to call me any thing, if you don't call me Spade.

Ld. Smart. Well, but, after all, Tom, can you tell me what's Latin for a Goose?

Neverout. O, my Lord, I know that; why Brandy is Latin for a Goose, and Tace is Latin for a Candle.

Miss. Is that Manners, to shew your Learning before Ladies? Methinks you are grown very brisk of a sudden; I think the Man's glad he's alive.

Sir

Sir John. The Devil take your Wit, if this be Wit; for it spoils Company: Pray, *Mr. Butler*, bring me a Dram after my Goose; 'tis very good for the Wholsomes.

Ld. Smart. Come, bring me the Loaf; I sometimes love to cut my own Bread.

Miss. I suppose, my Lord, you lay longest a-bed To-day.

Ld. Smart. Miss, if I had said so, I should have told a Fib; I warrant you lay a-bed till the Cows came Home: But, Miss, shall I cut you a little Crust now my Hand is in?

Miss. If you please, my Lord, a Bit of Under-crust.

Neverout. [*whispering Miss.*] I find you love to lie under.

Miss. [*aloud, pushing him from her.*] What does the Man mean! Sir, I don't understand you at all.

Neverout. Come, all Quarrels laid aside: Here, Miss, may you live a thousand Years. [*He drinks to her.*]

Miss. Pray, Sir, don't flint me.

Ld. Smart. *Sir John*, will you taste my *Ozober*? I think it is very good; but I believe not equal to your's in *Darbyshire*.

Sir John. My Lord, I beg your Pardon; but they say, The Devil made Askers.

Ld. Smart. [*to the Butler.*] Here bring up the great Tankard full of *Ozober* for *Sir John*.

Col. [*drinking to Miss.*] Miss, your Health; may you live all the Days of your Life.

Lady Answ. Well, Miss, you'll certainly be soon marry'd; here's Two Batchelors drinking to you at once.

Lady Smart. Indeed, Miss, I believe you were wrapt in your Mother's Smock, you are so well belov'd.

Miss.

Miss. Where's my Knife? Sure I han't eaten it. Oh; here it is.

Sir John. No, Miss; but your Maidenhead hangs in your Light.

Miss. Pray, *Sir John*, is that a *Darbyshire* Compliment? Here, *Mr. Neverout*, will you take this Piece of Rabbit that you bid me carve for you?

Neverout. I don't know.

Miss. Why, take it, or let it alone.

Neverout. I will.

Miss. What will you.

Neverout. Why, I'll take it, or let it alone.

Miss. You are a provoking Creature.

Sir John [talking with a Glass of Wine in his Hand] I remember a Farmer in our Country—

Ld. Smart. [interrupting him.] Pray, *Sir John*, did you ever hear of *Parson Palmer*?

Sir John. No, my Lord; what of him?

Ld. Smart. Why, he used to preach over his Liquor.

Sir John. I beg your Pardon; here's your Lordship's Health: I'd drink it up, if it were a Mile to the Bottom.

Lady Smart. *Mr. Neverout*, have you been at the new Play?

Neverout. Yes, Madam, I went the first Night.

Lady Smart. Well, and how did it take?

Neverout. Why, Madam, the Poet is damn'd.

Sir John. God forgive you! that's very uncharitable: You ought not to judge so rashly of any Christian.

Neverout. [whispers *Lady Smart*.] Was ever such a Dunce? How well he knows the Town! See how he stares like a Stuck-Pig! Well, but, *Sir John*,

are you acquainted with any of our fine Ladies yet?
any of our famous Toasts?

Sir John. No; damp your Fire-ships, I have a
Wife of my own.

Lady Smart. Pray, my Lady *Answerall*, how do
you like these preserv'd Oranges?

Lady Answerall. Indeed, Madam, the only Fault I
find is, that they are too good.

Lady Smart. O Madam! I have heard 'em say,
that too good is stark naught.

Miss drinking Part of a Glass of Wine.

Neverout. Pray, let me drink your Snuff.

Miss. (No, indeed, you shan't drink after me; for
you'll know my Thoughts.

Neverout. I know them already; you are think-
ing of a good Husband. Besides, I can tell your
Meaning by your Mumping.

Lady Smart. Pray, my Lord, did not you order
the Butler to bring up a Tankard of our *October* to
Sir John? I believe, they stay to brew it.

The Butler brings up the Tankard to Sir John.

Sir John. Won't your Ladyship please to drink
first?

Lady Smart. No, *Sir John*; 'tis in a very good
Hand; I'll pledge you.

Colonel. *Lady Smart.* My Lord, I love *October* as
well as *Sir John*; and I hope, you won't make Fish
of one, and Flesh of another.

Ld. Smart. Colonel, you're heartily welcome.
Come, *Sir John*, take it by Word of Mouth, and
then give it the Colonel.

Sir

Sir John drinks.

Ld. Smart. Well, *Sir John*, how do you like it?

Sir John. Not as well as my own in *Derbyshire*; 'tis plaguy small.

Lady Smart. I never taste Malt-Liquor; but they say, 'tis well hopt.

Sir John. Hopt! why, if it had hopp'd a little further, it would have hopp'd into the River. O my Lord, my Ale is Meat, Drink, and Cloth; it will make a Cat speak, and a wise Man dumb.

Lady Smart. I was told, ours was very strong.

Sir John. Ay, Madam, strong of the Water. I believe the Brewer forgot the Malt, or the River was too near him. Faith, it is mere Whip-Belly-Vengeance; he that drinks most has the worst Share.

Col. I believe, *Sir John*, Ale is as Plenty as Water at your House.

Sir John. Why, faith, at *Christmas* we have many Comers and Goers; and they must not be sent away without a Cup of *Christmas* Ale, for fear they should go behind the Door.

Lady Smart. I hear, *Sir John* has the nicest Garden in *England*; they say, 'tis kept so clean, that you can't find a Place where to spit.

Sir John. O Madam, you are pleased to say so.

Lady Smart. But, *Sir John*, your Ale is terrible strong and heady in *Derbyshire*, and will soon make one drunk and sick; what do you then?

Sir John. Why, indeed, it is apt to fox one; but our Way is, to take a Hair of the same Dog next Morning. I take a new-laid Egg for Breakfast;

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and faith, one should drink as much after an Egg as after an Ox.

Ld. Smart. Tom Neverout, will you taste a Glas of the *Ox*?

Neverout. No, faith, my Lord; I like your Wine, and I won't put a Churl upon a Gentleman; your Honour's Claret is good enough for me.

Lady Smart. What! is this Pigeon left for Manners? Colonel, shall I send you the Legs and Rump?

Col. Madam, I could not eat a Bit more, if the House was full.

Ld. Smart. [*carving a Partridge*] Well; one may ride to Runford upon this Knife, it is so blunt.

Lady Answ. My Lord, I beg your Pardon; but they say, An ill Workman never had good Tools.

Ld. Smart. Will your Lordship have a Wing of it?

Ld. Sparkish. No, my Lord; I love the Wing of an Ox a great deal better.

Ld. Smart. I'm always cold after eating.

Col. My Lord, they say, That's a Sign of long Life.

Ld. Smart. Ay; I believe I shall live till all my Friends are weary of me.

Col. Pray, does any Body here hate Cheese? I would be glad of a Bit.

Ld. Smart. An odd kind of Fellow dined with me t'other Day; and when the Cheese came upon the Table, he pretended to faint; so somebody said, Pray, take away the Cheese: No, said I; Pray, take away the Fool: Said I well?

Here

Here a large and loud Laugh.

Col. Faith, my Lord, you serv'd the Coxcomb right enough; and therefore I wish we had a Bit of your Lordship's *Oxfordshire* Cheese.

Ld. Smart. Come, hang Saving; bring us up a Halfp'orth of Cheese.

Lady Answ. They say, Cheese digests every thing but itself.

A Footman brings a great wheel Cheese.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay; this would look handsome, if any body should come in.

Sir John. Well; I'm weily brotten, as the sayn in *Lancashire*.

Lady Smart. O! *Sir John*; I wou'd I had something to brost you withal.

Ld. Smart. Come, they say, 'tis merry in the Hall when Beards wag all.

Lady Smart. Miss, shall I help you to some Cheese, or will you carve for yourself?

Neverout. I'll hold Fifty Pounds, Miss won't cut the Cheese.

Miss. Pray, why so, Mr. *Neverout*?

Neverout. Oh, there is a Reason, and you know it well enough.

Miss. I can't for my Life understand what the Gentleman means.

Ld. Smart. Pray, *Tom*, change the Discourse: In Troth you are too bad.

Col. [*whispers Neverout*] Smoke Miss; faith you have made her fret like Gum-Taffety.

Lady Smart. Well, but, Miss, (hold your Tongue, Mr. *Neverout*) shall I cut you a Piece of Cheese?

Q3

Miss.

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Miss. No, really, Madam; I have dined this half Hour.

Lady Smart. What! Quick at Meat, quick at Work, they say.

Sir John nods.

Ld. Smart. What! are you sleepy, Sir John? do you sleep after Dinner?

Sir John. Yes, faith; I sometimes take a Nap after my Pipe: for when the Belly is full, the Bones would be at Rest.

Lady Smart. Come, Colonel; help yourself, and your Friends will love you the better. [*To Lady Anst.*]

Madam your Ladyship eats nothing.

Lady Anst. Lord, Madam, I have fed like a Farmer; I shall grow as fat as a Porpoise; I swear, my Jaws are weary of chewing.

Col. I have a Mind to eat a Piece of that Surgeon; but fear it will make me sick.

Neverout. A rare Soldier indeed! Eat it alone, and I warrant it won't hurt you.

Col. Well; but it would vex a Dog to see a Pudden creep.

Sir John rises.

Ld. Smart. Sir John, what are you doing?

Sir John. Swolks, I must be going, by'r Lady. I have earnest Business; I must do as the Beggars do, go away when I have got enough.

Ld. Smart. Well, but stay till this Bottle's out; you know, the Man was hang'd that left his Liquor behind him: And besides, a Cup in the Face is a

Mild

Mile in the Gate; and a Spur in the Head is worth two in the Heel.

Sir John. Come then, one Brimmer to all your Healths. [*The Footman gives him a Glasse half full.*]

Pray, Friend, what was the rest of this Glasse made for? An Inch at the Top, Friend, is worth two at the Bottom. [*He gets a Brimmer, and drinks it off.*]

Well, there's no Deceit in a Brimmer, and there's no false *Latin* in this; your Wine is excellent good, so I thank you for the next, for I am sure of this: Madam, has your Ladyship any Commands in *Dartmouth*? I must go Fifteen Miles To-Night.

Lady Smart. None, *Sir John*, but to take Care of Yourself; and my most humble Service to your Lady unknown.

Sir John. Well, Madam, I can but love and thank you.

Lady Smart. Here, bring Water to wash; thou really, you have all eaten so little, that you have not need to wash your Mouths.

Ld. Smart. But, prithee, *Sir John*, stay a while longer.

Sir John. No, my Lord: I am to smoke a Pipe with a Friend before I leave the Town.

Col. Why, *Sir John*, had not you better set out To-morrow?

Sir John. Colonel, you forget To-morrow is Sunday.

Col. Now I always love to begin a Journey on Sundays, because I shall have the Prayers of the Church, to preserve all that Gravel by Land, or by Water.

Sir John. Well, Colonel; thou art a mad Fellow to make a Priest of.

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Neverout. Fie, Sir *John*, do you take Tobacco? How can you make a Chimney of your Mouth?

Sir John (to *Neverout*) What! you don't smoke, I warrant you, but you smock. (Ladies, I beg your Pardon.) Colonel, do you never smoke?

Col. No, Sir *John*; but I take a Pipe sometimes.

Sir John. I faith, one of your finical *London* Blades dined with me last Year in *Darbyshire*; so, after Dinner, I took a Pipe; so my Gentleman turn'd away his Head: So, said I, What Sir, do you never smoke? So, he answered as you do, Colonel; No, but I sometimes take a Pipe: So, he took a Pipe in his Hand, and fiddled with it till he broke it: So, said I, Pray, Sir, can you make a Pipe? So, he said, No; so, said I, Why, then, Sir, if you can't make a Pipe, you should not break a Pipe; so, we all laugh'd.

Ld. Smart. Well; but, Sir *John*, they say, That the Corruption of Pipes is the Generation of Stop-pers.

Sir John. Colonel, I hear, you go sometimes to *Darbyshire*; I wish you would come and foul a Plate with me.

Col. I hope, you'll give me a Soldier's Bottle.

Sir John. Come, and try. Mr. *Neverout*, you are a Town-Wit; can you tell me what kind of Herb is Tobacco?

Neverout. Why, an *Indian* Herb, Sir *John*.

Sir John. No, 'tis a Pot Herb; and so here's 't'ye in a Pot of my Lord's *Osburn's* smoking of Tobacco.

Lady Smart. I hear, Sir *John*, since you are married, you have forsworn the Town.

Sir John. No, Madam; I never forswore any thing but building of Churches.

Lady

Lady Smart. Well; but *Sir John*, when may we hope to see you again in *London*?

Sir John. Why, *Madam*, not till the Ducks have eat up the Dirt, as the Children say.

Neverous. Come, *Sir John*: I foresee it will rain terribly.

Lady Smart. Come, *Sir John*, do nothing rashly; let us drink first.

Ld. Sparkish. I know *Sir John* will go, tho' he was sure it would rain Cats and Dogs: But pray, stay, *Sir John*; you'll be time enough to go to Bed by Candle-light.

Ld. Smart. Why, *Sir John*, if you must needs go; while you stay, make Use of your Time: Here's my Service to you, a Health to our Friends in *Darbyshire*: Come, sit down; let us put off the evil Hour as long as we can.

Sir John. Faith, I could not drink a Drop more, if the House was full.

Col. Why, *Sir John*, you used to love a Glass of good Wine in former Times.

Sir John. Why, so I do still, *Colonel*; but a Man may love his House very well, without riding on the Ridge: Besides, I must be with my Wife on *Tuesday*, or there will be the Devil and all to pay.

Col. Well, if you go To-day, I wish you may be wet to the Skin.

Sir John. Ay; but they say, The Prayers of the Wicked won't prevail.

Sir John takes leave, and goes away.

Ld. Smart. Well, Miss, how do you like *Sir John*?

Miss.

224 *Polite CONVERSATION.*

Miss. Why, I think, he's a little upon the silly, or so: I believe, he has not all the Wit in the World; but I don't pretend to be a Judge.

Neverout. Faith, I believe, he was bred at *Hog's Norton*, where the Hogs play upon the Organ.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, *Tom*, I thought You and He were Hand and Glove.

Neverout. Faith, he shall have a clean Threshold for me; I never darkened his Door in my Life, neither in Town nor Country; but he's a queer old Duke, by my Conscience; and yet, after all, I take him to be more Knave than Fool.

Ed. Sparkish. Well, come, a Man's a Man, if he has but a Nose on his Face.

Col. I was once with him and some other Company over a Bottle; and, egad, he fell asleep, and snor'd so hard, that we thought he was driving his Hogs to Market.

Neverout. Why, what! you can have no more of a Cat than her Skin; you can't make a Silk Purse out of a Sow's Ear.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, since he's gone, the Devil go with him and Sixpence; and there's Money and Company too.

Neverout. Faith, he's a true Country Put. Pray, *Miss*, let me ask you a Question.

Miss. Well, but don't ask Questions with a dirty Face: I warrant, what you have to say will keep cold.

Col. Come, my Lord, against you are disposed; Here's to all that love and honour you.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, that was always *Dick Nimble's* Health. I'm sure you know he's dead.

Col.

Col. Dead! Well, my Lord, you love to be a Messenger of ill News: I'm heartily sorry; but my Lord, we must all die! **Neverout.** I know him very well: But, pray, how came he to die?

Miss. There's a Question! you talk like a Radical: Why, because he could live no longer.

Neverout. Well; rest his Soul: We must live by the Living, and not by the Dead.

Ld. Sparkish. You know, his House was burnt down to the Ground.

Col. Yes; it was in the News. When Fire and Water are good Servants, but they are very bad Masters.

Ld. Smart. Here, take away, and set down a Bottle of Burgundy. Ladies, you'll stay, and drink a Glass of Wine before you go to your Tea.

All taken away, and the Wine set down, &c.

Miss gives **Neverout** a smart Pinch.

Neverout. Lord, Miss, what d'ye mean! D'ye think I have no Feeling?

Miss. I'm forc'd to pinch, for the Times are hard.

Neverout. [giving Miss a Pinch.] Take that, Miss; what's Sauce for a Goose, is Sauce for a Gander.

Miss. [screaming.] Well, Mr. **Neverout**, if I live, that shall neither go to Heaven nor Hell with you.

Neverout. [takes Miss by the Hand] Come, Miss; let us lay all Quarrels aside, and be Friends.

Miss. Don't be so teizing: You plague a body so! Can't you keep your filthy Hands to yourself?

Neverout.

236 *Polite CONVERSATION.*

Neverout. Pray, Miss, where did you get that Pick-Tooth Case?

Miss. I came honestly by it.

Neverout. I'm sure it was mine, for I lost just such a one; nay, I don't tell you a Eye.

Miss. No; if You lye, it is much.

Neverout. Well, I'm sure 'tis mine.

Miss. What! you think every Thing is yours, but a little the King has.

Neverout. Colonel, you have seen my fine Pick-Tooth Case; don't you think this is the very same?

Col. Indeed, Miss, it is very like it.

Miss. Ay; what he says, you'll swear.

Neverout. Well; but I'll prove it to be mine.

Miss. Ay; do if you can.

Neverout. Why, what's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own.

Miss. Well, run on till you're weary; nobody holds you.

Neverout gapes.

Col. What, Mr. *Neverout*, do you gape for Pre-ferment?

Neverout. Faith, I may gape long enough, before it falls into my Mouth.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, my Lord and I intend to heat up your Quarters out of these Days! I know, you live high.

Neverout. Yes, faith, Madam; live high, and lodge in a Garret.

Col. But, Miss, I forgot to tell you, that Mr. *Neverout* got the devilishest Fall in the Park To-day.

Miss. Don't you keep your Mind to your self, you keep your Mind to your self.

Miss. I hope he did not hurt the Ground: But how was it, Mr. *Neverout*? I wish I had been there, to laugh.

Neverout. Why, Madam, it was a Place where a Cuckold had been buried, and one of his Horns sticking out, I happened to stumble against it; that was all.

Lady Smart. Ladies, let us leave the Gentlemen to themselves; I think it is Time to go to our Tea.

Lady Answ. and *Miss.* My Lords and Gentlemen, your most humble Servant.

Ld. Smart. Well, Ladies, we'll wait on you an Hour hence.

The Gentlemen alone.

Ld. Smart. Come, *John*, bring us a fresh Bottle.

Col. Ay, my Lord; and, pray, let him carry off the dead Men, as we say in the Army. [*Meaning the empty Bottles.*]

Ld. Sparkish. Mr. *Neverout*, pray, is not that Bottle full?

Neverout. Yes, my Lord; full of Emptiness.

Ld. Smart. And, d'ye hear, *John*? bring clean Glasses.

Col. I'll keep mine; for I think the Wine is the best Liquor to wash Glasses in.

DIALOGUE III.

*The Ladies at their Tea.**Lady Smart.*

WELL, Ladies; now let us have a Cup of Discourse to ourselves.

Lady Answ. What do you think of your Friend, Sir John Spendall?

Lady Smart. Why, Madam, 'tis happy for him, that his Father was born before him.

Miss. They say, he makes a very ill Husband to my Lady.

Lady Answ. But he must be allow'd to be the fondest Father in the World.

Lady Smart. Ay, Madam, that's true; for they say, The Devil is kind to his own.

Miss. I am told, my Lady manages him to Advantage.

Lady Smart. That I believe, for she's as cunning as a dead Pig; but not half so honest.

Lady Answ. They say, she's quite a Stranger to all his Gallantries.

Lady Smart. Not at all; but, you know, there's none so blind as they that won't see.

Miss. O Madam, I am told, she watches him as a Cat would watch a Mouse.

Lady Answ. Well, if she ben't foully belied, she pays him in his own Coin.

Lady Smart. Madam, I fancy I know your Thoughts, as well as if I were within you.

Lady

Lady Answ. Madam, I was t'other Day in Company with Mrs. Clatter; I find she gives herself Air of being acquainted with your Ladyship.

Miss. Oh, the hideous Creature! did you observe her Nails? They were long enough to scratch her Grannum out of her Grave.

Lady Smart. Well, she and Tom Gosling were banging Compliments backwards and forwards: It look'd like two Asses scrubbing one another.

Miss. Ay, claw me, and I'll claw you: But pray, Madam, who were the Company?

Lady Smart. Why there was all the World, and his Wife; there was Mrs. Clatter, Lady Singular, the Countess of Talkham, (I should have nam'd her first) Tom Gosling, and some others, whom I have forgot.

Lady Answ. I think the Countess is very sickly.

Lady Smart. Yes, Madam; she'll never scratch a grey Head, I promise you.

Miss. And, pray, what was your Conversation?

Lady Smart. Why, Mrs. Clatter had all the Talk to her self, and was perpetually complaining of her Misfortunes.

Lady Answ. She brought her Husband ten thousand Pounds; she has a Town-House and County-House: Would the Woman have her A— hung with Points.

Lady Smart. She would fain be at the Top of the House before the Stairs are built.

Miss. Well, Comparisons are odious; but she's as like her Husband as if she were spit out of his Mouth; as like as one Egg is to another: Pray, how was she dress'd?

Lady Smart. Why, she was as fine as Fl'pence; but, truly, I thought there was more Cost than Worship.

Lady

240 *Polite CONVERSATION.*

Lady Answ. I don't know her Husband: Pray what is he?

Lady Smart. Why, he's a Councillor of the Law; you must know, he came to us as drunk as *David's* Sow.

Miss. What kind of Creature is he?

Lady Smart. You must know, the Man and his Wife are coupled like Rabbits, a fat and a lean; he's as fat as a Porpus, and she's one of *Pharaoh's* lean Kine: The Ladies and *Tom Gosling* were proposing a Party at Quadrille; but he refus'd to make one: Damn your Cards, said he, they are the Devil's Books.

Lady Smart. A dull, unthannerly Brute! Well, God sent him more Wit, and me more Money.

Miss. Lord! Madam, I would not keep such Company in the World.

Lady Smart. O Miss, 'tis nothing when you are used to it: Besides, you know, for want of Company, welcome Trumpery.

Miss. Did your Ladyship play?

Lady Smart. Yes, and won; so I came off with Fidler's Face, Meat, Drink, and Money.

Lady Answ. Ay, what says *Pluck*?

Miss. Well, my Elbow itches; I shall change Bed-fellows.

Lady Smart. And my Right Hand itches; I shall receive Money.

Lady Answ. And my Right Eye itches; I shall cry.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear your Friend *Mistress Giddy* has discarded *Dick Shuttle*: Pray, has she got another Lover?

Miss. I hear of none.

Lady

Lady Smart. Why, the Fellow's rich; and I think she was a Fool to throw out her dirty Water before she got clean.

Lady Answ. Miss, that's a very handsome Gown of yours, and finely made; very genteel.

Miss. I am glad your Ladyship likes it.

Lady Answ. Your Lover will be in Raptures; it becomes you admirably.

Miss. Ay; I assure you I won't take it as I have done; if this won't fetch him, the Devil fetch him, say I.

Lady Smart. [to *Lady Answ.*] Pray, Madam, when did you see Sir Peter Muckworm?

Lady Answ. Not this Fortnight; I hear he's laid up with the Gout.

Lady Smart. What does he do for it?

Lady Answ. Why, I hear he's weary of doctoring it, and now makes use of nothing but Patience and Flannel.

Miss. Pray, how does he and my Lady agree?

Lady Answ. You know he loves her as the Devil loves holy Water.

Miss. They say, she plays deep with Sharpers, that cheat her of her Money.

Lady Answ. Upon my Word they must rise early that would cheat her of her Money; Sharp's the Word with her; Diamonds cut Diamonds.

Miss. Well, but I was assur'd from a good Hand, that she lost, at one Sitting, to the Tune of a hundred Guineas; make Money of that.

Lady Smart. Well, but do you hear that Mrs. Plump is brought to Bed at last?

Miss. And pray, what has God sent her?

Lady Smart. Why, guess, if you can.

Miss. A Boy, I suppose.

242 *Polite CONVERSATION.*

Lady Smart. No, you are out; guess again.

Miss. A Girl then.

Lady Smart. You have hit it; I believe you are a Witch.

Miss. O Madam, the Gentlemen say, all fine Ladies are Witches; but I pretend to no such thing.

Lady Answer. Well, she had good Luck to draw Tom Plump into Wedlock; she ris' with her A—— upwards.

Miss. Fie, Madam; what do you mean?

Lady Smart. O, Miss, 'tis nothing what we say among ourselves.

Miss. Ay, Madam; but they say, Hedges have Eyes, and Walls have Ears.

Lady Answer. Well, Miss, I can't help it; you know, I am old Tell-truth; I love to call a Spade a Spade.

Lady Smart. [*mistakes the Tea-tongs for the Spoon*] What! I think my Wits are a Wool-gathering To-day.

Miss. Why, Madam, there was but a Right and a Wrong.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear, that you and Lady Coupler are as great as Cup and Can.

Lady Answer. Ay, Miss, as great as the Devil and the Earl of Kent.

Lady Smart. Nay, I am told, you meet together with as much Love as there is between the old Cow and the Hay-stack.

Miss. I own, I love her very well; but there's Difference betwixt staring and stark mad.

Lady Smart. They say, she begins to grow fat.

Miss. Fat! ay, fat as a Hen in the Forehead.

Lady

Lady Smart. Indeed, *Lady Answerall*, (pray forgive me) I think, your Ladyship looks thinner than when I saw you last.

Miss. Indeed, Madam, I think not; but your Ladyship is one of *Job's* Comforters.

Lady Answ. Well, no matter how I look: I am bought and sold: But really, Miss, you are so very obliging, that I wish I were a handsome young Lord for your Sake.

Miss. O Madam, your Love's a Million.

Lady Smart [to *Lady Answ.*] Madam, will your Ladyship let me wait on you to the Play To-morrow?

Lady Answ. Madam, it becomes me to wait on your Ladyship.

Miss. What, then, I'm turn'd out for a Wrangler.

The Gentlemen come in to the Ladies to drink Tea.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout*, we wanted you sadly: you are always out of the Way, when you should be hang'd.

Neverout. You wanted me! Pray, Miss, how do you look when you lie?

Miss. Better than you when you cry. Manners indeed! I find you mend like four Ale in Summer.

Neverout. I beg your Pardon, Miss: I only meant, when you lie alone.

Miss. That's well turn'd; one Turn more would have turn'd you down Stairs.

Neverout. Come, Miss, be kind for once, and order me a Dish of Coffee.

Miss. Pray, go yourself; let us wear out the oldest: Besides, I can't go, for I have a Bone in my Leg.

Col. They say, a Woman need but look on her Apron-string to find an Excuse.

Neverout. Why, *Miss*, you are grown so peevish, a Dog would not live with you.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout*, I beg your Diversion; no Offence, I hope; but truly in a little Time you intend to make the Colonel as bad as yourself; and that's as bad as bad can be.

Neverout. My Lord, don't you think *Miss* improves wonderfully of late? Why, *Miss*, if I spoil the Colonel, I hope you will use him as you do me; for you know, love me, love my Dog.

Col. How's that, *Tom*? Say, that again: Why, if I am a Dog, shake Hands, Brother.

Here a great, loud, long Laugh.

Ld. Smart. But pray, Gentlemen, why always so severe upon poor *Miss*? On my Conscience, Colonel and *Tom Neverout*, one of you two are both Knaves.

Col. My Lady *Answerall*, I intend to do myself the Honour of dining with your Ladyship To-morrow.

Lady Answ. Ay, Colonel, do if you can.

Miss. I'm sure you'll be glad to be welcome.

Col. *Miss*, I thank you; and to reward You, I'll come and drink Tea with you in the Morning.

Miss. Colonel, there's two Words to that Bargain.

Col.

DIALOGUE III.

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Col. [to *Lady Smart*] Your Ladyship has a very fine Watch; well may you wear it.

Lady Smart. It is none of mine, Colonel.

Col. Pray, whose is it then?

Lady Smart. Why, 'tis my Lord's; for they say, a marry'd Woman has nothing of her own, but her Wedding-Ring and her Hair-Lace: But if Women had been the Law-Makers, it would have been better.

Col. This Watch seems to be quite new.

Lady Smart. No, Sir; it has been Twenty Years in my Lord's Family; but *Quare* put a new Case and Dial-Plate to it.

Neverout. Why, that's for all the World like the Man who swore he kept the same Knife forty Years, only he sometimes changed the Haft, and sometimes the Blade.

Ld. Smart. Well, *Tom*, to give the Devil his Due, thou art a right Woman's Man.

Col. Odd-so! I have broke the Hinge of my Snuff-Box; I'm undone besides the Loss.

Miss. Alack-a-day, Colonel! I vow I had rather have found forty Shillings.

Neverout. Why, Colonel; all that I can say to comfort you, is, that you must mend it with a new one.

Miss laughs.

Col. What, *Miss*, you can't laugh, but you must shew your Teeth.

Miss. I'm sure you shew your Teeth when you can't bite: Well, thus it must be, if we sell Ale.

Neverout. *Miss*, you smell very sweet; I hope you don't carry Perfumes.

Miss. Perfumes! No, Sir; I'd have you to know, it is nothing but the Grain of my Skin.

Col. Tom, you have a good Nose to make a poor Man's Sow.

Ld. Sparkish. So, Ladies and Gentlemen, methinks you are very witty upon one another: Come, box it about; 'twill come to my Father at last.

Col. Why, my Lord, you see Miss has no Mercy; I wish she were marry'd; but I doubt the grey Mare would prove the better Horse.

Miss. Well, God forgive you for that Wish.

Ld. Sparkish. Never fear him, Miss.

Miss. What, my Lord, do you think I was born in a Wood, to be afraid of an Owl?

Ld. Smart. What have you to say to that, Colonel?

Neverout. O my Lord, my Friend the Colonel scorns to set his Wit against a Child.

Miss. Scornful Dogs will eat dirty Puddings.

Col. Well, Miss; they say, a Woman's Tongue is the last Thing about her that dies; therefore let's Kiss and Friends.

Miss. Hands off! that's Meat for your Master.

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, Colonel, you are for Ale and Cakes: But after all, Miss, you are too severe; you would not meddle with your Match.

Miss. All they can say goes in at one Ear, and out at t'other for me, I can assure you: Only I wish they would be quiet, and let me drink my Tea.

Neverout. What! I warrant you think all is lost, that goes beside your own Mouth.

Miss. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, hold your Tongue for once, if it be possible; one would think, you were

were a Woman in Man's Cloaths, by your pra-
ting.

Neverout. No, Miss; it is not handsome to see
one hold one's Tongue: Besides, I should slobber
my Fingers.

Col. Miss, did you never hear, That Three Wo-
men and a Goose are enough to make a Market?

Miss. I'm sure, if Mr. *Neverout* or You were a-
mong them, it would make a Fair.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Here, take away the Tea-table, and
bring up Candles.

Lady Answ. O Madam, no Candles yet, I beseech
you; don't let us burn Day-Light.

Neverout. I dare swear, Miss, for her Part, will
never burn Day-Light, if she can help it.

Miss. Lord, Mr. *Neverout*, one can't hear one's
own Ears for you.

Lady Smart. Indeed, Madam, it is Blind-Man's
Holiday; we shall soon be all of a Colour.

Neverout. Why, then, Miss, we may kiss where
we like best.

Miss. Foh! these Men talk of nothing but
kissing. *[She spits.]*

Neverout. What, Miss, does it make your Mouth
water?

Lady Smart. It is as good be in the Dark as
without Light; therefore pray bring in Candles:
They say, Women and Linnen shew best by Can-
dle Light: Come, Gentlemen, are you for a Party
at Quadrille?

Col. I'll make one with you three Ladies.

Lady Answ. I'll sit down, and be a Stander-by.

248 *Polite CONVERSATION.*

Lady Smart. [to *Lady Answ.*] Madam, does your Ladyship never play?

Col. Yes; I suppose her Ladyship plays sometimes for an Egg at Easter.

Neverout. Ay; and a Kiss at Christmas.

Lady Answ. Come, Mr. *Neverout*; hold your Tongue, and mind your Knitting.

Neverout. With all my Heart; kiss my Wife, and welcome.

The Colonel, Mr. Neverout, Lady Smart, and Miss go to Quadrille, and sit till three in the Morning.

They rise from Cards,

Lady Smart. Well, Miss, you'll have a sad Husband, you have such good Luck at Cards.

Neverout. Indeed, Miss, you dealt me sad Cards; if you deal so ill by your Friends, what will you do with your Enemies?

Lady Answ. I'm sure 'tis Time for honest Folks to be a-bed.

Miss. Indeed my Eyes draw Straws.

She's almost asleep.

Neverout. Why, Miss, if you fall asleep, somebody may get a Pair of Gloves.

Col. I'm going to the Land of Nod.

Neverout. Faith, I'm for *Bedfordshire*.

Lady Smart. I'm sure I shall sleep without rocking.

Neverout. Miss, I hope you'll dream of your Sweetheart.

Miss.

DIALOGUE III.

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Miss. Oh, no doubt of it: I believe I shan't be able to sleep for dreaming of him.

Col. [to Miss] Madam, shall I have the Honour to escort you?

Miss. No, Colonel, I thank you; my Mamma has sent her Chair and Footmen. Well, my Lady *Smart*, I'll give you Revenge whenever you please.

Footman comes in.

Footman. Madam, the Chairs are waiting.

They all take their Chairs, and go off.



A P R O.

A
PROPOSAL
FOR GIVING
BADGES
TO THE
BEGGARS

In all the
Parishes of **DUBLIN**.

By the Dean of St. PATRICK'S.

Written the Year 1737.

IT hath been a general Complaint, that the Poor-House, especially since the new Constitution by Act of Parliament, hath been of no Benefit to this City, for the Ease of which it was wholly intended. I had the Honour to be a Member of it many Years before it was new modelled by the Legislature; not from any personal Regard, but merely as one of the two Deans, who are of Course put into most Commissions that relate to the City; and I have likewise the Honour to have been left out of several Commissions upon the Score of Party, in which my Predecessors, Time out of Mind, have always been Members.

A PROPOSAL for giving BADGES, &c. 251

THE first Commission was made up of about fifty Persons, which were, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, and some few other Citizens; the Judges, the two Archbishops, the two Deans of the City, and one or two more Gentlemen. And I must confess my Opinion, that the dissolving the old Commission, and establishing a new one of near three times the Number, have been the great Cause of rendering so good a Design not only useless, but a Grievance instead of a Benefit to the City. In the present Commission all the City Clergy are included, besides a great Number of 'Squires, not only those who reside in *Dublin*, and the Neighbourhood, but several who live at a great Distance, and cannot possibly have the least Concern for the Advantage of the City.

AT the few general Meetings that I have attended since the new Establishment, I observed very little was done except one or two Acts of extreme Justice, which I then thought might as well have been spared: And I have found the Court of Assistants usually taken up in little Wrangles about Coachmen, or adjusting Accounts of Meal and Small Beer; which, however necessary, might sometimes have given Place to Matters of much greater Moment, I mean some Schemes recommended to the General Board, for answering the chief Ends in erecting and establishing such a Poor-House, and endowing it with so considerable a Revenue: And the principal End I take to have been that of maintaining the Poor and Orphans of the City, where the Parishes are not able to do it; and clearing the Streets from all Strollers, Foreigners, and sturdy Beggars, with which, to the universal Complaint and Admiration, *Dublin* is more infested

proved since the Establishment of the Poor-House, that it was ever known to be since its first Execution.

As the whole Fund for supporting this Hospital is raised only from the Inhabitants of the City; so there can be hardly any Thing more absurd than to see it misemployed in maintaining Foreign Beggars and Bastards, or Orphans, whose Country Landlords never contributed one Shilling towards their Support. I would engage, that half this Revenue, if employed with common Care, and no very great Degree of common Honesty, would maintain all the real Objects of Charity in this City, except a small Number of Original Poor in every Parish, who might, without being burthensome to the Parishioners, find a tolerable Support.

I HAVE for some Years past applied myself to several Lord Mayors, and the late Archbishop of *Dublin*, for a Remedy to this Evil of Foreign Beggars; and they all appeared ready to receive a very plain Proposal, I mean, that of Badging the Original Poor of every Parish, who begged in the Streets; That, the said Beggars should be confined to their own Parishes; That, they should wear their Badges well sown upon one of their Shoulders, always visible, on Pain of being whipped and turned out of Town; or whatever legal Punishment may be thought proper and effectual. But, by the wrong Way of thinking in some Clergymen, and the Indifference of others, this Method was perpetually defeated, to their own continual Disquiet, which they do not ill deserve; and if the Grievance affected only them, it would be of less Consequence; because the Remedy is in their own Power: But, all

Street-

Street-walkers and Shop-keepers bear an equal Share in this hourly Vexation.

I NEVER heard more than one Objection against this Expedient of Badging the Poor, and confining their Walks to their several Parishes. The Objection was this: What shall we do with the Foreign Beggars? Must they be left to starve? I answered, No; but they must be driven or whipped out of Town; and let the next Country Parish do as they please, or rather, after the Practice in *England*, send them from one Parish to another, until they reach their own Homes. By the old Laws of *England* still in Force, and I presume by those of *Ireland*, every Parish is bound to maintain its own Poor; and the Matter is of no such Consequence in this Point as some would make it, whether a Country Parish be rich or poor. In the remoter and poor Parishes of the Kingdom, all Necessaries for Life proper for poor People are comparatively cheaper; I mean Butter-milk, Oat-meal, Potatoes, and other Vegetables; and every Farmer or Cottager who is not himself a Beggar, can sometimes spare a Sup or a Morsel, not worth the fourth Part of a Farthing, to an indigent Neighbour of his own Parish, who is disabled from Work. A Beggar Native of the Parish is known to the Squire, to the Church Minister, to the Popish Priest, or the Conventicle Teachers, as well as to every Farmer: He hath generally some Relations able to live, and contribute something to his Maintenance. None of which Advantages can be reasonably expected on a Removal to Places where he is altogether unknown. If he be not quite maimed, he and his Trull, and Litter of Brats (if he has any) may get half their Support by doing some Kind of Work in

in their Power, and thereby be less burthenfome to the People. In short, all Necessaries of Life grow in the Country, and not in Cities, and are cheaper where they grow; nor is it equal that Beggars should put us to the Charge of giving them Viſuals, and the Carriage too.

BUT, when the Spirit of wandering takes him, attended by his Females and their Equipage of Children, he becomes a Nuisance to the whole Country: He and his Females are Thieves, and teach the Trade of stealing to their Brood at four Years old; and if his Infirmities be counterfeit, it is dangerous for a single Person unarmed to meet him on the Road. He wanders from one Country to another, but still with a View to this Town, whither he arrives at last, and enjoys all the Privileges of a *Dublin* Beggar.

I do not wonder that the Country Squires should be very willing to send up their Colonies; but why the City should be content to receive them, is beyond my Imagination.

If the City were obliged by their Charter to maintain a thousand Beggars, they could do it cheaper by Eighty *per Cent.* a hundred Miles off, than in this Town, or any of its Suburbs.

THERE is no Village in *Connaught*, that in Proportion shares so deeply in the daily increasing Miseries of *Ireland*, as its Capital City; to which Miseries there hardly remained any Addition, except the perpetual Swarms of Foreign Beggars, who might be banished in a Month without Expence, and with very little Trouble.

As I am personally acquainted with a great Number of Street Beggars, I find some weak At-

tempts

tempts have been made in one or two Parishes to promote the wearing of Badges; and my first Question to those who ask an Alms is, *Where is your Badge?* I have, in several Years, met with about a Dozen who were ready to produce them, some out of their Pockets, others from under their Coat, and two or three on their Shoulders, only covered with a sort of Capes which they could lift up, or let down, upon Occasion. They are too lazy to work; they are not afraid to steal, nor ashamed to beg, and yet are too proud to be seen with a Badge, as many of them have confessed to me, and not a few in very injurious Terms, particularly the Females. They all look upon such an Obligation as a high Indignity done to their Office. I appeal to all indifferent People whether such Wretches deserve to be relieved. As to myself, I must confess, this absurd Insolence hath so affected me, that, for several Years past, I have not disposed of one single Farthing to a Street Beggar, nor intend to do so until I see a better Regulation; and I have endeavoured to persuade all my Brother-walkers to follow my Example, which most of them assure me they do. For, if Beggary be not able to beat out Pride, it cannot deserve Charity. However, as to Persons in Coaches and Chairs, they bear but little of the Persecution we suffer, and are willing to leave it entirely upon us.

To say the Truth, there is not a more undeserving vicious Race of Human-kind than the Bulk of those who are reduced to Beggary, even in this beggarly Country. For as a great Part of our publick Miseries is originally owing to our own Faults (but what those Faults are, I am grown, by Experience, too wary to mention) so I am confident, that

that, among the meaner People, nineteen in twenty of those who are reduced to a starving Condition, did not become so by what the Lawyers call the Work of God, either upon their Bodies or Goods; but merely from their own Idleness, attended with all manner of Vices, particularly Drunkenness, Thievery, and Cheating.

WHOEVER enquires, as I have frequently done, from those who have asked me an Alms, what was their former Course of Life, will find them to have been Servants in good Families, broken Tradesmen, Labourers, Cottagers, and what they call decayed Housekeepers; but (to use their own Cant) reduced by Losses and Crofkes, by which nothing can be understood but Idleness and Vice.

As this is the only Christian Country where People, contrary to the old Maxim, are the Poverty, and not the Riches of the Nation; so the Blessing of *Increase* and *Multiply* is by us converted into a Curse: And, as Marriage hath been ever countenanced in all free Countries, so we should be less miserable if it were discouraged in ours, as far as can be consistent with Christianity. It is seldom known in *England*, that the Labourer, the lower Mechanick, the Servant, or the Cottager, thinks of marrying, until he hath saved up a Stock of Money sufficient to carry on his Business; nor takes a Wife without a suitable Portion; and as seldom fails of making a yearly Addition to that Stock, with a View of providing for his Children. But, in this Kingdom, the Case is directly contrary, where many thousand Couples are yearly married, whose whole united Fortunes, bating the Rags on their Backs, would not be sufficient to purchase a Pint of Butter-milk for their Wedding-Supper, nor have

have any Prospect of supporting their *honourable State* but by Service, or Labour, or Thievery. Nay, their *Happiness* is often deferred until they find Credit to borrow, or Cunning to steal, a Shilling to pay their Popish Priest, or infamous Couple-Beggar. Surely no miraculous Portion of Wisdom would be required to find some kind of Remedy against this destructive Evil, or, at least, not to draw the Consequences of it upon our decaying City, the greatest part whereof must, of Course, in a few years become desolate, or in Ruins.

In all other Nations, that are not absolutely barbarous, Parents think themselves bound, by the Law of Nature and Reason, to make some Provision for their Children; but the Reasons offered by the Inhabitants of *Ireland* for marrying is, that they may have children to maintain them when they grow old, and unable to work.

I AM informed that we have been, for some Time past, extremely obliged to *England* for one very beneficial Branch of Commerce; for, it seems, they are grown so gracious as to transmit us continually Colonies of Beggars, in return for a Million of Money they receive yearly from hence. That I may give no Offence, I profess to mean real *English* Beggars in the literal Meaning of the Word, as it is usually understood by Protestants. It seems the Justices of the Peace and Parish-Officers in the Western Coasts of *England* have, a good while, followed the Trade of exporting hither their super-numerary Beggars; in order to advance the *English* Protestant Interest among us; and these they are so kind to send over *gratis*, and Duty-free. I have had the Honour, more than once, to attend large Cargoes of them from *Chester* to *Dublin*: And I was then so

ignorant as to give my Opinion, that our City should receive them into *Bridewell*, and, after a Month's Residence, having been well whipt twice a Day, fed with Bran and Water, and put to hard Labour, they should be returned honestly back with Thanks, as cheap as they came: Or, if that were not approved of, I proposed, that whereas one *Englishman* is allowed to be of equal intrinsic Value with twelve born in *Ireland*, we should, in justice, return them a dozen for one, to dispose of as they pleased. But to return

to As to the native Poor of this City, there would be little or no Damage in confining them to their several Parishes. For Instance: A Beggar of the Parish of *St. Warborough's* or any other Parish here, if he be an Object of Compassion, hath an equal Chance to receive his Proportion of Alms from every charitable Hand: because the Inhabitants, one or other, walk through every Street in Town, and give their Alms, without considering the Place, wherever they think it may be well disposed of: And these Helps, added to what they get in Eatables by going from House to House, among the Gentry and Citizens, will, without being very burthensome, be sufficient to keep them alive.

It is true, the Poor of the Suburb Parishes will not have altogether the same Advantage, because they are not equally in the Road of Business and Passengers: But here it is to be considered, that the Beggars there have not so good a Title to publick Charity, because most of them are Strollers from the Country, and compose a principal Part of that great Nuisance, which we ought to remove.

I should be apt to think, that few things can be more irksome to a City-Minister, than a Number

of Beggars which do not belong to his District, whom he hath no Obligation to take Care of, who are no Part of his Flock, and who take the Bread out of the Mouths of those to whom it properly belongs. When I mention this Abuse to any Minister of a City Parish, he usually lays the Fault upon the Beadles, who, he says, are brib'd by the foreign Beggars; and, as those Beadles often keep Ale-houses, they find their Account in such Customers. This Evil might easily be remedied, if the Parishes would make some small Addition to the Salaries of a Beadle, and be more careful in the Choice of those Officers. But, I conceive, there is one effectual Method in the Power of every Minister to put in Practice; I mean, by making it the Interest of all his own original Poor, to drive out Intruders; for if the Parish-Beggars were absolutely forbidden, by the Minister and Church-Officers, to suffer Strollers to come into the Parish, upon Pain of themselves not being permitted to beg Alms at the Church-Doors, or at the Houses and Shops of the Inhabitants, they would prevent Interlopers more effectually than twenty Beadles.

AND here I cannot but take Notice of the great Indiscretion of our City-Shopkeepers, who suffer their Doors to be daily besieged by Crowds of Beggars (as the Gates of a Lord are by Duns) to the great Disgust and Vexation of many Customers, whom I have frequently observed to go to other Shops, rather than suffer such a Persecution; which might easily be avoided, if no foreign Beggars were allowed to infest them.

WHEREFORE I do assert, that the Shopkeepers, who are the greatest Complainers of this Grievance, lamenting that, for every Customer, they are wor-

ried by fifty Beggars, do very well deserve what they suffer, when a Prentice with a Horse-Whip is able to lash every Beggar from the Shop, who is not of the Parish, and doth not wear the Badge of that Parish on his Shoulder, well fastened, and fairly visible; and if this Practice were universal in every House, to all the sturdy Vagrants, we should, in a few Weeks, clear the Town of all Mendicants, except those who have a proper Title to our Charity: As for the Aged and Infirm, it would be sufficient to give them nothing, and then they must starve, or follow their Brethren.

It was the City that first endowed this Hospital, and those who afterwards contributed, as they were such who generally inhabited here, so they intended what they gave to be for the Use of the City's Poor. The Revenues which have since been raised by Parliament, are wholly paid by the City, without the least Charge upon any other Part of the Kingdom; and therefore nothing could more defeat the original Design, than to misapply those Revenues on strolling Beggars or Bastards from the Country, which bears no Share in the Charges we are at.

If some of the Out Parishes be over-burthened with Poor, the Reason must be, that the greatest Part of these Poor are Strollers from the Country, who nestle themselves where they can find the cheapest Lodgings, and from thence infest every Part of the Town, out of which they ought to be whipp'd as a most insufferable Nuisance, being nothing else but a profligate Clan of Thieves, Drunkards, Heathens, and Whoremongers, fitter to be rooted out of the Face of the Earth, than suffered to levy a vast annual Tax upon the City, which shares too deep

deep in the public Miseries brought on us by the Oppressions we lie under from our Neighbours, our Brethren, our Countrymen, our Fellow-Protestants, and Fellow-Subjects.

SOME time ago I was appointed one of a Committee to enquire into the State of the Workhouse; where we found that a Charity was bestowed by a great Person for a certain Time, which, in its Consequences, operated very much to the Detriment of the House; for, when the Time was elapsed, all those who were supported by that Charity, continued on the same Foot with the rest on the Foundation; and, being generally a Pack of profligate, vagabond Wretches from several Parts of the Kingdom, corrupted all the rest; so partial, or treacherous, or interested, or ignorant, or mistaken, are generally all Recommenders, not only to Employments, but even to Charity itself.

I KNOW it is complained, that the Difficulty of driving foreign Beggars out of the City is charged upon the *Bellowers* (as they are called) who find their Accounts best in suffering those Vagrants to follow their Trade through every Part of the Town. But this Abuse might easily be remedied, and very much to the Advantage of the whole City, if better Salaries were given to those who execute the Office in the several Parishes, and would make it their Interest to clear the Town of those Caterpillars, rather than hazard the Loss of an Employment that would give them an honest Livelihood. But, if that should fail, yet a general Resolution of never giving Charity to a Street Beggar out of his own Parish, or without a visible Badge, would infallibly force all Vagrants to depart.

THERE is generally a Vagabond Spirit in Beggars, which ought to be discouraged, and severely punished. It is owing to the same Causes that drove them into Poverty; I mean, Idleness, Drunkenness, and rash Marriages without the least Prospect of supporting a Family by honest Endeavours, which never came into their Thoughts. It is observed, that hardly one Beggar in twenty looks upon himself to be relieved by receiving Bread, or other Food; and they have, in this Town, been frequently seen to pour out of their Pitcher good Broth that hath been given them, into the Kennel; neither do they much regard Cloaths, unless to sell them; for their Rags are Part of their Tools with which they work: They want only Ale, Brandy, and other strong Liquors, which cannot be had without Money; and Money, as they conceive, always abounds in the Metropolis.

I HAD some other Thoughts to offer upon this Subject. But as I am a Desponder in my Nature, and have tolerably well discovered the Disposition of our People, who never will move a Step towards easing themselves from any one single Grievance; it will be thought, that I have already said too much, and to little or no purpose, which hath often been the Fate or Fortune of the Writer.

J. SWIFT.

April 22, 1737.

N A

AN APOLOGY, &c.

ALADY, Wife as well as Fair,
 Whose Conscience always was her Care,
 Thoughtful upon a Point of Moment,
 Wou'd have the Text as well as Comment:
 So hearing of a grave Divine,
 She sent to bid him come and dine.
 But you must know he was not quite
 So grave, as to be unpolite;
 Thought human Learning wou'd not lessen,
 The Dignity of his Profession;
 And if you'd heard the Man discourse,
 Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse.
 He long had bid the Court farewell,
 Retreating silent to his Cell;
 Suspected for the Love he bore
 To one who sway'd some time before;
 Which made it more surprising how
 He should be sent for thither now.

THE Message told, he gapes, and stares,
 And scarce believes his Eyes, or Ears.
 Could not conceive what it should mean,
 And fain would hear it told again.
 But then the 'Squire so trim and nice,
 'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;
 So bow'd, was thankful for the Honour:
 And wou'd not fail to wait upon her.
 His Beaver brush'd, his Shoes, and Gown,
 Away he trudges into Town;

Passes the Lower Castle Yard,
 And now advancing to the Guard,
 He trembles at the Thoughts of State;
 For, conscious of his sheepish Gait,
 His Spirits of a sudden fail'd him,
 He stop'd, and could not tell what ail'd him.
 • What was the Message, I receiv'd?
 Why certainly the Captain rav'd?
 To dine with Her! and come at Three!
 Impossible! it can't be me.
 Or may be I mistook the Word,
 My Lady——It must be my Lord.
 My Lord's abroad, my Lady too:
 What must th' unhappy Doctor do?
 Is * Capt. Crach'ode here, pray?—No,
 Nay, then 'tis Time for me to go.
 Am I awake, or do I dream?
 I'm sure he call'd me by my Name;
 Nam'd me as plain as he could speak,
 And yet there must be some Mistake.
 Why, what a Jest should I have been,
 Had now my Lady been within:
 What could I've said? I'm mighty glad
 She went abroad—She'd thought me mad.
 The Hour of dining now is past;
 Well then, I'll e'en go home and fast;
 And since I 'scap'd being made a Scoff,
 I think I'm very fairly off.
 My Lady now returning home
 Calls, *Crach'ode, is the Doctor come?*
 He had not heard of him—*Pray see,*
'Tis now a Quarter after Three.
 The Captain walks about, and searches
 Thro' all the Rooms, and Courts, and Arches;

* The Gentleman who brought the Message.

Examinee

Examines all the Servants round,
In vain—no Doctor's to be found,
My Lady could not chuse but wonder:
Captain, I fear you've made some Blunder:

*But pray, To-morrow go at Ten,
I'll try his Manners once again;
If Rudeness be th' Effect of Knowledge,
My Son shall never see a College.*

The Captain was a Man of Reading,
And much good Sense, as well as Breeding,
Who, loth to blame, or to incense,
Said little in his own Defence:
Next Day another Message brought;
The Doctor frighten'd at his Fault,
Is dress'd, and stealing thro' the Crowd,
Now pale as Death, then blush'd and bow'd,
Panting—and faultring—Humm'd and Ha'd.
*Her Ladyship was gone abroad;
The Captain too—he did not know
Whether he ought to stay or go.*

Beg'd she'd forgive him. In conclusion,
My Lady, pitying his Confusion,
Call'd her good Nature to relieve him;
Told him she thought she might believe him;
And wou'd not only grant his Suit,
But visit him and eat some Fruit;
Provided, at a proper Time,
He told the real Truth in Rhyme.
'Twas to no purpose to oppose,
She'd hear of no Excuse in Prose.
The Doctor stood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any Rate;
So, bowing seemingly comply'd;
Tho' if he durst, he had deny'd.
But first resolv'd, to shew his Taste
Was too refin'd to give a Feast.

He'd

He'd Treat with nothing that was Rare,
 But winding Walks and purer Air;
 Wou'd entertain without Expence,
 Or Pride, or vain Magnificence;
 For well he knew, to such a Guest,
 The plainest Meals must be the best.
 To Stomachs clog'd with costly Fare,
 Simplicity alone is rare;
 Whilst high, and nice, and curious Meats,
 Are really but vulgar Treats:
 Instead of Spoils of *Persian* Looms,
 The costly Boasts of Regal Rooms,
 Thought it more courtly and discreet,
 To scatter Roses at her Feet;
 Roses of richest Dye, that shone
 With Native Lustre, like her own:
 Beauty that needs no Aid of Art,
 Thro' every Sense to reach the Heart.
 The gracious Dame, tho' well she knew
 All this was much beneath her due,
 Lik'd every Thing—at least thought fit
 To praise it, *par maniere d'acquit*.
 Yet she tho' seeming pleas'd, can't bear
 The scorching Sun, or chilling Air;
 Disturb'd alike at both Extremes,
 Whether he shews or hides his Beams:
 Tho' seeming pleas'd at all she sees,
 Starts at the Ruffling of the Trees;
 And scarce can speak for want of Breath,
 In half a Walk fatigu'd to Death.
 The Doctor takes his Hint from hence,
 T'apologise his late Offence:
 • Madam, the mighty Pow'r of Use
 • Now strangely pleads in my Excuse.
 • If you unus'd, have scarcely Strength
 • To gain this Walk's untoward Length,

' If frighten'd at a Scene so rude,
 ' Thro' long Diffuse of Solitude;
 ' If long confin'd to Fires and Screens,
 ' You dread the waving of these Greens;
 ' If you who long have breath'd the Fumes
 ' Of City Fogs and crowded Rooms,
 ' Do now solicitously shun
 ' The cooler Air, and dazzling Sun;
 ' If his Majestick Eye you see,
 ' Learn hence to excuse and pity me.
 ' Consider what it is to bear
 ' The powder'd Courtier's witty Sneer;
 ' To see th' important Man of Dress
 ' Scoffing my College Awkwardness,
 ' To be the strutting Corner's Sport;
 ' To run the Gauntlet of the Court,
 ' Winning my Way by slow Approaches,
 ' Thro' Crowds of Coxcombs and of Coaches,
 ' From the first fierce cockaded Centry,
 ' Quite thro' the Tribe of waiting Gentry;
 ' To pass so many crowded Stages,
 ' And stand the Staring of your Pages;
 ' And, after all, to crown my Spleen,
 ' Be told———*You are not to be seen.*
 ' Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
 ' The Awe of your Majestick Air.
 ' And can I then be faulty found,
 ' In dreading this vexatious Round?
 ' Can it be strange, if I eschew
 ' A Scene so glorious and so new;
 ' Or is he criminal that flies
 ' The living Lustre of your Eyes?

NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

By Dr. SH——N.

Written in the Year 1731.

I Often try'd in vain to find
A *Simile* for Woman-kind,
A *Simile* I mean to fit 'em,
In every Circumstance to hit 'em.
Thro' every Beast and Bird I went,
I ransack'd ev'ry Element,
And after peeping thro' all Nature,
To find so whimsical a Creature,
A *Cloud* presented to my View,
And strait this Parallel I drew:
Clouds turn with ev'ry Wind about,
They keep us in Suspence and Doubt,
Yet oft perverse, like Woman-kind,
Are seen to scud against the Wind;
And are not Women just the same?
For, who can tell at what they aim?

Clouds

Clouds keep the stoutest Mortals under,
 When bellowing they discharge their Thunder;
 So when th' Alarm-Bell is rung,
 Of * Xanti's everlasting Tongue,
 The Husband dreads its Loudness more,
 Than Light'ning's Flash, or Thunder's Roar.

* XANTI, a Nick-name for XANTIPPE, that Scold of glorious Memory, who never let poor SOCRATES have one Moment's Peace of Mind, yet with unexampled Patience he bore her pestilential Tongue. I shall beg the Ladies Pardon, if I insert a few Passages concerning her, and at the same Time I assure them, it is not to lessen those of the present Age, who are possess'd of the like laudable Talents: for, I will confess, that I know three in the City of Dublin, no Way inferior to XANTIPPE, but that they have not as great Men to work upon.

When a Friend asked SOCRATES, how he could bear the Scolding of his Wife XANTIPPE, he retorted, and asked him, how he could bear the gagging of his Geese. Ay, but my Geese lay Eggs for me, reply'd his Friend. So doth my Wife bear Children, said SOCRATES. *Diog. Laert.*

Being asked another Time by a Friend, how he could bear her Tongue, he said, she was of this Use to him, that she taught him to bear the Impertinencies of others with more Ease, when he went abroad. *Plut. De caprand. et host. utilis.*

SOCRATES invited his Friend EUTHYDEMUS to Supper, XANTIPPE, in great Rage went in to them, and overlet the Table. EUTHYDEMUS rising in a Passion to go off, My dear Friend, stay, said SOCRATES, did not a Hen do the same Thing at your House the other Day, and did I shew any Resentment? *Plut. De ira cobibenda.*

I could give many more Instances of her Termagancy, and his Philosophy, if such a Proceeding might not look as if I were glad of an Opportunity to expose the Fair Sex; but to shew I have no such Design, I declare, that I had much worse Stories to tell of her Behaviour to her Husband, which I rather pass'd over, on Account of the great Esteem which I bear the Ladies, especially those in the honourable Station of Matrimony.

Clouds weep, as they do, without Pain,
And what are Tears but Womens Rain?

THE *Clouds* about the Welkin roam,
And Ladies never stay at home;

THE *Clouds* build Castles in the Air,
A thing peculiar to the Fair;
For all the Schemes of their Forecasting,
Are not more solid, nor more lasting.

A *Cloud* is light by Turns, and dark,
Such is a Lady with her Spark;
Now with a sudden pouting Gloom,
She seems to darken all the Room;
Again she's pleas'd, his Fear's beguil'd,
And all is clear, when she has smil'd,
In this they're wondrously alike,
(I hope the *Simile* will strike)

Tho' in the darkest Dumps you view 'em,
Stay but a Moment, you'll see through 'em.

THE *Clouds* are apt to make Reflection,
And frequently produce Infection;
So *Celia*, with small Provocation,
Blasts every Neighbour's Reputation.

THE *Clouds* delight in gaudy Show,
For they, like Ladies, have their Beau;
The gravest Matron will confess,
That she herself is fond of Dress.

OBSERVE the *Clouds* in Pomp array'd,
What various Colours are display'd,
The Pink, the Rose, the Violets Dye,
In that great drawing Room the Sky.
How do these differ from our Graces,
In Garden-Silks, Brocades, and Laces?
Are they not such another Sight,
When met upon a Birth-Day Night?

THE *Clouds* delight to change their Fashion:
Dear Ladies be not in a Passion,
Nor let this Whim to you seem strange,
Who ev'ry Hour delight in Change.

In them and you alike are seen
The fullen Symptoms of the Spleen,
The Moment that your Vapours rise,
We see them dropping from your Eyes.

In Ev'ning fair you may behold
The *Clouds* are fring'd with borrow'd Gold,
And this is many a Lady's Case,
Who flaunts about in * borrow'd Lace.

GRAVE Matrons are like *Clouds* of Snow,
Their Words fall thick, and soft, and slow,
While brisk Coquets, like rattling Hail,
Our Ears on ev'ry Side assail.

Clouds when they intercept our Sight,
Deprive us of Celestial Light:
So when my *Chloe* I pursue,
No Heaven besides, I have in View.

THUS, on Comparison you see,
In ev'ry Instance they agree,
So like, so very much the same,
That one may go by t'other's Name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That ev'ry Woman is a *Cloud*.

* Not *Flanders* Lace, but Gold and Silver Lace. By borrowed, is meant such as run in honest Tradesmen's Debts for what they were not able to pay, as many of them had for French Silver Lace, against the last Birth-Day. *See the Shopkeepers Books.*

THE ANSWER.

Presumptuous Bard! How could you dare

A Woman with a *Cloud* compare?

Strange Pride and Insolence you show,

Inferior Mortals *there* below.

And is our Thunder in your Ears

So frequent or so loud as theirs?

Alas! our Thunder soon goes out;

And only makes you more devout.

Then is not Female Clatter worse,

That drives you not to *pray*, but *curse*?

We hardly Thunder thrice a Year;

The Bolt discharg'd, the Sky grows clear:

But ev'ry sublunary Dowdy,

The more she scolds, the more she's Cloudy.

Some Critick may object, perhaps,

That *Clouds* are blam'd for giving *Claps*;

But what, alas! are *Claps* *Aethereal*,

Compar'd, for Mischief, to Venereal?

Can *Clouds* give Bubo's, Ulcers, Blotches,

Or from your Noses dig out Notches?

We leave the body sweet and sound;

We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.

You know a cloudy Sky bespeaks

Fair Weather when the Morning breaks;

But Women in a *Cloudy* Plight,

Foretel a Storm to last till Night.

A *Cloud* in proper Seasons pours.
His Blessings down in fruitful Show'rs;
But Woman was by Fate design'd
To pour down Curses on Mankind.

WHEN **Syrius* o'er the Welkin rages,
Our kindly Help his Fire asswages;
But Woman is a curst Inflamer,
No Parish Ducking-Stool can tame her:
To kindle Strife Dame Nature taught her;
Like Fire-works she can burn in Water.

For Fickleness how durst you blame us?
Who for our Constancy are famous.
You'll see a *Cloud*, in gentle Weather,
Keep the same Face an Hour together;
While Women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change ev'ry Feature ev'ry Second.

OBSERVE our Figure in a Morning,
Of Foul or Fair we give you Warning;
But can you guess, from Woman's Air,
One Minute whether foul or fair?

Go read in ancient Books enroll'd,
What Honours we possess'd of old.

To disappoint *Ixion's* Rape,
JOVE dress'd a *Cloud* in *Juno's* Shape;
Which, when he had enjoy'd, he swore,
No Goddess could have pleas'd him more;
No Diff'rence could he find between
His *Cloud* and *JOVE's* Imperial Queen:
His *Cloud* produc'd a Race of *Centaur's*,
Fam'd for a thousand bold Adventures;
From us descended *ab origine*,
By learned Authors call'd *Nubigenæ*.
But say, what Earthly Nymph do you know,
So beautiful to pass for *Juno*?

* The Dog-star.

BEFORE *Aeneas* durst aspire
To court her Majesty of *Tyre*,
His Mother beg'd of us to dress him,
That *Dido* might the more caress him:
A Coat we gave him dy'd in Grain,
A *Flamen* Wig, and *Clouded* Cane,
(The Wig was powder'd round with Sleet,
Which fell in *Clouds* beneath his Feet)
With which he made a tearing Show;
And *Dido* quickly smok'd the Beau.

AMONG your Females make Inquiries,
What Nymph on Earth so fair as *Iris*?
With heav'nly Beauty so endow'd?
And yet her Father is a *Cloud*.
We dress'd her in a Gold Brocade,
Besitting *Juno's* fav'rite Maid.

'Tis known, that *Socrates* the wise,

Ador'd us *Clouds* as Deities;

To us he made his daily Prayers,

As *Aristophanes* declares,

From *Jupiter* took all Dominion,

And dy'd defending his Opinion,

By his Authority, 'tis plain,

You worship other Gods in vain,

And from your own Experience know,

We govern all Things there below,

You follow where we please to guide,

O'er all your Passions we preside,

Can raise them up, or sink them down,

As we think fit to smile or frown:

And, just as we dispose your Brain,

Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain,

COMPARE us then to Female Race!

We, to whom all the Gods give Place;

Who better challenge your Allegiance;

Because we dwell in higher Regions:

You find, the Gods in *Homer* dwell
 In Seas and Streams, or low as Hell :
 Ev'n *Jove*, and *Mercury*, his Pimp,
 No higher climb than Mount *Olymp*,
 (Who makes you think the *Clouds* he pierces ;
 He pierce the *Clouds* ! He kifs their A—es.)
 While we, o'er *Teneriffa* plac'd,
 Are loftier by a Mile at least :
 And when *Apollo* struts on *Pindus*,
 We see him from our Kitchen Windows ;
 Or to *Parnassus*, looking down,
 Can p—s upon his Laurel Crown.
 FATS never form'd the Gods to fly ;
 In Vehicles they mount the Sky :
 When *JOVE* would some fair Nymph inveigle,
 He comes full gallop on his Eagle.
 Though *Venus* be as light as Air,
 She must have Doves to draw her Chair.
Apollo stirs not out of Door
 Without his lacker'd Coach and Four,
 And jealous *Juno* ever snarling,
 Is drawn by Peacocks in her Berlin :
 But we can fly where'er we please,
 O'er Cities, Rivers, Hills, and Seas :
 From East to West the World we roam,
 And in all Climates are at Home ;
 With Care provide you as we go,
 With Sun-shine, Rain, and Hail, or Snow.
 You, when it rains, like Fools believe.
JOVE p—s on you through a Sieve :
 An idle Tale, 'tis no such Matter ;
 We only dip a Sponge in Water ;
 Then squeeze it close between our Thumbs,
 And shake it well, and down it comes.

As you shall to your Sorrow know ;
 We'll watch your Steps where'er you go :
 And, since we find you walk a-foot,
 We'll soundly sounce your Frize Surtout.

'Tis but by our peculiar Grace,
 That *Phœbus* ever shews his Face :
 For, when we please, we open wide
 Our Curtains blue from Side to Side :
 And then how saucily he shews
 His brazen Face, and fiery Nose ;
 And gives himself a haughty Air,
 As if he made the Weather fair ?

'Tis sung, wherever *Galia* treads,
 The Vi'lets ope their Purple Heads ;
 The Roses blow, the Cowslip springs ;
 'Tis sung, but we know better Things.
 'Tis true, a Woman on her Mettle,
 Will often p--ss upon a Nettle ;
 But, though we own she makes it wetter,
 The Nettle never thrives the better ;
 While we, by soft prolifick Show'rs,
 Can ev'ry Spring produce you Flow'rs.

Your Poets, *Chloe's* Beauty height'ning,
 Compare her radiant Eyes to Lightning ;
 And yet, I hope, 'twill be allow'd,
 That Lightning comes but from a *Cloud*.

BUT Gods, like us, have too much Sense
 At Poets Flights to take Offence :
 Nor can Hyperboles demean us ;
 Each Drab has been compar'd to *Venus*.

We own your Verses are melodious ;
 But such Comparisons are odious.

TIM and the FABLES.

From the Tenth *Intelligencer*.

M^{*Y*} *Meaning will be best unroll'd,*
When I promise that Tim has travell'd.
 In *Lucas's* by Chance there lay
 The *Fables* writ by *Mr. Gay*.
 Tim set the Volume on a Table,
 Read over here and there a *Fable*;
 And found as he the Pages twirl'd,
 The *Monkey* who had seen the World:
 (For *Tonson* had, to help the Sale,
 Prefixt a Cut to ev'ry Tale.)
 The *Monkey* was completely drest,
 The *Beau* in all his *Airs* exprest.
 Tim with Surprise and Pleasure staring,
 Ran to the Glass, and then comparing
 His own sweet Figure with the Print,
 Distinguish'd ev'ry Feature in't,
 The Twist, the Squeeze, the Rump, the Fidge an all,
 Just as they lookt in the Original.
 By — says Tim, (and let a F—t)
 This Graver understood his Art.
 'Tis a true Copy, I'll say that for't,
 I well remember when I sat for't.
 My very Face, as first I knew it,
 Just in this Dress the Painter drew it.
 Tim, with his Likeness deeply smitten,
 Wou'd read what underneath was written,
 The merry Tale with Moral grave.
 He now began to storn and rave;

The

- " The cursed Villain ! Now I see
 " This was a Libel meant at me ;
 " Those Scribblers grow so bold of late
 " Against us Ministers of State !
 " Such Jacobites as he deserve—
 " Damme, I say, they ought to starve.

*Dear Tim, no more such angry Speeches,
 Unbutton, and let down your Breeches,
 Tear out the Tale and wipe your Ass,
 I know you love to act a Farce.*

* Of the Xth [Intellig.] I writ only the Verses, and of
 those, not the four last slovenly Lines. *Letter to and from*
Dr. Swift. LXL.

F I N I S.



E R R A T U M.

Vol. IX. pag. 32. in the Note, for I. II. III. IV.
 read I. III. V. VII.

